

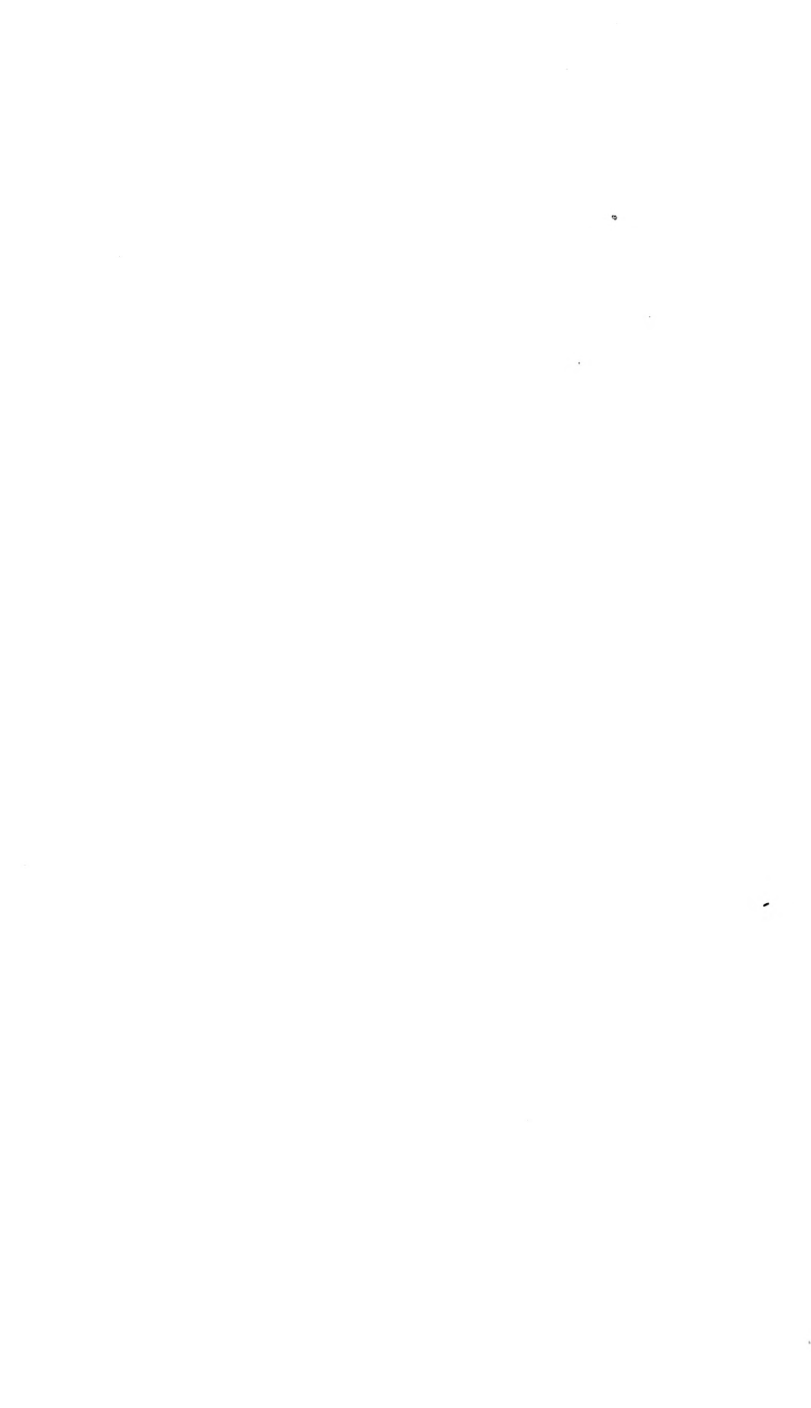
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THE
HISTORY
OF A
Brigade of South Carolinians,
KNOWN FIRST AS
“GREGG’S,”
AND SUBSEQUENTLY AS
“McGOWAN’S BRIGADE.”

BY
J. F. J. CALDWELL,
LATELY AN OFFICER OF THE FIRST REGIMENT S. C. V.



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INTRODUCTION.

It is true that the war of secession is past ; it is true that the question, submitted to the stern arbitrament of arms, has been declared in characters of blood and fire against us ; and, therefore, it is true that it becomes us not to encourage the ancient animosities of sections, but rather to strive to bind together and harmonize the two long-dissident elements, for destiny seems to have fixed that they shall dwell under one government.

But we need not, on these grounds, banish that war from our memories, or forbid its mention to our lips. It was too prominent a phenomenon, not only on the Western Continent, but with all the first nations of the Old World ; it called forth armies too mighty, navies too crafty and persevering ; it stimulated too much intellect in all private, political and military circles ; it shed too vast a deluge of blood ; it laid waste too many fields, and homesteads, and cities with flame ; it engendered too intense feelings of love, of hatred, of patriotism, of blood-thirstiness, of all, in fine, that constitutes enthusiasm, not to be of vital moment to the world. I may overrate its importance, but that war seems to me to embody more that deserves history than any one for at least a century past. From it we may derive instruction and warning in all that relates to the dis-

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cipline, drill, provisioning, marching and fighting of armies ; from it we may draw great light on the building, manning and fighting of navies, especially with regard to land-batteries : from it we may inform ourselves largely and minutely on the principles of finance, by means of the remarkable successes on the one side, and the disastrous failures on the other ; from it we may learn such lessons of statesmanship as relate to the form and administration of government suited to our race ; and, beyond all this, we may find, throughout, teachings on the nature of the individual man, which are as useful as they are sad to know.

These matters cannot, of course, be at all fully described in the history of a brigade. I must leave them to larger minds and larger volumes than mine. I shall only endeavor to supply a thread by which one may safely traverse the great labyrinth of wonders ; to give the careful history of a small command, which shall make some picture of the operations of the greatest Confederate army ; to detail the sufferings of a part, from which the struggle of the whole nation may be inferred.

But there is a last reason for a history of those times, and, I confess, it is the principal one which has moved me to this undertaking. Valor, and fortitude, and devotion are things whose claims to admiration civilized and savage men equally admit. There need be no discussion on the causes which called them into action ; they are intrinsically noble, and worthy of the most ardent applause and emulation. If they be our friends and co-workers who exercise them, certainly our feeling becomes more intimate and tender ; but brave and honest men never hesitate to accord

the highest commendation to those very enemies to whom they have dealt and from whom they have received the heaviest blows.

These heroic qualities I feel confident clearly to exhibit in the soldiers of the old brigade.

I feel that I shall show them in our dead; for I shall show how they abandoned luxurious homes for the inhospitable field; how they bowed their proud necks to the yoke of military discipline; how they contented themselves with coarse and scanty fare; how they marched, often in rags, sometimes even barefoot, over hundreds of miles of mountain, plain and morass, under the burning sun of summer, and amid winter snows; how they fought the immense hosts of the Federals in every great battle of the Army of Northern Virginia; and how, slaughtered by those hosts, or smitten down by disease, they now slumber in cemeteries or on battle-fields, throughout the vast Aeldama of Virginia, and in two States beyond the Potomac, many of them without a handful of dust to cover their neglected bones. The Macedonian Phalanx and the Old Guard never surpassed them; the victors of Marathon and Morgarten are but their rivals; the Swiss Guard and the Three Hundred Spartans need not blush to call them kindred!

And I feel that I shall show that those who survived them are not less worthy of fame. For I shall show how they suffered and battled alike with those others; how they were unmoved by the death of comrades and the wasting of our armies; how they were unappalled by the incessantly renewed menaces and preparations of the Fédéral gov-

ernment; how they were uncorrupted by the timidity and base disaffection of multitudes at home; how, when the capital had fallen, when three-fourths of Lee's army had disappeared from the ranks, when Grant's thousands swarmed around them on every side, they, poor remnant, marched forward to battle with steady tread and flying banners, until recalled to be surrendered!

It is my object to give a connected account of the brigade from its organization to the close of the war. I shall describe the battles, marches, camp-life, discipline and whatever else relates to the military history of the command. I shall, before each battle, give the names of all the general and field-officers of the brigade; I shall give the strength and relative position of each regiment in battle, and I shall follow each engagement with a list of casualties, and with sketches of the most prominent of the dead, whether in commission or in the ranks. Those who died from disease, or left us from any other cause, shall receive such mention as I consider them entitled to, in the history of the period in which we lost them.

It is impossible that the work should be exhaustive; but I think it will be found a fair account of the Confederate soldier's life, and I know that it will be strictly true, if there be any truth in a carefully-guarded memory.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIVE REGIMENTS CONSTITUTING GREGG'S BRIGADE.

THE regiments which composed Gregg's brigade of South Carolina infantry, as it was commonly known, and which always composed McGowan's brigade, were the following: the First South Carolina volunteers, the Twelfth South Carolina volunteers, the Thirteenth South Carolina volunteers, the Fourteenth South Carolina volunteers, and Orr's regiment of rifles, also from South Carolina. This last regiment was sometimes called the First, because it was the first regiment of rifles raised for Confederate service in South Carolina. But Col. (now Gov.) Orr has told me that it was named by him, and known in the War Office at Richmond, as Orr's regiment rifles. By that name, therefore, will it be styled in this history.

These regiments were not all united under Gen. Gregg until about the middle of June, 1862. It will, therefore, be necessary to give a separate account of each regiment up to that time, or until some union less than that of the five.

THE FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.—Soon after the secession of the State of South Carolina from the United States of America, (which it will be remembered took place on December 20th, 1860,) a bill was passed by the Convention of South Carolina authorizing the raising of a regiment of infantry for the service of the State for the period of six months. The companies composing this regiment were of various origin, some of them being volunteer militia companies of long standing, some of them being raised by officers commissioned by Gov. Pickens for that purpose. Col. Maxey Gregg, at that time a lawyer of Columbia, and a member of the convention, was appointed to command this regiment; Col. A. H. Gladden, a native of South Carolina, though at that time residing in Mobile, Alabama, who had commanded the Palmetto

regiment during the last few months of the Mexican war, was appointed lieutenant-colonel; D. H. Hamilton, Esq., late United States marshal for the District of South Carolina, was appointed major.

The companies constituting the regiment rendezvoused, at various dates, in Charleston, whence they were distributed on Sullivan's and Morris' islands. They had all assembled by or about February 1, 1861. Nothing occurred to vary the monotony of drill and picket duty until the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Confederate forces, April 12. A portion of the regiment was under fire of artillery during that engagement, but no casualties occurred, as every one knows who has heard of that singular conflict.

Some time previous to the fall of Fort Sumter, Lieut. Col. Gladden resigned his commission, and Major Hamilton was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy. Capt. Augustus M. Smith, adjutant of the regiment, (adjutant ranked as captain under the State regulations,) was appointed to the majority.

In the month of May the regiment was called upon to transfer itself to the service of the Confederate States. The greater portion did so, and were accordingly ordered to Richmond, Virginia, early in June, whence, after a brief stay, they were ordered to Manassas Junction. The Federal troops now occupied Alexandria. From Manassas the First regiment was moved to Fairfax Court House.

During their stay at the latter place they were sent to the little village of Vienna to meet a force of the enemy expected to come from the direction of Alexandria. The regiment was now in the brigade of Gen. M. L. Bonham, of South Carolina, but they, with Kemper's battery of artillery, were detached for this expedition. The — regiment of Ohio troops approached the place in a train of cars, when the artillery fired upon them, inflicting a loss which is variously estimated from ten or fifteen up to two hundred. The infantry were not engaged and sustained no loss. The Federals abandoned the field at once.

On the 2d or 3d of July the regiment was carried back to Richmond and disbanded, its term of service having expired. Col. Gregg, Lieut. Col. Hamilton, and Major Smith, however, were continued in commission, and author-

ized to raise a new regiment, or reorganize this one, under the former name. Several of the old companies were reorganized, and some new ones raised to form the regiment. They rendezvoused partly at Lightwoodknot Springs, near Columbia, partly at Richmond. Eleven companies were received. From Richmond the regiment was ordered to Suffolk, Va. This was about the 1st of September. While at Suffolk one company (McIntosh's) was converted into field-artillery, but it remained with the regiment. They remained in Suffolk, without active service, until February, 1862, when they were removed to Goldsborough, North Carolina. From hence they were returned to Virginia, in April. At first they were stationed at Guinea's Station, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad, and then near Massaponax Church, five or six miles from Fredericksburg. They were now in the brigade of Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, of Virginia, although Col. Hamilton commanded the brigade during the greater part of their stay at Goldsborough, and the whole of their stay at this place.

In December, 1861, Col. Gregg was appointed brigadier general in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and ordered to South Carolina. This raised Lieut. Col. Hamilton to the colonelcy of the First regiment, Major Smith to the lieutenant-colonelcy, and Captain McCrady to the majority.

ORR'S REGIMENT OF RIFLES.—In the spring of 1861, Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, was authorized by the Confederate government to raise a regiment of infantry for the service of the Confederate States. The regiment, of ten companies, remained in camp of instruction at Sandy Springs, Anderson District, South Carolina, for a time, and were then sent to Sullivan's island, on the coast of South Carolina, where they continued until April, 1862. Col. Orr resigned in December, 1861, in consequence of his election to the Confederate Senate, and was succeeded by Col. J. Foster Marshall, his lieutenant-colonel being D. A. Leadbetter, and the major, J. W. Livingstone.

In April, 1862, this regiment was ordered to Virginia, where it was attached to J. R. Anderson's brigade, to which it will be remembered the First regiment already belonged.

THE TWELFTH SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.—In response to a call from President Davis, about the 1st of July, 1861, a large number of infantry companies, from all quarters of South Carolina, rendezvoused at Columbia, South Carolina. Here they were placed in a camp of instruction, at Lightwoodknot Springs, about five miles from Columbia, and allowed to arrange themselves in regiments of ten companies and elect field-officers. The first regiment so formed was numbered as the Twelfth South Carolina volunteers, and elected the following officers: R. G. M. Dunnivant, Colonel; Dixon Barnes, Lieutenant-Colonel; Cadwallader Jones, Major. In the autumn this regiment was ordered to the coast, where it was present at the well-known bombardment of Hilton Head by the United States fleet. There being no engagement, except with artillery, the regiment could scarcely be said to participate. On the evacuation of the position it was successfully withdrawn, after pretty muddy wading, they tell me, to the mainland. It was next stationed near Green Pond, near the line of Colleton and Beaufort, at which time it, with the Thirteenth and Fourteenth regiments, was placed under the command of Brig. Gen. Gregg.

THE THIRTEENTH SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.—This regiment was organized under the same circumstances as the Twelfth. It chose for field-officers, Col. O. E. Edwards, Lieut. Col. P. L. Calhoun, Major T. Stobo Farrow. After a period of about three months' instruction at Lightwoodknot Springs, it was ordered to the southern coast of South Carolina, near Pocotaligo, where it was brigaded with the Twelfth and Fourteenth regiments, as before stated.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.—This regiment was formed as the two last, except that a portion of the companies composing it were rendezvoused at Aiken, whither the remaining ones were carried from Lightwoodknot Springs, and the whole retained at Aiken, in camp of instruction, for a time. It selected for field-officers Col. James Jones, Lieut. Col. Samuel McGowan, Major W. D. Simpson. It was ordered to the coast in autumn, where it was brigaded as related.

This regiment was under fire of gunboats, near Pocotaligo, on the 1st of January, 1862, the only one of the

brigade, therefore, ever actually and *certainly* engaged, up to the summer campaign of 1862. It was thought that the enemy were attempting to land upon and occupy that point of the coast, and this regiment was sent to prevent it. The Federals had landed, but on their approach re-embarked under cover of gunboats. These latter opened upon the Fourteenth when it arrived within range. One shell exploded in the ranks, killing nine and wounding fifteen. This was the only action in which they participated at this period. They did not themselves have an opportunity to fire.

GREGG'S BRIGADE OF THREE REGIMENTS.—Gregg's brigade, consisting, as has been shown, of the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth regiments, remained on the coast of South Carolina until April, 1862. It was then ordered to Virginia. Its first camp in this State was around Milford Station, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad. Here it remained for a short time, (ten days or a fortnight, perhaps,) when it was moved to the vicinity of Summit Station, on the same road, and some five miles from the city of Fredericksburg. A reconnoissance or two, and the capture by the enemy of Lieut. Fellers and thirteen men of the Thirteenth Regiment, constituted about the only excitement of this period, if we except rumors which we were not then old soldiers enough to despise.

On the 24th of May this brigade, with the rest of the division commanded by Brig. Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, was marched back towards Richmond, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was concentrating all the forces in eastern Virginia before the "Grand Army" of McClellan. The Federals, under McDowell, threatened several times to interrupt the march, and did indeed attack Branch's brigade near Hanover Court House; but the command reached Richmond on the 29th or 30th of May without any injury, except stiff joints and the loss of some superfluous baggage.

Here the brigade was encamped until the battles around Richmond, on the banks of the Chickahominy, about seven miles from Richmond. The ground was known as Smith's farm, and lay adjacent to what is called the Nine Mile road. Here the First and the Rifle regiment were

united with the other three regiments and formed the brigade, which continued without interruption (except for perhaps one month) during the remainder of the war.

GREGG'S BRIGADE OF FIVE REGIMENTS.—Gen. Gregg had now a brigade of five South Carolina infantry regiments.

The brigade staff was as follows: Captain A. C. Haskell, Assistant Adjutant General; Lieut. L. C. Haskell, Aide-de-camp; Major L. W. Spratt, Brigade Commissary; Captain Lee, Quartermaster of Orr's regiment rifles, acting Brigade Quartermaster.

The regiments were officered as follows: First regiment, Col. D. H. Hamilton, Lieut. Col. A. M. Smith, Major Edward McCrady; Twelfth regiment, Col. Dixon Barnes, (vice Dunnovant, resigned,) Lieut. Col. Cadwallader Jones, Major McCorkle; Thirteenth regiment, Col. O. E. Edwards, Lieut. Col. P. L. Calhoun, Major T. Stobo Farrow; Fourteenth regiment, Col. Samuel McGowan, (vice Jones, resigned,) Lieut. Col. W. D. Simpson, Major W. S. Carter; Orr's regiment of rifles, Col. J. Foster Marshall, Lieut. Col. D. A. Leadbetter, Major J. W. Livingstone.

The company which had been detached from the First regiment and converted into artillery was now, and continued for some time, attached to Gregg's brigade. It had four field-pieces and was known as McIntosh's battery. It was commanded by Captain D. J. McIntosh.

The brigade was placed, with five others—Anderson's, (J. R.,) Branch's, Field's, Archer's, and Pender's—under Maj. Gen. A. P. Hill, and formed the Light division subsequently so celebrated in the history of the war in Virginia. The brigade was now large, well drilled, thoroughly disciplined, and in the highest spirits. The unwholesome atmosphere of the Chickahominy swamps, and the exposure to rain and sun, to which we were not yet accustomed, had made deep inroads into our numbers, so that, out of the five thousand and upwards who stood upon our rolls, only about three thousand were fit for duty. But these viewed with satisfaction the approach of battle, in which they counted on securing for themselves the sage experience and the laurels of victory, which seemed to be the peculiar possessions of war-beaten Confederate soldiers.

Their desire was soon granted.

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND, JUNE AND JULY, 1862.

MAJ. GEN. McCLELLAN now lay before Richmond with one of the largest, and, I have no doubt, the most thoroughly equipped, of the armies of this age. On the eastern side of the city, his force lay south of the Chickahominy river, gradually sloping back to it as you moved up stream, until about the Nine Mile road, the real body of his line was on the left or north bank of the river, and only a picket in the open meadow south of it. Thence his line continued to stretch to, and even beyond, the village of Mechanicsville, at which point it could not have been more than six miles from the Confederate capital. What McClellan's force was I cannot pretend to say, but I suppose it must have exceeded a hundred thousand men. They were powerfully intrenched on front and flank.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who had commanded the Confederate army in Virginia since the battle of Manasses, was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, on the 1st of June. The command of our army was then conferred on Gen. Robert E. Lee. Lee's forces consisted of the old Army of the Potomac, with large additions from the eastern portion of Virginia, and from perhaps every State on this side the Mississippi. I recall the divisions of Huger, Magruder, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, McLaws, and A. P. Hill, and I know that Holmes and D. R. Jones had command of divisions during the brief campaign here, but whether they had permanent commands to that extent, I cannot tell. But this is only by the way.

A. P. Hill's division, as I have said, was known as the Light division, and consisted of the following brigades, which it is important to fix in our memories: J. R. Anderson's, (principally from Georgia,) Branch's, (North Carolina,) Field's, (Virginia,) Archer's, (Tennessee and Alabama,) Pender's, (North Carolina,) and Gregg's, (South

Carolina.) Seven field-batteries were attached. The whole strength of the command was not far from thirty thousand, on paper. About fourteen thousand were engaged in the battles around Richmond.

On the evening of the 25th of June, (Wednesday,) Gregg's brigade received orders to prepare for the march. Soon after dark we were put in motion, marching nearly parallel with, and up the Chickahominy, in the general direction of Meadow Bridge. The Fourteenth regiment was left on picket on the Chickahominy. After a march of several hours through almost inextricable by-roads, we were halted near the bridge just mentioned, but entirely out of view of the enemy. Here we lay during the remainder of the night, and until about three o'clock the next day. It is well known that the plan of operations was for Gen. Jackson with his command, coming from the valley, to strike the enemy in the rear, (or rather on the right flank, as it would become to us,) while A. P. Hill's division should cross the Chickahominy and push down the right flank, or, as I would call it, the flank front, could I coin a term. The line of McClellan extended to Meadow Bridge, although there were no works west of the village of Mechanicsville, and few troops. Branch's brigade was to cross the Chickahominy seven miles above the bridge.

At three P. M. on the 26th, Hill crossed Meadow Bridge, Field's brigade leading, and driving the feeble force that resisted. Gregg's brigade followed Field's, then Pender's. We filed to the right, crossing the Central railroad, and pursuing the enemy, who fell back to Mechanicsville. The battle was opened by the enemy's concentrating a heavy fire of artillery on Field's brigade, which, however, was soon thrown into line of battle and drove them from Mechanicsville.

Our brigade was here saluted with its first shell. Some stray ones, it is true, had passed into the neighborhood of our camp at Smith's farm, during the occasional artillery duels there, but these were the first that fell actually among us. We were marching by the flank, in full view of the enemy's batteries, Field's line moving up to the attack in front, when the fire opened upon us. It seemed to us that the shell ricocheted and slipped through us in a truly

miraculous manner! The brigade, being intended for reserve, was moved behind the hills, and remained there during the remainder of the evening and all night. The fire was very heavy, both of artillery and small arms, but particularly of the former. There were, however, very few casualties in the brigade, not more than ten or twelve, probably.

At dawn, on Friday, 27th, our brigade was put in the advance and ordered to drive the enemy from their defences on Beaver Dam creek, at Ellyson's Mills, the attack of the evening before having failed to dislodge them. The brigade was formed thus: the First regiment on the right, the Twelfth on the left, these two constituting the first line—the Rifle regiment and the Thirteenth regiment following them, respectively, as support. The enemy abandoned the position, though one of great natural strength, and highly improved by earth-works, without even a respectable skirmish, and we passed on over the dead and wounded bodies of our comrades who had fallen in the unsuccessful assault of the previous evening. Soon after the passage of the creek we entered the deserted camps of the enemy, where we found, besides great heaps of blazing commissary and quartermaster stores, piles of knapsacks, arms and accoutrements, &c., which, however, our ardor prevented us from pillaging as freely as we learned subsequently to do.

Longstreet's division had now crossed the Chickahominy and were moving down the river, about parallel with us.

While in the midst of the camps just mentioned we were fired upon by artillery, and two of the skirmishers in our front wounded. In a few moments the fire ceased, and we learned that Jackson was crossing before us. I remember that word was passed along the line that the hero of the valley was just across the open field from us, and that immediately we sent up that shout of enthusiasm with which his presence was almost invariably greeted. It appeared that the enemy had learned his approach on their flank and retired, in consequence of which he had pressed on to our very front. There he had signalled us, but receiving no reply, and being unable to distinguish our colors or uniform, had fired upon us for the enemy.

Pursuing our march, for perhaps two miles, we came to Gaines' Mill, on Powhite creek. Jackson's army had gone to our left. Here two companies from the First regiment and one from the Twelfth were sent forward as skirmishers against the enemy opposing our advance. The First and Twelfth regiments were formed in line, and the skirmishers ordered to charge against the enemy. They did so, under a sharp fire, at a double-quick, and the two regiments moved over the crest of the hill and opened upon the Federal line which occupied the opposite elevation across the creek. The latter fled almost at once, inflicting a trifling loss upon us.

The bridge, previously destroyed by them, was repaired, and the brigade crossed, partly on it, partly on the dam above the mill. We refreshed ourselves with liquors and provisions left by the enemy in and around the mill. I have heard that an officer on Gen. Hill's staff subsequently captured twenty-five prisoners in the mill, which we were so careless as not to search!

After a brief rest, we moved forward and drove a strong skirmish from a pine-thicket just beyond the mill, at the double-quick. A brigade commander in our division afterwards said that it was the most beautiful advance he had ever seen. I remember a rather amusing incident that occurred here. We shot down several of the enemy as they retreated across the open field; but one of them, after lying a moment, rose and attempted to follow his flying comrades. By this time the uninjured ones had passed out of sight; so this unfortunate was left to the fire of our whole line. The excitement became intense. A perfect shower of balls was hurled after him, striking up the dust before, behind, and all around him. But still he staggered on, striving but the more vigorously as the danger increased. Cries of "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" "Down with the fellow!" and others of rougher cast, resounded from every side; but shoot as we would, he succeeded in reaching a clump of pines, where we found him soon after, exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood.

It was now after two o'clock P. M. The brigade was in the two lines before described. Advancing some two or three hundred yards, we discovered the table-ground to

descend to a deep, wet ravine, on the opposite side of which, upon an eminence, was drawn up a line of Federal infantry. We could see an officer riding up and down it, apparently giving directions or encouragement to his men. A battery soon opened upon us, whose fire we received lying down. Their practice was pretty good, but I know of only one man who was killed in the brigade. Crenshaw's battery replied to them, and with considerable effect, I judge, for their line of infantry had disappeared when we rose to resume the advance. Having reached and crossed the ravine, and driven off the slight force resisting the passage, we were ordered to lie down and rest. We were told that we were to charge a battery on the opposite hill, or rather, to capture it, for we were to succeed, of course. A growth of young pines concealed us from the enemy, who, however, kept up a slow, constant fire upon us. Here we lay for perhaps an hour, most of us sleeping soundly after the many hours of heat and fatigue. During this interval we heard Longstreet's guns, or the enemy's opposed to him, booming far back, almost behind us. Jackson was moving on our left, so as to strike the flank of the line we confronted. The Federal batteries and ours kept up a regular interchange of shots.

At length, about four o'clock, the advance was ordered: The First and Twelfth regiments pushed forward, through the pines and brambles, up the hill. The fire from both artillery and infantry, in front, and from the right oblique, proving too severe, Gen. Gregg ordered Col. Marshall, of the Rifles, to the right, to charge a battery there. The latter, forming his regiment in three lines—a skirmish line and its reserve, and a line of battle of six companies—advanced to the perilous undertaking. For several hundred yards this gallant charge was pushed. Although moving across an open field, with a murderous fire pouring into them from front and flank, they pressed on, driving back the line confronting them, and forcing the obnoxious battery to seek safety in flight. On reaching the wood on the opposite side of the field just mentioned, the regiment opened upon the enemy, fully repaying them for the injury they had caused them. It became a hand-to-hand fight, even bayonets and clubbed guns being used, it is said. A

heavy force of New York Zouaves now precipitated itself upon the left wing and flank of the Rifles. Even these were checked by the coolness and resolution of the men. Yet no support coming up, Col. Marshall was forced to withdraw his regiment to the cover of the woods in his rear and on the right of his original position. In this engagement the Rifle regiment, out of five hundred and thirty-seven men carried into action, lost eighty-one killed and two hundred and thirty-four wounded!

Meantime the First and Twelfth were hard pressed. Owing to the tangled nature of the ground, the Twelfth overlapped the left wing of the First, which created a good deal of confusion. Just as they were clearing the thicket the enemy's line rose on the eminence above them. Some one, imagining that the Rifles had pushed around that far, cried out that these were friends. The firing almost ceased, on our part, on the instant. Suddenly a volley from the whole Federal line burst upon us. It seemed to sweep the earth. In the First regiment the entire color-guard was shot down, and Col. Hamilton himself bore the colors for a time. Both regiments endeavored to advance, the Twelfth pushing out into the open space. But still the raking fire of the enemy drove them back in considerable disorder. So hotly pressed was the First, that Gen. Gregg ordered it to file out by the Thirteenth, which was directed to hold back the now exultant enemy. The Thirteenth did so, effectually.

At this juncture, the Fourteenth regiment, which, it will be remembered, was left beyond the Chickahominy, on picket, arrived. Hurrying across the valley, repairing a bridge near Friend's house, burned by the enemy, and advancing under a continuous fire of hostile artillery, Col. McGowan had brought forward his men to the battle. The guns of Crenshaw's battery ceased firing, to let them pass through; and then, though wearied with two days and three nights of outpost duty, and a rapid march of several miles under a June sun, they rushed forward, with a shout and at the double-quick, and drove back the confident enemy. Nor was this regiment satisfied with repulsing an advance. In conjunction with a North Carolina and a Georgia regiment (whose names I have never heard) they

pressed on, with the view of capturing a battery some distance beyond ; but the distance proving so great, and the fire of a long line of the enemy concentrated upon them so destructive, they were withdrawn to the brow of the hill, which they held during the remainder of the day.

Col. Edwards, of the Thirteenth, held the position assigned him ; but after a time, deciding to advance higher up the hill, he sent forward a company, as skirmishers, to clear the woods on his right, while he carried the regiment forward. Several companies of the right wing, under Major Farrow, (acting Lieut. Col.,) not hearing the order, on account of the terrific roar of artillery and small arms, became separated from the rest, and were at length ordered back to join upon the First, which, with the Rifles, was now made a reserve. The left of the Thirteenth took and held the desired position, in spite of the continued fire of the enemy.

Gen. Hill himself directed Col. Hamilton, of the First regiment, to move his command (now consisting of the First, the Rifles and a battalion of the Thirteenth, under Major Farrow) to the right, and out of the first line, where they were posted in a body of woods, as support to Anderson's and Field's brigades. Two companies of the First, not receiving the order, remained upon the scene of the original contest.

The terror of the struggle, during this time and until dark, is inconceivable to those who have never witnessed a great battle. From far back on our right, where Longstreet stormed batteries and breastworks, along a line nearly at right-angles with that occupied by our brigade, to the extreme left, where D. H. Hill swept alike infantry and artillery, the air was filled with the incessant roll of musketry and the thunder of cannon. I was sent back some distance during the heat of the engagement, and had thus an opportunity of seeing and hearing rarely enjoyed by a participant in a battle. In every direction I could see columns hurrying into action along the dusty roads, and lines moving under fire, with waving banners and wild cheers, while far and wide roared the artillery of both armies, and small arms rattled in furious volleys. The great Lee seemed to be ubiquitous, here sending in a fresh

brigade, here despatching couriers to various quarters of the field, here rallying and reassuring a disordered regiment, constantly in motion, but always sublimely brave and calm.

Night put a period to the conflict: but on its stillness, usually only interrupted by the brief sound of wheels or the cries of the wounded, there would occasionally break a fierce volley of musketry, and the wild, irregular yell of Confederate soldiers. Then all was still again.

We slept upon the field of battle.

During the night the enemy retreated to the south bank of the Chickahominy.

In this engagement, which we are accustomed to call the battle of Cold Harbor or Gaines' Mill—Gen. Lee terms it, in his report, the battle of the Chickahominy—the loss of the brigade was as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
First regiment.....	20	125	145
Twelfth regiment.....	17	121	138
Thirteenth regiment.....	4	44	48
Fourteenth regiment.....	18	190	208
Orr's regiment, Rifles.....	81	234	315
<hr/>			
Aggregate	140	714	854

We carried not more than 2,500 men into action.

The following officers were killed and wounded in the brigade: In the First regiment, Lieut. Col. A. M. Smith, Capt. C. Boag, Lieut. Grimke Rhett, Lieut. Robert B. Rhett, Lieut. — Ashley, killed—Lieut. H. C. Heise, Lieut. B. M. Blease, Lieut. Josiah Cox, Lieut. J. G. Barnwell, Lieut. E. D. Brailsford, wounded; in the Twelfth regiment, Lieut. J. W. Delany, killed—Capt. E. F. Bookter, Capt. Miller, Capt. McMeekin, Capt. Vorlandigham, wounded; of the Thirteenth, no record, but I remember Capt. Hunt; in the Fourteenth, Lieut. Plunkett, killed—Major Carter, Capt. Brown, Capt. Taggart, Capt. Edward Croft, Lieut. Brunsun, Lieut. W. J. Ready, Lieut. O. W. Allen, Lieut. Stephens, Lieut. McCarty, Lieut. Durrah, Lieut. Carter, wounded; in Orr's regiment Rifles, Lieut. Lattimer, Lieut. Norris, killed—Major J. W. Livingstone,

Capt. G. M. Miller, Capt. F. E. Harrison, Capt. G. W. Cox, Lieut. W. C. Davis, Lieut. McCay, wounded.

LIEUT. COL. AUGUSTUS M. SMITH, of the First South Carolina volunteers, was wounded in this engagement, and died on the following Sunday. Without disparagement of any others who fell that day, (for many of them were of my dearest friends,) it is probable that he was the severest loss to the brigade. He was of excellent descent, of considerable wealth, and of a degree of education and refinement corresponding to his circumstances. He was a native of Abbeville District, where he planted until the beginning of this war. Although his education and his pursuits were entirely civil, he evinced from the first a great fondness and aptitude for military things. He was an excellent drill officer, a thorough disciplinarian, a gallant leader. Although ill at our departure from camp, he persisted in going with us, and at last received his death-stroke at the front. He was universally lamented, as an officer, a patriot and a gentleman.

During Saturday (28th) we rested on the hard-earned field, and performed the last offices for our dead comrades. On Sunday, (29th,) in consequence of the retreat of McClellan, we took up the line of march across the Chickahominy, towards the James. The weather was intensely hot and close. This was the day of the battle of Savage Station, which was pressed upon the retreating Federals. We knew nothing of it, however, as we pursued the road towards Richmond, until within a few miles of the city, when we turned down the Charles City County road, and afterwards into the Quaker road. That night we bivouacked perhaps fifteen miles from Richmond. The next morning (Monday, 30th) we resumed the march at a late hour, and continued it three or four miles, when we reached Frazier's farm, which gave name to the battle that followed.

Here we found Longstreet's division, which had preceded us all along the way, in line of battle. The engagement opened with a heavy shelling from the enemy's batteries, intended to delay us from intercepting their retreat along the Quaker road. President Davis, who had come down to witness the battle, narrowly escaped being killed by one of

these shell. The fire was directed up the road by which our column marched, but had little effect beyond the frightening of nervous men, on account of the close, level nature of the country. Longstreet's division was soon put forward, and engaged a large body of the enemy. Our division was then sent in to reinforce Longstreet. Gregg's brigade was sent to the especial relief of Prior's and Featherstone's brigades, now very hard pressed. It was near sunset.

The Fourteenth regiment led. After filing out on the left of the road, and making a reconnoissance by skirmishers, they found Gen. Featherstone lying wounded in the woods, and in the very hands of the enemy's skirmishers. The regiment was immediately moved forward through the matted woods, driving the skirmish line just mentioned before it. When an opening was reached, they began the fire in full force upon the opposing lines. On the left of the Fourteenth was the Thirteenth, which only enjoyed the unpleasant position of receiving, as a second line, a liberal share of the balls directed against the first. They had little opportunity to fire themselves. The remaining regiments of the brigade were carried still to the left, where they were subjected to a similar process. The enemy not venturing to charge Longstreet, our brigade, with the exception of the Fourteenth, had but to lie down and take what came.

The Fourteenth regiment was long and furiously engaged. Without knowing what was going on, except that a fire came upon them from the front, they kept up an incessant fusillade till after dark, yielding no inch of ground. Some of the men fired seventy times! The enemy were finally forced to give way before such obstinate endurance.

The battle of Frazier's Farm was one of the most complicated affairs I have ever witnessed. This was owing principally, no doubt, to the dense, tangled nature of the woods in which we fought. We had only two divisions engaged with the bulk of McClellan's army. It was impossible to charge to any great distance with order, in such a place, and could we have done so, we must have outflanked ourselves by leaving the long wings of the enemy behind us. Again, when a body of troops were sent in they could not, frequently, distinguish whether a line of

our own was in front of them or not, and if the front line gave way we could only know it, in many cases, by the increased and approaching volleys of the enemy. Again, the fight was continued too long after dark; until nine o'clock the firing was considerable. Our offensive position gave us the moral advantage, but, as a rule, both parties are so confused and demoralized by a night-fight, that it is not worth the trouble and risk.

Yet Frazier's Farm was no unimportant battle. Our troops captured several pieces of artillery and forced the enemy from several positions with great slaughter. Our own loss—that of Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's divisions, I mean—was also quite heavy. That of our brigade was very slight, unaccountably so, for the fire we were subjected to.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
First regiment.....	—	8	8
Orr's Rifles.....	—	9	9
Twelfth regiment.....	—	7	7
Thirteenth regiment.....	1	16	17
Fourteenth regiment.....	11	65	76
Aggregate.....	12	105	117

Some time after night the brigade was withdrawn and bivouacked in the woods until morning.

On Tuesday, July 1st, the battle of Malvern Hill was fought. On that morning Gen. Jackson, after crossing White Oak swamp and passing over the battle-field of Frazier's Farm, pushed after the enemy down the Willis Church road. He was not long in finding them. McClellan, hunted down, had come to bay on a high ridge running across the road in front of Malvern Hill. He had drawn up his army about the crest of the ridge, so that his batteries completely commanded the open declivity in front. His infantry acted, in the main, as support for the artillery. The charging of these batteries and the supporting lines of infantry, across the cleared space of from a quarter to a half mile, constituted the famous battle of Malvern Hill.

I should like to describe that glorious and bloody fight,

where so much precious life was lost and so much honor won; but even the traditions of it, which, as a non-participant, were my chief source of information, have faded from my memory. Suffice it to say, our troops almost demonstrated the possibility of what was impossible to any other soldiers in the world.

The fighting of the day was done by the divisions of D. H. Hill, Huger and Magruder. A. P. Hill's division could scarcely be said to have been engaged. I believe there were no casualties at all in Gregg's brigade, for I have found none mentioned in any of the regimental reports. It is strange, too, that there should have been none, for we lay under a general shelling for two hours. At night we were withdrawn.

This was the last battle of the campaign around Richmond—a campaign which not only gave the Confederate confidence at home and prestige abroad, but yielded the substantial fruits of a liberated capital, over ten thousand prisoners, fifty-two pieces of artillery, thirty-five thousand stand of small arms, and commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance stores of immense value.

Gregg's brigade suffered in these battles to the extent of almost a thousand men, which was little less than half the force engaged in the campaign.

Three colonels of the brigade were mentioned by the division commander as conspicuous for gallantry—Col. Hamilton, Col. McGowan, Col. Barnes.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND TO THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSES, JULY AND AUGUST, 1862.

THE brigade, as may be easily imagined, was thoroughly exhausted by the campaign around Richmond, brief as it was. After lying in the woods, or doing picket-duty, for seven or eight days succeeding the battle of Malvern Hill, it was withdrawn to Laurel Church, on the River road,

some six or seven miles below Richmond, where it remained until the latter part of July.

Here the results of exposure to sun and rain, of hard fare and tiresome marching, and, perhaps, in no inferior degree, of excitement and anxiety, speedily manifested themselves. Diseases of various kinds broke out among the troops, the most common and malignant being typhoid fever and dysentery. The camp-hospital and the quarters were filled with sick men. Not many died, but for a month the number of unserviceable men approached fearfully that of those for duty.

Lice also made their appearance in great numbers. Many of the men had thrown away their knapsacks on the march or in the charge, and were therefore compelled to wear the same clothing for many days, and all this time accumulating the filth of dust, rain and perspiration. Prior to the battles I had seen one of these loathsome vermin and grown sick over it. Now scarcely an hour passed but I saw some soldier killing or scratching them.

The location was not a healthy one. But the chief causes that continued and increased disease amongst us were ignorance of cooking and idleness about washing the clothes and the person. A soldier, of all men in the world, must be practical and careful, and this we had not yet even begun to be. Clothing was scarce, for at this time the government did not issue it, but paid the enlisted man \$25 semi-annually in commutation for it. This was hardly enough to cover one's nakedness, for prices were at least treble the peace standard. But our rations were good and plentiful—three-fourths of a pound of bacon, or one pound of beef, one and one-eighth of a pound of flour, with salt, and occasionally molasses, and even beans, at long intervals. But the bacon was almost invariably fried, and the bread was half cooked—two things which are certain to derange any stomach and bowels.

We were very scantily provided with tents, so that crowds of men were huddled together, sweltering with heat and wasting with idleness. Dress-parades and perhaps guard-mountings were the only military exercises in the brigade.

Nothing of any note occurred during our stay here.

About the 25th of July we were moved three or four miles further down the road. But we remained there only two or three days, when we returned to the late camp, preparatory to being removed to Jackson's command, near Gordonsville.

On the last of July, or the 1st of August, the brigade was marched to Richmond, where they took passage on the Central railroad and proceeded to Gordonsville. The wagon-train had been previously sent around by the high-road. Here we remained in camp until the evening of the 6th of August, when we were put in march northward. Crossing the steep spurs of mountains lying around Gordonsville, we proceeded towards Orange Court House. About midnight we were halted and lay in bivouac until late in the afternoon of the following day, occupied mainly in boiling fresh beef and baking tough biscuits. The march resumed, we went to Orange Court House late in the night. The straggling was deplorable, although hardly anything else was to be expected in such heat as we had.

Jackson's army now consisted of Ewell's division, Jackson's old division, and A. P. Hill's division. Gen. Pope, the favorite at this time of the fickle North, lay, with a portion of his army, in the vicinity of Culpepper Court House. Gen. Jackson's object was to rush upon that portion and defeat it before the general gathering of the Federal forces.

On the morning of the 9th, Gregg's brigade, with the rest of Hill's division, was put on the march in the direction of Culpepper. Proceeding to the Rapidan river, a small stream, fordable at many points, we crossed at Barnett's ford. Here our brigade was detained until the passage of the whole baggage-train, and left to guard it against the enemy's cavalry, expected with some confidence. This day the battle of Cedar Mountain was fought. I am credibly informed that Gen. Gregg twice applied to Gen. Hill to be relieved from the wagon-guard and sent to the front, but that the latter replied that Gen. Gregg was in the very place where he was most needed, and therefore refused his consent.

The description of this battle is consequently out of my range. But I may say, in passing, that it was far more

important than is generally believed. Jackson must have inflicted three times as great a loss on the enemy as he suffered himself; and, moreover, he broke and deranged the body of Pope's army, so as to thoroughly prepare the way for the manœuvring and fighting of the Manassas campaign.

On the night of the 9th, this brigade was moved forward within about six miles of Culpepper, where it bivouacked until the third day.

On the night of Monday (11th) Jackson commenced retiring towards Orange Court House. During that night the first and greatest panic I ever saw occurred. Our brigade was bivouacked in the woods, on both sides of the road from Orange to Culpepper, and in rear of the rest of the army. Soon after dark the retrograde movement was commenced by the troops at the front retiring past us. The men of our brigade lay down and slept, most of them taking off their shoes, and some of them even their outer clothing. I remember waking during the night and seeing dense bodies of troops marching along the narrow defile below us. About midnight, or a little after, we were aroused by a loud, confused sound of voices, the tramp of feet, and the rattle of canteens and accoutrements. At the same moment a line of men rushed over us, crying out, "O Lord!" and similar exclamations, stamping upon us in the dark, and, in many instances, beating us down with their guns, (which men in a panic always carry at a trail,) as we rose out of sleep. The effect upon us is not difficult to conjecture. Men startled so rudely naturally took fright, especially as the cry of "Yankee cavalry!" began to circulate freely. It became really a frightful scene for a few minutes—crowds of men dashing hither and thither, barely visible in the deep fog, running against trees, stumbling over the sleepers, and crying out everything dreadful and unreasonable. Some of the brigade, as a matter of course, joined in with the fugitives. One man, I remember, only returned to us at noon the next day, and then without hat or jacket. But nearly the whole of the brigade soon learned its mistake and got under arms. The alarm originated with a brigade marching past us, and was caused,

some say, by the rapid approach of our own cavalry in their rear; others say, by the rattling of an ambulance; others, by the coming of two small dogs!

Not long after daylight on the 12th we were moved after the other troops. We recrossed the Rapidan, rested a few hours between there and Orange Court House, principally engaged in the discussion of roasting-ears of corn. In the afternoon we continued the march, until, in the night, we reached a point about midway between Orange Court House and Gordonsville.

General Jackson closes his report of these operations with the following sentence: "In order to render thanks to God for the victory at Cedar Run, and other past victories, and to implore his continued favor in the future, divine service was held in the army on the 14th of August."

On the morning of the 16th we left our bivouac, to enter upon the great Maryland campaign. Marching through and a few miles north of Orange Court House, to a place known to us as Crenshaw's Farm, we rested during the night and the two following days. On this march I saw Gen. Jackson really for the first time. I had had a glimpse of him on the 27th of June, just before the battle of Cold Harbor, but now I could examine him well, as he rode slowly up the column. He was mounted on a cream-colored horse, I remember; was dressed in the regular Confederate uniform, (a little the worse for wear,) and wore a cap, of the same hue as his steed, drawn far down over his eyes. He was by no means handsome, and scarcely to be called intellectual in appearance; but his restless eye gave evidence of the indefatigable activity of his brain, and his thin, compressed lips and fixed features were expressive of that earnestness and resolution which have so preëminently characterized him.

About midnight, on the 10th, we were again put in motion, and soon after dawn reached the banks of the Rapidan, near Somerville Ford. On the morning of the 20th we crossed the ford, and marched through Stevensburg, just beyond which we camped at night. Pope's army, which was spread over Culpepper county, fell back before the advance of Jackson's and Longstreet's corps, now

united, to the north bank of the Rappahannock, in the neighborhood of Rappahannock Station. On the 21st there was a considerable cannonade between the two armies, and some prisoners were brought past us, but our brigade had no part in the affair. That night we slept near the river. On the 22d we marched to the west, up the river, and crossed Hazel river, a tributary of the Rappahannock, at Wellford. This was a hot, fatiguing march, and the path of our division through the river-bottoms was marked by hundreds of blankets, thrown away by the troops. It rained heavily for an hour or two during the afternoon, in the midst of which we were pushed forward again, till, a little after dark, we reached one Dr. Scott's house, on the hills overlooking the Rappahannock and Warrenton Springs Ford. Here it rained torrents upon us for the larger part of the night. On Saturday afternoon (23d) we were moved back into the woods, some half a mile from Scott's house. Divine service was held on Sunday, 24th. On the afternoon of this day a considerable cannonade was carried on between the enemy's batteries across the river, which designed either to feel us or destroy our bridge, or both, and our batteries, which were directed to keep them back. Our brigade was placed, as support, in rear of some of our batteries.

There were, however, owing to the hills covering us, only five casualties in the brigade:

Thirteenth regiment, 2 wounded.

Fourteenth regiment, 3 wounded.

On the same evening we continued the movement up the river, passing through the village of Jeffersonton, and bivouacking just beyond it. At daylight the next morning (25th) we laid aside knapsacks, and hurried on up stream, until we crossed at Hinson's mill. We marched up the beautiful Salem valley to Cobler's mountain this day, making twenty-four miles certainly, some say twenty-eight. How unnatural it seemed to break upon the mysterious quiet of this "happy valley" with boisterous songs and laughter, and press across its peaceful bosom to the destruction of our fellow-man! I could not feel that the fault was ours, but I could not but sigh over the discordance of things. This was then a land of plenty; but we

made sad havoc in the great cornfields, for we subsisted almost entirely on roasting-ears.

On Tuesday (26th) the march was resumed at dawn. We passed through Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run mountains, dined on half-cooked ears of corn, passed Salem, and lay at night near Bristoe Station on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Our march filled the inhabitants with wonder. They crowded into the roads as we passed along, asking whence we came, how we came, whither we were going, and many other things which evinced their utter bewilderment at Jackson's great flank movement. We were now in rear of Pope's army.

We were in wretched plight. Many men were barefoot, many more without a decent garment to their backs, more still ill with diarrhœa and dysentery, and all half-famished. I remember that I paid an old woman twenty-five cents for a mouldy, half-done hoe-cake that lay on the floor in the corner of her house, and when I scraped off the edges was envied by my comrades. The grand instinct of patriotism and the thirst for glory, which I believe are stronger in the South than anywhere else in the world, remained to us, however, and these were sufficient for all difficulties.

That night Jackson pushed the head of his column to the railroad, and captured a number of cars. The country was now a waste. Early on the morning of the 27th, this brigade was marched to Manassas Junction, just captured by the advance of our corps, with some prisoners and an immense amount of stores.

A brigade of the enemy, from Alexandria, attempted to recapture the place, but a portion of Hill's division soon drove them away. We were marched almost to Bull Run, then turned back towards the Junction. At the point of turning back, an incident took place which I consider as involving too important a principle to be omitted. A score or two of Federal prisoners were brought past us by a guard. One man in our brigade, without any reason that I have ever heard, sprang in amongst them, and taking one of them by the collar, shook him roughly. He could not have hurt the prisoner, of course, and I knew that he must have felt that he was repaying heavy injuries very lightly, by shaking a representative of the Federal gov-

ernment; but the whole brigade who saw it cried out against the act as unfair, and showed a determination not to permit it. I have no idea that any other than Confederate soldiers ever troubled themselves about so slight an injury to an enemy! But this was the same spirit that for three successive summers spared not only the property and persons beyond the Potomac, but forbore to wound the feelings of our bitterest foes by taunt or reproach!

At the Junction rations were issued us from the stores abandoned by the Federals. But before we reached the stores, we passed a sutler's establishment which was speedily stripped. Fine whiskey and segars circulated freely, elegant lawn and linen handkerchiefs were applied to noses hitherto blown with the thumb and forefinger, and sumptuous underclothing was fitted over limbs sunburnt, sore and vermin-splotched. Many a foot more worn and more worthy than those of the olden time pilgrims here received its grateful protection from the rocky soil. At the Junction there was a general jubilee. Hard-tack and bacon, coffee and sugar, soap even, were distributed to us, and we were invited to help ourselves to anything in the storehouses, from a dose of calomel to a McClellan saddle.

That night we lay around Manassas Junction, performing picket by brief tours, until two o'clock in the morning. Then we were marched across Bull Run to Centreville. Now came Thursday morning, the 28th of August. All the stores which we did not take with us were burned at Manassas as the army retired, and long on our march we heard the deep explosions and saw the red glare of flames.

Why we went to Centreville I never could imagine. There seemed to be, indeed, the strongest reasons for pursuing the contrary course; for Pope, on the afternoon of the 27th, was pressing on Ewell's division at Bristoe Station. Certain it is, that we did nothing at Centreville. We turned back early in the morning, and marched up the Warrenton turnpike, crossing Bull Run near Stone Bridge, (now down,) and passing over a good deal of the first battle-field of Manassas. We filed out on the right, or west, of the turnpike, and were formed in line of battle along a cut of the Manassas Gap railroad, which, at this point, is not far from parallel to the Warrenton turnpike. The

enemy were moving up the turnpike, so we faced them. We were placed in the *nexus* joining two bodies of woods; or, if the expression will be more clear, in an isthmus of wood. On our right was an open field of great extent; before and behind us were dense woods, and on our left was a field in which grew corn, though not immediately about us. This position was one of great importance. We saw Jackson here for the first time since several days. It was generally remarked as boding battle.

In a short time Gen. Ewell's division became engaged on our right. Skirmishers were deployed about a hundred yards in our front. But the enemy appeared not to have reached this point. We could see them manœuvring far across the field on our right, but only there. Pope marched the head of his column clear past the left of our line, and fortunately for him, as it proved, for he thus kept open a path of retreat from this, to him, fatal field. There was nothing like a general engagement on the right. The firing was sharp, but not long continued. Some shells came among us, but they were harmless. Just before dark Gregg's brigade was sent to Ewell, on the right, where all was quiet enough now. We were placed in column of regiments, and lay during the night in the open field.

The night before a battle is never a pleasant one; but this was peculiarly trying. We had three divisions, which, in all, would not sum up twenty thousand men. Before us was Pope, with at least the bulk of the Federal army, which, of course, we magnified by many thousands; behind us was no base, no subsistence, no reinforcement. Longstreet, with, I believe, three divisions, was beyond Pope, and must be some time in reaching us. God, Jackson and our own hearts were our dependence.

Strict silence was enjoined on every man. In the midst of this awful stillness, a shout arose in the lines of the enemy. One body of troops after another caught it up, till the country for miles around seemed to resound their horrible exultation. Three times three! It went from regiment to regiment, from brigade to brigade, waking the echoes of plain and forest to fiendish shrieks and bellowings. I could see shivers pass over the forms of our soldiers, vainly endeavoring to slumber on the cold, dewy

earth, and myself started back at the future those yells promised us. Yet we lay and awaited the morrow!

The organization of the brigade was as follows: Maxey Gregg, Brigadier General commanding; Lieut. L. C. Haskell, A. D. C., Acting Assistant Adjt. Gen.; Capt. W. Lee, A. Q. M., Acting Aide-de-camp. The first regiment was commanded by Major Edward McCrady, Captains W. P. Shooter and T. P. Alston, acting respectively as Lieut. Col. and Major. Orr's regiment of Rifles was commanded by Col. J. Foster Marshall, Lieut. Col. D. A. Leadbetter; Captain James Perrin may have acted as Major. The Twelfth regiment was commanded by Col. Dixon Barnes, Lieut. Col. Cad. Jones, Major McCorkle. The Thirteenth was under Col. O. E. Edwards, Lieut. Col. T. S. Farron, Major B. T. Brockman. The Fourteenth regiment was under Col. Samuel McGowen, Lieut. Col. W. D. Simpson. The brigade numbered little if any over fifteen hundred fighting men.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS, THE BATTLE OF OX HILL,
AND THE CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY. AUGUST 29
—SEPTEMBER 15, 1862.

THE 29th of August dawned. The history of this day had been foretold with singular accuracy by a friend of mine almost two months before. A party of us were conversing together, immediately after the battles around Richmond, about the future of the war. Various conjectures were indulged in as to its duration, extent and result, but especially as to the date of the next great battle. The friend in question, when asked his opinion on the last point, replied, at once, that it would occur on the 29th of August. He afterwards said he saw it written in blue characters on a newspaper he held in his hand, but whether in reality or in imagination, he could not determine. He never doubted his prediction for a moment, however much

we were threatened with battles up to this time, and his unaccountable adherence to his opinion converted some of us finally. I may add that he was wounded this day, and died in consequence of it.

We were shifted about for a time after daylight, but, after marching under some unimportant shelling, were at last placed in the position described in the last chapter as occupied by us previous to being sent to Ewell's assistance. The railroad cut bent around our eastern and northeastern front. The brigade was consequently drawn up in an obtuse angle, the point to the enemy. We were the extreme left of the army. The order of the regiments was: the Thirteenth on the right, next it the First, then the Twelfth, then the Fourteenth. Orr's Rifles were at first held in reserve. We were formed within a few paces of the railroad cut. Gen. Gregg and his staff took position, on foot, fifty or sixty yards in rear of the line. The field-officers of the regiments were, of course, on foot, for this was the invariable rule of the infantry under Lee—indeed, a positive order.

Major McCrady, of the First regiment, was ordered to throw out skirmishers, and then cross the railroad and feel the enemy. The regiment was barely well across the cut, when it encountered a sharp, scattering fire. Then succeeded the whole volley of a line of battle, and the enemy crowded up upon the right flank, threatening to envelop the small command. Major McCrady now withdrew to the cut. Gen. Gregg at once sent forward the Twelfth regiment to the assistance of the First. The order was now to drive the enemy.

The First regiment was threatened on the right, the Twelfth on the left. So the two separated at a considerable angle, the First driving the enemy rather southward, the Twelfth towards the northeast. But the pressure rather increasing on the right of the First, Col. Edwards, with the Thirteenth regiment, was ordered to that point. The battle raged furiously. On the right, the Thirteenth and First pressed back the stubborn enemy through the thick undergrowth, killing large numbers, and losing heavily themselves. Col. Edwards earned more than his reputation here. High above the roar of battle rang his

clear voice, as he moved up and down his line, cheering on his men, directing their fire, and even supplying them with cartridges. On the left Col. Barnes fought not less gallantly. He charged the enemy with his characteristic impetuosity, and cleared the woods, for two or three hundred yards, of all the troops they could throw against him. After driving these off, he was returning, when met by Col. Marshall, with Orr's Rifles. He joined in with them, and the two regiments charged and routed a fresh line moving against our position.

A general engagement was to be avoided. Jackson only desired to hold Pope at bay until Longstreet could come up. So the brigade was recalled at noon, and established on the original position at the railroad. No demonstration being made against us, we were allowed a very good rest. There was an interval of from a hundred to two hundred yards between the right of our brigade and the left of the brigade formerly commanded by Gen. J. R. Anderson, now under command of Col. Thomas. The railroad cut was quite deep opposite this opening. The railroad running off from our line on the right, the enemy were enabled to crawl into the cut and creep up unseen, until about opposite the gap in the Confederate line just mentioned. Then they suddenly made a dash forward, and drove almost through the belt of woods in which we were, thereby cutting this brigade completely off. The Fourteenth regiment, Col. McGowan, which had until now been held in reserve, was brought to bear on them. The regiment rushed promptly and vigorously upon the intruders, and, after a brief and desperate struggle, sent them flying in disorder beyond the railroad, thereby converting almost a defeat into a brilliant victory. The Fourteenth regiment was assisted by a Georgia regiment of Thomas's brigade, and by parts of others of our own regiments, but I believe that the chief part is universally conceded to it. This was a close contest, the lines coming within ten paces of each other. It was now one o'clock, or a little later.

About three o'clock the enemy gathered up their whole force for the final spring. The woods swarmed with them. They closed in upon us from front and right and left, pressing up with an energy never before witnessed by us,

and certainly never surpassed since. They plied their great advantage over us most skilfully; for line after line of theirs was hurled upon our single one, which was already fearfully thinned by nearly a whole day's fighting and almost ready to faint from heat and fatigue. And, in addition to all this, they had a cross-fire upon our salient angle. The firing was incessant. They seemed determined not to abandon the undertaking; we were resolved never to yield. There was a perfect death-storm all around. All the sounds of Babel roared about us; the trees and the earth were raked with balls. Standing, kneeling, lying, we fought them, so close that men picked out their marks, and on some occasions saved their lives by anticipating the fire of some one on the other side. Officers used their pistols with effect.

The pressure was particularly heavy on the Rifle regiment. The enemy drove forward into the corner of the field, on the left, where they were posted. Yet this regiment, after a terrible contest, forced them back to their cover. It is these hand-to-hand fights that make war devil's work; for it is they which excite all the blood-thirsty passions and utterly silence every sentiment of humanity. One may fight at long-range as a patriot and a Christian, but I believe that no man can engage in one of these close struggles, where he can look into the eyes of his adversary and see his blood, but he becomes for the time at least, a mere beast of prey.

General Jackson says: "Assault after assault was made on the left, exhibiting on the part of the enemy great pertinacity and determination, but every advance was most successfully and gallantly driven back."

General Hill says, in his report, that his division repulsed six distinct assaults, and, part of the time, when a majority of the men had not a single cartridge! He adds: "The reply of the gallant Gregg to a message of mine is worthy of notice. 'Tell Gen. Hill that my ammunition is exhausted, but that I will hold my position with the bayonet!'"

So we fought them, up to the last assault of the day, when Lawton's and Early's brigades were sent to the assistance of the Light division. These met and repulsed

this attack as we had done its predecessors. Gen. Gregg drew up his line in the rear of these new troops, now engaging the enemy, with the determination to charge the enemy with the bayonet, should they break through our friends. But, as I have already stated, this devotion was not put to the proof.

Night, the universal composer of difficulties, intervened at length between us, and gave repose. The brigade slept upon the field it had earned, if ever men earned ground.

Longstreet joined us that evening, and the next day was fought one of the greatest battles of the war. The general features of this battle are familiar to every American. The repulse of the enemy's attacks on various portions of Jackson's and Longstreet's lines, the furious charges from our part, that completed their destruction, the general flight of Pope's army towards Washington, the immense captures of artillery, small arms and prisoners—these things are known to all. Yet were they not, it is not my province to relate them. Gregg's brigade was allowed to rest in reserve that day. Attempts were occasionally made to attack them, but these were invariably defeated by McIntosh's South Carolina battery. Scarcely a skirmish could be said to have occurred with us. Only a few stray balls and shell caused casualties among us.

The loss of the brigade in the second Battle of Manassas was as follows :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Aggregate.
First-regiment.....	24	119	143
Orr's regiment Rifles.....	19	97	116
Twelfth regiment.....	24	121	145
Thirteenth regiment.....	26	118	144
Fourteenth regiment.....	8	57	65
	—	—	—
Total.....	101	512	613

There were fifteen hundred and seven casualties in A. P. Hill's division.

The Federal killed largely outnumbered ours.

Of the eleven field-officers of our brigade who were in the action, two were killed—Col. Marshall and Lieut. Col. Leadbetter; and seven were wounded—Col. McGowan,

Col. Barnes, Col. Edwards, Lieut. Col. Farron, Major McCrady, Major Brockman, and Major McCorkle.

COL. J. FOSTER MARSHALL was a great loss to the brigade. Previous to the war, he had been a lawyer of prominence at Abbeville Court House, S. C., and had for several years represented the District of Abbeville in the State Senate. He had served during the war with Mexico as a captain in the famed Palmetto regiment. He had succeeded Col. Orr in the command of Orr's Rifle regiment, and had displayed such ability in camp, and such courage on the field, as to secure him the highest regard of the brigade. He was a man of acute intelligence, great tact, of affable and cordial address, at home in all places, conspicuous in all assemblages. He fell in the furious assault of the enemy on the left of the brigade. He lived but about an hour after receiving his wound. He was probably forty-five years of age.

Lieut. Col. D. A. Leadbetter survived for two or three days, in great suffering. I have not been able to ascertain any of the particulars of Col. Leadbetter's life before the war, and I was barely acquainted with him in the brigade; but I know that he was much esteemed for conscientiousness, vigilance and courage.

I hope I shall not incur the imputation of selfishness or vanity by placing on this Roll of Honor the name of my kinsman, Lieut. John Caldwell McLemore; for although he was not of as great military importance as some who fell that day, I think he combined such qualities, as man and soldier, as place him easily among the first class of our dead. He was wounded in the head, and died on the 19th of September. His was a strange character and a strange life, difficult to understand, and yet more difficult to describe. Contradictions met in him: ambitious, he pursued no fixed course; a lover of worldly pleasures, he was sensitive and ideal; an indifferent student, he read and acquired much; unaddicted to exertion, he was a model in all soldierly exercises; brave and independent, he was as affectionate as a woman. To the eye of the world, he was bright, handsome, convivial, happy; to his nearest friends, he was proud, honorable, unpractical, generous, with a dark shade of melancholy underlying the

cheerful surface. One thing only he lacked—a clear, fixed, practical purpose. With this, he should have attained to greatness. But such a character is not to be handled—we smear and dull its brightness by the frequent touch. Could I write the symbols, I would express his mind and his life by a smile and a tear.

The First regiment long regretted him.

OX HILL.—On Sunday, August 31st, Gregg's brigade, as well as the rest of the army, was put in motion northward, pursuing Pope and his stricken legions. The brigade crossed Bull Run at Sudley's Ford, and reached Pleasant Valley that night. Pope was retreating in the direction of Centreville, and Jackson was ordered to turn that position. On the morning of September 1st, the troops were continued on the march, towards Fairfax Court House. Late in the afternoon we reached Ox Hill, a position of considerable strength. Here the enemy was found drawn up on our right and front so as to cover the retreat from us. Gen. Jackson formed his corps in the following order: A. P. Hill's Light division on the right, Ewell's division, under Lawton, in the centre, Jackson's division, under Starke, on the left. Our brigade came upon the enemy all at once, and had to be thrown into line of battle under a heavy fire. The Thirteenth and Fourteenth regiments were established in front, Orr's Rifles and the Twelfth supporting them respectively. The First regiment was held in reserve. They at once pushed across the turnpike and engaged the enemy. All the regiments were now put on the front line, except the First. The enemy, for a time, made a resolute resistance, and the firing was of the hottest, but, after a brief contest, they gave back before us. A beating shower of rain poured upon us during the engagement and for a good portion of the night, blinding and drenching those actually engaged, and almost drowning the line in reserve, who lay on the ground for protection from the bullets. A sporadic picket-fire was kept up for some time after dark, but during the night the enemy withdrew with their accustomed silence and celerity. The brigade lay on the ground until morning.

The whole of the Light division was engaged here. The deaths of Gens. Kearny and Stevens is assigned by some

as the great cause of the Federal defeat. They were killed in front of Thomas's Georgia brigade, of our division.

The casualties in our brigade were:

	Killed.		Wounded.		Total.
First regiment.....	1	7	8
Orr's Rifles.....	5	25	30
Twelfth regiment.....	1	10	11
Thirteenth regiment.....	5	24	29
Fourteenth regiment.....	3	23	26
<hr/>					
Aggregate.....	15	89	104

The casualties among the officers were: Lieut. W. C. Leppard, of the Thirteenth, and Adj't. W. C. Buchanan, of the Twelfth, killed; Capt. A. P. West and Lieut. E. P. Youngblood, of the Fourteenth, and Lieut. Robert Junkins, of Orr's Rifles, wounded.

In this battle the First regiment was commanded by Capt. C. W. McCreary, Orr's Rifles by Capt. James Perrin, Twelfth regiment by Col. Barnes, Thirteenth regiment by Col. Edwards, Fourteenth regiment by Lieut. Col. W. D. Simpson.

CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.—The brigade resumed the march on September 3, passing through Drainesville and Leesburg, to the Potomac, which they crossed at White's Ford, on the 5th. The army, always high in spirit, was now jubilant. A Canaan seemed to open before them beyond this rapid Jordan. They plunged into the water waist-deep, and waded over, cheering lustily and singing "My Maryland." They felt themselves doubly conquerors now; for they had not only driven the Federal army from Southern soil, but they were carrying the war across Northern thresholds. Yet the most perfect order and discipline were maintained. Although many of them presented as wretched a spectacle as Falstaff's recruits, they kept closed up in four ranks, marching, on an average, three miles an hour, cheerfully executing all orders, and distinguishing themselves by studiously refraining from injury to the persons or property of the people. I heard no affront offered to an individual, and I saw thousands of

troops pass the very orchards, whose red and golden burdens overhung the road, without touching a fruit.

We marched to the vicinity of Frederick City, where we rested until the morning of the 10th. Washing clothes and persons was the chief employment here. An effort was made to procure recruits for the army, but I would not be surprised if two figures could express the whole number obtained. We already realized that "My Maryland" must be conquered to be brought into the Confederacy.

On the 10th we were moved out at daylight and marched towards Boonsboro'. I remember that Gen. Lee's orders were read at our first rest, prescribing the rate of march, the length of rests, and the disposition of broken-down men. We were to march three miles an hour and no more, except in great emergencies; we were to rest ten minutes in every hour; the sick and those otherwise unable to march were to be transported in the ambulances. This last provision seemed superfluous, but it was required in countermand of Gen. Jackson's rule while in Virginia, to leave the foot-sore by the way. No good Samaritans could be expected along this new war-path. We went into bivouac about three or four o'clock P. M. On the morning of the 11th the march was resumed before daylight, and continued to Williamsport, where we recrossed the Potomac, into Virginia.

Fording the Potomac, which was here knee-deep, and clear enough for us to see and avoid the rocks, we turned southeast, down the river, in the direction of Martinsburg. We bivouacked about half-way between the two towns mentioned. At Williamsport I remember having a fine dinner given me by some Union ladies, who were laboring in the arduous undertaking to reconcile those principles with their devotion to the South.

Proceeding on the morning of the 12th, we advanced upon Martinsburg. Our brigade led the Light division, the First regiment leading the brigade. A part of that regiment was deployed on each side of the road as skirmishers, for it was known that the Federals held Martinsburg, and it was thought they would oppose our march. But they gave way before us, without battle, and the brigade entered the town about 10 A. M. We were most

enthusiastically received. In addition to the sutler's goods and government provisions, which were found in abundance, the citizens of the place brought us baskets of food, and invited large numbers of us to go home and dine with them. I doubt not I saw a ton of bread devoured that day. The words of thanks and encouragement we received from fair lips, and the more moving attentions of fair eyes, perhaps, deserve the first place in the list of our enjoyments, but a soldier may be pardoned for dwelling on the more substantial comforts of bread and meat.

Gen. Jackson excited a perfect furor. The ladies almost suffocated him with crowding around him. They cut off the buttons of his coat, and must, I think, have traded him out of his well-worn cap, for, during our stay, he donned a black felt hat.

Leaving Martinsburg, we proceeded towards Harper's Ferry. We halted once and went into bivouac, but were again roused up and moved a few miles further, where we rested for the night. The next day, 13th, we continued the march. Early in the day we came in sight of the white lines of the enemy's tents on Bolivar Heights, and not long after noon we were almost under their guns. We halted, fired off our loaded pieces, and prepared for the capture of Harper's Ferry. That night we lay quiet, and until late on the following day.

I need not go to any length to describe the plan of the capture of Harper's Ferry. It was this: Jackson was to get above the place, cross back into Virginia, and move down upon it; McLaws' and R. H. Anderson's divisions were to continue from Frederick City, up the Maryland side of the Potomac, and seize Maryland Heights, which completely commanded the position, while Brig. Gen. J. G. Walker was to come up the Virginia side of the Potomac, thus investing the place on all sides. McLaws stormed Maryland Heights on Saturday, 13th, Walker took his position on London Heights, on the tongue of land between the Potomac and the Shenandoah, and we were opposite Walker, with the Shenandoah between us, and opposite McLaws, with the Potomac and Harper's Ferry between us.

A. P. Hill's division was moved towards the Shenandoah

on the afternoon of Sunday, 14th. Brig. Gen. Pender, with his own, Archer's, and Field's brigades, (the last under Col. Brockenborough,) was sent to seize an eminence on the enemy's left, where were infantry but no artillery. Thomas's brigade was held in reserve. Gregg and Branch were sent to the banks of the Shenandoah to scale the steep cliffs there, preparatory to a charge on the enemy's line. Gen. Pender gained his position with little difficulty. By daylight, on the morning of Monday, 15th, Gregg and Branch were in theirs. Why we were allowed to climb the precipitous height I never could understand. A handful of the enemy could have beaten back an army here, for it was so steep that a man could hardly carry his arms up it. And they had night to assist them also.

Soon after daylight the Confederate batteries, on the three sides, opened a terrific cannonade on Bolivar Heights. In an hour the enemy appeared to be pretty well silenced. Pender was now about to advance, when the enemy opened afresh. He then had Crenshaw's and Pegram's batteries run forward to within four hundred yards of the Federal line, and opened on them with full force. Our time seemed to be at hand, to make the long open charge upon the stronghold; but the next thing we saw was a white flag run up by the enemy. Gen. White surrendered the place. We entered and took possession. The captures consisted of eleven thousand prisoners, twelve thousand stand of arms, seventy pieces of artillery, the horses and harness thereto attached, a large number of wagons, and an immense supply of stores.

We did not lose a man in our brigade.

A. P. Hill received the surrender of the place. The division was occupied the rest of the day in guarding prisoners. We fared sumptuously. In addition to meat, crackers, sugar, coffee, shoes, blankets, underclothing, &c., many of us captured horses roaming at large, on whom to transport our plunder. The writer of this sketch confesses to the appropriation of two, of which, however, the quartermaster's department soon deprived him.

The ragged, forlorn appearance of our men excited the combined merriment and admiration of our prisoners. It really looked like Pharaoh's lean kine devouring the fat.

But Jackson was the great theme of conversation. The Federals seemed never weary of extolling his genius and inquiring for particulars of his history. They were extremely anxious to see him, and made many of us promise to show him to them, if he should pass among us that day. He came up from the river side late in the afternoon. The intelligence spread like electricity. Almost the whole mass of prisoners broke over us, rushed to the road, threw up their hats, cheered, roared, bellowed, as even Jackson's own troops had scarcely ever done. We, of course, joined in with them. The general gave a stiff acknowledgment of the compliment, pulled down his hat, drove spurs into his horse, and went clattering down the hill, away from the noise. "Ah!" said several of the prisoners, "if we had *him* we should whip you in short order." Humph!

On the morning of the 16th we were marched up the road leading to Shepherdstown, for the distance of two or three miles. We passed a portion of McLaws' division, who complained that they had not had their share of Harper's Ferry glory and plunder. We turned back in the course of an hour and again occupied Bolivar Heights. Heavy cannonading was heard this day, up the river, on the Maryland side.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLES OF SHARPSBURG AND SHEPHERDSTOWN, SEPTEMBER 17-20.

EARLY on the morning of the 17th (Wednesday) Gregg's brigade was put in motion up the road towards Shepherdstown. The day was hot and dusty in the extreme. All along the way we heard the boom of cannon, almost in our front. This fact, in conjunction with the rapid march, assured us that fighting was ahead of us. Pressing forward at a rapid gait, and but two or three times halting to draw breath, we reached the Potomac about 2 P. M., at Boteher's Ford. We waded the river at once and rapidly,

although the current was quite swift, and the ledges of rock, cropping out at a sharp angle, rendered the passage both difficult and painful. Climbing up the slippery bank on the Maryland side, we proceeded at once to the scene of action.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the battle of Sharpsburg was now raging with greatest fury. The vast army of McClellan, (nearly, if not quite, treble ours,) after failing to break the line of the Confederates, was stretching round to the right of Lee, with the evident intention of cutting us off from the Potomac. The five brigades of A. P. Hill's division (Thomas's had been left at Harper's Ferry) were despatched at once by Gen. Lee to this point. Pender and Brockenborough were posted on the extreme right, near the mouth of Antietam creek. Branch, Gregg and Archer were placed on their left, connected with the division commanded by D. R. Jones. A few shells were thrown over us as we moved to our position, but no casualties occurred, as far as I know. The Fourteenth regiment led.

Leaving the narrow country road, the brigade was carried over one of the many steep hills that characterize that country, and arranged for battle. The Fourteenth regiment was posted behind a low stone fence, on the right of the brigade, and nearly at right angles with the front of the other regiments. Below us stretched a wide field of luxuriant corn, and beyond it was a clear space of varying breadth, out of which rose numerous hills like those in rear, clear of trees. Into the cornfield the First, Twelfth and Thirteenth regiments were advanced in line of battle, to drive off the enemy. The line reached the top of a small eminence in the cornfield, and soon engaged the Federal line moving through the corn. The Thirteenth regiment held a stone fence on the left. Col. Barnes, with the Twelfth regiment, charged the enemy, driving him rapidly from the stone fence he occupied just beyond us. There was some difference of opinion at this time as to Gen. Gregg's orders, Col. Edwards regarding them as defensive, Col. Barnes as offensive. I am not able to say which was right. Col. Hamilton advanced the First regiment nearly abreast with the Twelfth. But the Twelfth soon outflanked

itself by its rapid dash into the enemy's line, and had to be withdrawn a space. After a little time, however, Col. Barnes returned to the attack, and this time drove away the force which had occupied the fence on his retirement, pursuing them to the opposite hill and inflicting a heavy loss upon them.

A considerable pressure was now brought to bear upon the right of the First regiment. Col. Hamilton changed his front slightly to meet it, and swept the obnoxious line from the field, with great loss to it. This movement also secured Col. Barnes' right from further molestation. Hardly, however, had it been executed, when a line of Federals came hurrying down on the right of the First regiment, threatening soon to enfilade their line. Gen. Gregg now despatched Capt. Perrin with Orr's Rifles after them. The Rifles fell upon this line, almost completely flanking the flankers, and after a short, sharp fire, dispersed them in irretrievable disorder.

The firing during this period, which was about an hour, was as rapid as possible, and on our side unusually accurate. So dense was the corn that the lines sometimes approached within thirty or forty yards of each other before opening. We had somewhat the advantage, for the enemy, descending to attack us, naturally fired too high, while we had either a level or a rise to fire on. I need not explain this, for it is a universally known fact, that men fire above their own levels. And when the enemy retreated they had to pass through open ground, which enabled us to kill large numbers of them. But our object was entirely defensive. It was enough, fully enough, for this division to save the right flank of the army. Hitherto, McClellan had seriously endangered the whole of Lee's line, by driving so persistently around towards the Potomac. Had he succeeded, the Army of Northern Virginia must have been lost beyond a peradventure. The pressure was heavy enough all along our line, for, kill as we would, new lines constantly replaced the beaten ones of the enemy; but nowhere was there such peril to us as on the extreme right.

This was an exciting field to view. Far along in front of the Confederate army, on our left, we could see the blue lines of the Federals, moving to the attack over the smooth,

round hills, marching in perfect order, with banners flying and guns and bayonets glittering in the sun. Never, even in the regular armies of France and Austria, have I witnessed such accurate marching. And their appearance was greatly improved by their well-kept, loose, blue uniform, which gave them a massive look, entirely unlike the tight, light-colored and variegated garb of the Confederates. I could see the skirmishers of the enemy as they exchanged their scattering discharges with the Confederates. Then they would retire upon the main line of battle, then an irregular fire would open on both sides, which would swell until they poured their whole roaring volleys into each other, and the field was wrapped in smoke. After a while the enemy would begin to waver. They would see-saw forth and back, then one and another give way, then more and more, until a whole line would break and fly before the loud hurrahs of our troops and their murderous fire. A pretty sharp cannonade was carried on all the time. The great number and height of the hills allowed the hostile batteries to fight each other, even when the lines of infantry were closed in conflict. After the repulse of the last attempt of the enemy, their artillery played upon our infantry and artillery with a slow and pretty good fire.

McIntosh's battery, which, it will be borne in mind, was manned by one of the eleven original companies of the First regiment, did good service on the left of the division. At one time, no support being given them, they fought the enemy's infantry single-handed, until, overwhelmed by numbers and exhausted of ammunition, they were forced to retire with their caissons and limbers. But, before they did give way, they double-charged their pieces and dealt destruction among the enemy. A member of the battery told me that he counted forty Federal corpses in one group, where the double-shot was discharged. Archer's brigade soon charged the enemy, and recovered the pieces.

The enemy never attacked the stone fence held by the Fourteenth regiment, so they were not engaged, and lost no men. The artillery fired a good deal over them, but principally at a battery of one or two guns stationed on the hill immediately in rear of them. We slept upon the field.

The casualties of the brigade were as follows :

	Killed	Wounded.	Total.
First regiment.....	4	30	34
Orr's Rifles.....	3	9	12
Twelfth regiment.....	20	82	102
Thirteenth regiment.....	1	14	15
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Aggregate.....	28	135	163

The brigade went into action certainly less than a thousand strong, including the Fourteenth regiment.

The following casualties occurred among officers : Killed, Lieut. I. A. McIntyre, of the First regiment ; Capt. F. A. Irwin, and Lieut. Blackman, of the Twelfth ;—wounded, Capt. M. P. Parker, of the First ; Col. Dixon Barnes, Capt. I. L. Miller, Capt. H. C. Davis, Lieut. R. M. Carr, of the Twelfth ; Lieut. I. M. Wheeler, Lieut. W. L. Leitzsez, of the Thirteenth ; Capt. James Perrin, commanding Orr's Rifles.

COL. DIXON BARNES, of the Twelfth regiment, was wounded by a Minie ball, in the thigh, and died two or three days subsequent to the battle. He was a native of Lancaster District, South Carolina, and perhaps forty-five years of age. He was of large fortune, and until the war devoted himself to agriculture. Elected major of the Second South Carolina infantry (Kershaw's) in the winter of 1861, he served with that regiment until the summer of the same year, when he was elected to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Twelfth South Carolina. He succeeded Col. Dunno-vant in the command of the regiment in the spring of 1862.

Of all our losses in the summer campaign, he was certainly the greatest. In camp he drilled his regiment with remarkable care and exactness, and governed it with admirable discipline, while on the field of battle he led it with a gallantry and coolness unsurpassed in this army. I think that all who have witnessed his conduct will bear me out in saying, that no officer in the brigade executed so many brilliant and successful charges as he. He was the head and heart of his splendid regiment, commanding the attention and admiration of all by his handsome form and martial bearing, and animating and fortifying them with his

clear, ringing voice. No appearances staggered him, no obstacles stayed him. When he was ordered against a line of the enemy, he invariably broke it, and with slaughter. Indeed, so fierce and impetuous were his charges, that it was sometimes necessary to recall him. Nor was he less cool and obstinate in defence than gallant in attack.

In unofficial life he was equally noteworthy. A clear, quick apprehension marked all his writings and conversations, his manners were full of courtesy and refinement, and through the whole ran a most pleasant vein of cheerfulness and humor.

A skilful officer, a brave soldier, an honest man, his name deserves to be recorded in the first list of those who gave their lives for the Southern Confederacy.

During the 18th, and that night, this brigade lay upon the field of battle, awaiting the advance of the Federals; but McClellan, worse beaten than we had imagined, forbore to press his point. About 3 o'clock on Friday morning, 19th, we were joined with rest of the division, and marched back to the Potomac, where we covered the retreat of at least our wing of the army. Two companies of the Fourteenth regiment, under Capt. I. N. Brown, were deployed as skirmishers, and protected the passage of the other troops across the river. About 9 A. M., a body of the enemy's cavalry, the vanguard of their army, pressed upon this little detachment, but they were soon dispersed by a well-directed fire. These two companies reached the river, following the rest of the command, and finally crossed, without the loss of a man. They, as the brigade, passed over at Boteler's ford. It was a matter of great regret to us, that the scarcity of ambulances and the rapidity of the withdrawal of the army, necessitated the leaving of a portion of our wounded at the field-hospital on the other side of the river.

We marched four or five miles from the ford, when we were bivouacked in the woods until the following morning.

The enemy pursued our track to the river, in large force, and, after a long cannonade, succeeded in driving off Confederate artillery, posted on the bank to stop them, and throwing some troops upon the Virginia shore. Gen. Hill reports that they (the Federals) had placed some seventy

pieces on the opposite hills, while a line of infantry was drawn up along the Virginia hills.

BATTLE OF SHEPHERDSTOWN, OR BOTELER'S FORD.—Very early on the morning of September 20, the Light division was sent back towards the Potomac, to break up the undertaking of McClellan to gain a hold on Virginia soil. For this purpose, we were formed in two lines, facing Boteler's Ford, and rather more than half a mile from it. In the first line were Pender's, Gregg's and Thomas's brigades, under the command of Gen. Gregg; in the second line were Lane's, Archer's and Brockenborough's brigades, under the command of Gen. Archer. (Col., afterwards Brig. Gen., Lane, commanded the brigade formerly under Gen. Branch, who was killed at Sharpsburg. Col., afterwards Brig. Gen., Thomas, commanded, as I have said before, I. R. Anderson's old brigade. Col. Brockenborough commanded the brigade of Field, who had lost a leg at second Manassas.) The command of Gregg's brigade devolved upon Col. Edwards of the Thirteenth regiment, senior colonel of the brigade.

The order of our regiments I am not positive about, but, as I remember, it was as follows: the Twelfth on the right, then the Thirteenth, then the First, then the Fourteenth. The Rifles were sent forward as skirmishers. Our advance was first through a thick cornfield of about two hundred yards breadth, and then across a smooth, open field, a little undulating. We were all the time under the guns of the enemy, although they did not open heavily upon us until we cleared the cornfield. Then their fire was terrific. First their shot and shell, afterwards their canister seemed to sweep the whole surface of the earth.

Yet the advance was beautifully executed. It excelled even the marching of the enemy at Sharpsburg. Our whole first line of three brigades moved as one man, as steadily, coolly, deliberately, as if on the drill ground. Indeed, our brigade performed better than I ever saw it do on a regular brigade-drill. What a spectacle it must have been to the enemy! The same men who fought McClellan out of his fortifications at Richmond, who outflanked and defeated Pope at Manassas, who captured Harper's Ferry, who withstood McClellan's vast force at Sharpsburg; the

same men who had marched near five hundred miles in Virginia and Maryland, in rags, on insufficient food, and many of them without a shoe to their feet; the same men who had, but the day before, been withdrawn before the treble numbers of the Federals; these same men turned upon them, unconfused by moral appearances, unterrified by the formidable array of artillery and infantry, and sternly moved through thunder and slaughter to the last death-clinch!

The roar of the pieces, and the howl and explosion of shells, was awful. Sometimes a shell burst right in the ranks, tearing and mangling all around it. In Pender's brigade I saw a man lifted clear into the air. But all in vain. The men closed up at once, and the advance was continued without a falter. I cannot forbear quoting Gen. Hill's report:

"My lines advanced simultaneously and soon encountered the enemy. This advance was made in the face of the most tremendous fire of artillery I ever saw, and too much praise cannot be awarded to my regiment (?) for their steady, unwavering step. It was as if each man felt that the fate of the army was centred in himself."

The Rifle regiment drove the infantry before them gallantly, shooting a large number of them, and forcing many others into the whirlpools of the river, where they drowned. The rest of the brigade did not fire a gun. The Fourteenth suffered most severely, as they advanced along a ridge completely raked by the artillery. Halting near the river, the brigade lay under a scattering fire of artillery all day.

Let us give their dues to the other brigades of the division. Says Gen. Hill: "Gen. Pender became hotly engaged, and informing Archer of his danger, he (Archer) moved by the left flank, and forming on Pender's left, a simultaneous, daring charge was made, and the enemy driven pell-mell into the river. Then commenced the most terrible slaughter this war has yet witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with the floating bodies of our foe. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account, they lost three thousand men killed and drowned, in one brigade alone."

The casualties of Gregg's brigade were :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
First regiment.....	—	4	4
Orr's Rifles.....	—	1	1
Twelfth regiment.....	—	1	1
Thirteenth regiment.....	—	2	2
Fourteenth regiment.....	10	45	55
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Aggregate.....	10	53	63

The casualties among officers were: Capt. James H. Dunlap, of the Fourteenth regiment, killed; Lieut. D. H. Hamilton, Adjutant of the First regiment, wounded.

At dark we were marched back to the bivouac of the preceding night. McClellan's pursuit was effectually checked.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REPOSE IN THE VALLEY, THE MARCH TO FREDERICKSBURG, AND THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

ABOUT midnight, on September 20, Gregg's brigade was moved out of bivouac, and marched, with the rest of the division, in the direction of Martinsburg. We halted after passing a few miles, and remained in the road until after daylight, when we were moved forward to the banks of Opequan creek. Here there was a universal bathing, by order, until late in the afternoon, when we were marched to within two miles of Martinsburg. Here we rested several days.

Nothing of a strictly military nature was performed, except the reading of orders and the promotion and appointment of officers in the different regiments. The field officers of the brigade were now as follows: First regiment, Col. D. H. Hamilton, Lieut. Col. Edward McCrady, Major C. W. McCreary; Orr's Rifles, Col. J. W. Livingstone, Lieut. Col. Jas. M. Perrin, Major J. J. Norton;

Twelfth regiment, Col. Cadwallader Jones, Lieut. Col. — McCorkle, Major J. L. Miller ; Thirteenth regiment, Col. O. E. Edwards, Lieut. Col. T. S. Farron, Major B. T. Brockman ; Fourteenth regiment, Col. Samuel McGowan, Lieut. Col. W. D. Simpson, Major — Carter.

Elections were held to fill vacancies in the subaltern line-offices, or persons who had behaved with uncommon gallantry and skill were promoted from the ranks, at the recommendation of their immediate superiors, and by the order of the division commander. The ordinary means, however, was by election.

It is difficult to describe the condition of the troops at this time, so great and various was their wretchedness. They were sun-burnt, gaunt, ragged, scarcely at all shod, spectres and caricatures of their former selves. Since the beginning of August, they had been almost constantly on the march, they had been scorched by the sultriest sun of the year, they had been drenched with rain and the heavy dews peculiar to this latitude, they had lost much night rest, they had worn out their clothing and shoes, and received nothing but what they could pick up on the battlefield, they had thrown away their knapsacks and blankets, in order to travel light, they had fed on half-cooked dough, often raw bacon as well as raw beef, had devoured green corn and green apples ; they had contracted diarrhoea and dysentery of the most malignant type, and, lastly, they were covered with vermin. They now stood, an emaciated, limping, ragged, filthy mass, whom no stranger to their valiant exploits could have believed capable of anything the least worthy.

Orders were published for instant and thorough ablution, and the men were marched, by squads and companies, to the Opequan. Clothing, or the sweaty, crawling rags we dignified with that appellation, was likewise looked after. But it availed little. Great numbers had to be sent to hospital, and those who remained were fretted half out of their lives with purging and lousing. Lice, until recently considered too disgusting to be even mentioned in polite circles, became a common theme of discussion and employment. So important were they, in fact, that they were allowed a sort of vocabulary of their own. They were

called "confederates," "zouaves," "tigers," &c., and men spoke of killing them as "fighting under the black flag," "flanking them out of position," and the like. When a shirt was thrown away they were said to be "paroled." The earth literally crawled with them. Besides the pressure of two thumb-nails, it seemed that only boiling water or hot, strong smoke effectually destroyed them. And there was little inducement for purification; for one could scarcely put his foot into the camp, before fresh gangs assailed him. I have heard of one line captain who never found one on his clothing; but this could only be accounted for on his theory, that they had a positive aversion to his flesh. The insect I speak of was the body-louse, the "*pediculus vestimenti*," as the scientific term it. It does not live upon the person, but breeds and resides on the clothing, almost invariably next the skin, and feeds upon the body. It rarely quits the clothing of its own accord. It is said, that it attaches itself to the clothing, while feeding, by a kind of *sucker* in the tail, and thus is free to grasp the flesh with its forelegs and mouth. They increase with wonderful rapidity, and grow to a formidable size, under favorable circumstances of heat and moisture. I have seen them as large as a grain of wheat. They were classified as black, white, gray, striped, &c., but I did not push my investigations to such an extent as to be able to decide that question.

There are two other species of this interesting animal, known as the head-louse and the crab-louse among the unlearned. The latter confine themselves to the hairy portions of the body, except the head, which has the former for its own peculiar inhabitant. The crab infested some persons' beards, but they were few. The head-louse, being not easily communicated, troubled only those who were very slovenly, or who associated very intimately with such. But enough of these diminutives.

After about a week, we were marched through Martinsburg towards Winchester, and placed in camp near Bunker's Hill, about twelve miles from Winchester. Here we remained, enjoying the fine productions of the country, until the latter part of October, when we were sent to tear up the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. I believe a large

portion of the army was employed at this. A. P. Hill's division was stationed near Berryville. The road was broken by tearing up the cross-ties, setting them a-fire, and placing the rails on top of them, by which means the iron was bent out of shape by its own weight.

On Sunday, November 2, a small engagement took place between the Light division and the enemy, near Castleman's Ferry, on the Shenandoah. Our brigade and Thomas's were placed on picket, to oppose the crossing. McClellan was thought to meditate. Two batteries of artillery assisted us. But the enemy did not cross, and the only firing that occurred was between the artillery of the two sides. The brigade had three men wounded, one mortally. I have forgotten to what regiment they belonged. The Nineteenth Georgia was engaged.

The brigade was camped, from this time until November 22, at various places between Berryville and Winchester. On that day it took up the line of march for Fredericksburg. The account of this march, though it was an interesting one, would weary in detail as much as the "*εντεθεν εξαληνεί*" and "*εντεθα εχεινε*" of Xenophon, for it would consist only of marches and rests. Suffice it to say, we moved through Winchester, up the Valley turnpike, taking Stephensburg, Strasburg, Woodstock and Mount Jackson, on the way. Near the last-named place, we crossed the North Fork of the Shenandoah, bore east and crossed the South Fork, then passed over the Blue Ridge at Thornton's Gap.

The scene, ascending and descending the mountains, was grand, the long line being visible for miles, as it wound up and down and around, with glittering arms and accoutrements, like some huge serpent, with silver scales, dragging its tortuous folds along. At night, it was even more pleasant, to see a thousand bivouac fires flashing and glowing on the mountain side, while weary soldiers rested and warmed and chatted after the labors of the day.

After crossing the mountains, the march of Jackson's corps was through Madison Court House and Orange Court House, to Fredericksburg, which we reached December 3. This march of one hundred and seventy-five

miles was made in twelve days, making an average of nearly fifteen miles a day.

Gregg's brigade was now on the Massaponax hills, about four or five miles from Fredericksburg, occupying almost the identical spot where Gregg's three regiments had camped in the spring before.

McClellan had been superseded by Burnside in the command of the Federal army. That army now lay on the Stafford hills, opposite Fredericksburg, whence its commander hoped to launch two hundred thousand men to the final annihilation of the Confederates.

The Confederate army at this time consisted of nine divisions: Anderson's, McLaws', Prickett's, Hood's and Ransom's, constituting the First Army Corps, under Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet; A. P. Hill's, Ewell's, Jackson's, (under Brig. Gen. Talliaferro,) and D. H. Hill's, constituting the Second Army Corps, under Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson. In addition to this infantry, was Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's division of cavalry. In all there were about fifty thousand effective infantry and five thousand cavalry. The whole, as the world knows, was under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.—Longstreet's corps was the left wing, Jackson's the right wing, of the army. Longstreet extended from a short distance above Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, to about the mouth of Deep run, below the city. About opposite the latter place (although at a distance from it) began Jackson's left. The first demonstration of the enemy was on December 11. On the morning of that day, he attempted to lay bridges across the Rappahannock, under cover of perhaps one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, posted on the commanding Stafford Heights. Such was the resistance of McLaws' division, however, that he was forced to abandon the undertaking, or cross over in boats. So completely did his guns command the south bank of the river, that he effected the crossing of a number of troops, and then laid his pontoons at the mouth of Deep run. The Confederate force at that point was withdrawn during the night, when the enemy finished his bridges, and crossed in large numbers. On the morning of the 12th, additional

forces could be seen crossing on the bridges at Fredericksburg. Our batteries fired on these troops as they were deployed in our front, and their batteries replied to us, so that there was a pretty regular cannonade all day. There was now a universal conviction that the great battle was to be fought on the next day.

Early on the 12th, Gen. A. P. Hill established the Light division, his right resting on the road leading from Hamilton's crossing (on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad) to the Port Royal road, and his left about a mile or more from that point, the line running about parallel with the river. Fourteen pieces of artillery were posted on the right, two batteries on the left—eight pieces. The first line consisted of two regiments of Col. Brockenborough's brigade, and the brigades of Archer, Lane and Pender. There was an interval of some six hundred yards between Archer and Lane, and likewise between Lane and Pender. The order, as I have named it, was from right to left. The second line was on the Military road, parallel with the first, and consisted of the remaining two regiments of Brockenborough's brigade, supporting the artillery on the right; Gregg's brigade crossing the interval between Archer and Lane; Thomas's brigade crossing the interval between Lane and Pender, and joining with Gregg. The second line was just at the foot of the hills, and concealed from the enemy by a thick forest. The first line was about the outer edge of the wood, looking out upon the open plain, which extended to the river and stretched right and left. To this line the lifting of the fog, on the morning of the 13th, discovered the lines of the enemy, formed for battle, extending from opposite Hill's right, far beyond his left, to Fredericksburg. They were in three lines, with a powerful reserve in rear. Their lines, accompanied by ten batteries, were soon in motion. This was about eleven A. M. Some guns were also in our front, I think.

Stuart's horse artillery, from beyond the right of A. P. Hill's division, now opened upon the enemy, enfilading his lines with great slaughter. The latter halted and opened their batteries in reply, until Stuart ceased firing. This occupied perhaps an hour. Then the enemy opened with

all his batteries, right and left, pouring shot and shell all along our lines, with fearful rapidity and precision. The boom of guns, the whiz and explosion of shells, the snapping of trees, was awfully grand. Yet our batteries were, in the main, silent. After an hour of such firing, the advance was resumed by the enemy, and the three closed, massive lines moved down upon the first line of Confederates with imposing solemnity. What a scene for Salvator Rosa! Three dark, heavy lines, following a "cloud of skirmishers," as Gen. Hill terms them, with flashing arms and fluttering banners, covering the ground far to right and left, and closing with our tattered veterans, under the cover of batteries on batteries of artillery, that rained their iron hail upon us with tenfold fury! All this on the wide, smooth bosom of the plain, the white spires of the city peering through the sulphurous smoke, and the balmy sun smiling in a cloudless sky.

As these lines came within good range of our guns, all our artillery opened upon them. The scene, grand before, now became terrible. Regardless, in the main, of the enemy's artillery, our batteries thundered their full force of shell and canister into the infantry, sweeping, tearing, mangling them by the hundred. The battle of the Titans was play to this contest. The whole air was filled with smoke and din, and the whole earth seemed raked with deadly missiles. Naturally, the enemy staggered. Yet, again they recovered, and pushed on against us. Driving in our skirmishers like a flock of birds, they pushed upon our first line of battle. They first struck Lane's brigade. Not all our artillery shattered them as the blow the North Carolinians struck them. So rapid and precise was the fire of that brigade that the mass attacking them edged away and bore to the right of them. Nor could they well face the oblique fire that followed them, till, gathering up in their greatest force, they drove into the interval between Lane's and Archer's brigades, changed front, and thereby doubled back the right of Lane. Here, however, was no victory for them. The battle raged as fiercely as ever, every foot of ground being contested. A portion of Thomas's brigade was sent to Lane's assistance, and these helped to stay the tide.

Meantime those of the enemy who were not immediately next either Lane's or Archer's brigades, bore forward, through the woods, towards the second line. Gen. Gregg, informed of a line of our troops before him, had taken every precaution to prevent this brigade's firing into our friends—a thing too often done in our woods-fights. He had, therefore, made known to the regiments, that we were only the second line, and had caused arms to be stacked, while the brigade lay down under such cover from the enemy's artillery as the trees afforded. The order of the regiments, from right to left, was as follows: Orr's Rifles, First, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth. Unfortunately, Gen. Gregg was not aware of the interval between Lane's and Archer's brigades. This interval was directly in his front. We could not see the first line, of course. Soon after the break through the interval just mentioned, the right of our brigade, especially Orr's regiment of Rifles, became persuaded of the approach of the enemy through the woods. Had not the enemy been as ignorant of our position as we of theirs, this knowledge might have come in time to give us an easy victory. But they, never dreaming of an obstacle, blundered on rapidly, until, all at once, they fell upon the Rifle regiment. They immediately opened upon the latter. These sprang to their arms to oppose them. But Gen. Gregg, who was rather deaf, not being able to see the true state of affairs, and anxious to prevent firing into the first line of our own troops, (who must, in reason, fall back over us before the enemy could reach us,) rode rapidly to the right and ordered the men to quit the stacks and refrain from firing. In fact, he rode in front of the line, and used every effort to stop them. By this time the Federal line was right upon the Rifles, and before one could scarcely reason, much less act, they precipitated themselves upon the stacks of arms. Then ensued a scramble and hand-to-hand fight. The issue may be easily conjectured. The Rifle regiment was, as a body, broken, slaughtered and swept from the field. Gen. Gregg was, of course, an object of note, riding, in full uniform, in front of the regiment. The enemy fired upon him, and he fell, mortally wounded through the spine. It is pretty

well ascertained that the man by whose hand he fell met a speedy death at the hands of the brigade.

The left company of the Rifles, under Lieut. Charles, and such men as could be rallied from the rout, closed upon the First regiment, which, with the other three regiments, Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth, stood their ground. Gen. Hill says they stood firm as on parade! Sergt. Pratt, of Company B, Orr's Rifles, is mentioned as bravely rallying a squad of men, and fighting upon the right of the First regiment.

Col. Hamilton, of the First regiment, being the senior colonel of the brigade, in the absence of Col. Edwards, of the Thirteenth, now took command of the brigade. He swung the right of the First regiment around and back, so as to front the enemy as they pressed the flank, and opened fire on them. The Twelfth regiment faced about, the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, under Col. McGowan, wheeled so as to form at right angles with their former line, and thus front the enemy moving down from the right. Never did soldiers behave with more coolness and intrepidity.

The fire between the First regiment and the enemy was, in some places, at an interval of only a few paces. Almost every shot told. But we were not left alone. Two regiments of Brockenborough's brigade, and two brigades, under Gen. Early, pushed into the fray, the regiments of Brockenborough doing especial execution among the Federals. Such an onslaught soon broke the latter. They fought a space, then swayed back, and finally fled, in complete disorder, pursued by Early's cheering line. The chase only ended when the survivors of the bold raid upon us reached their reserve at the railroad. Archer's brigade joined in this pursuit, and our artillery accelerated, though it materially thinned the fugitives as they passed out of what had proved a deadly trap.

Soon afterwards, Col. Hamilton carried the brigade forward to support Early's brigade (under Col. Walker) at the railroad; but the enemy making no further serious demonstration, the brigade was conducted back to its original position.

At dusk an order arrived from Gen. Jackson, for the advance of the entire line. Accordingly, we were moved

out to the railroad; but, upon reaching that point, an order was received countermanding the order for advance, whereupon the brigade was again retired to the second line, where it bivouacked for the night.

It must have been painful to Gen. Jackson to be stayed in this grand movement. His idea certainly was to push the repulsed and demoralized army of Burnside into the Rappahannock, while the first glow of victory inspired our own troops. An officer who was sent to him by Gen. Stuart, of the cavalry, for some instructions, has told me that Jackson expressly declared to him his anxiety to make the counter-attack. "I want to move forward," cried the great flanker, throwing out his arm with energy, and flashing his eyes towards the Rappahannock, "to attack them—drive them into the river yonder!" It is very possible that it could have been effected. A considerable portion of the army could scarcely be said to have been engaged at all, so that fresh troops might have been put to execute the work—although those of us who had been most hotly and constantly engaged, would have been perfectly equal to the undertaking. Everything was in excellent order, and the labors of the day had not been sufficient to exhaust veterans. But Gen. Lee was but like the rest of the army, in supposing that Burnside would renew the attack next day, which would, of course, be more to our advantage than attacking him. Besides, night attacks are extremely hazardous, under any circumstances, and this one would have to be against a force numbering almost four to one, to say nothing of their batteries. "Let well enough alone" is a wise maxim, if it is old.

Gen. Gregg died the next day. Capt. A. E. Haskell, A. A. G., was severely wounded. The losses of the brigade, in numbers, was as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Aggregate.
General and staff.....	1	1	2
First South Carolina.....	15	58	73
Twelfth South Carolina.....	1	7	8
Thirteenth South Carolina.....	3	52	55
Fourteenth South Carolina.....	28	28
Orr's regiment of Rifles.....	21	149	170
Aggregate.....	41	295	336

Our force was about fifteen hundred men. The proportion of killed to wounded, in this battle, will help to correct a very common error, in the army as well as out of it, viz., that shell-wounds are more fatal than those from small arms. The large majority of wounds were from shell; and it will be seen that the deaths were less than one to eight. Moreover, the two regiments (the First and the Rifles) which did almost exclusively the small-arm fighting, lost more than one in six of the wounded.

There were no casualties among the field-officers of the brigade. The line suffered as follows: First regiment, Capt. T. H. Lyles, killed; Capt. T. P. Alston, Lieut. James Armstrong, Lieut. W. J. Delph, Lieut. Thomas McCrady, wounded.

BRIG. GEN. MAXEY GREGG was born in Columbia, South Carolina, in the year 18—. He was the son of Col James Gregg, a lawyer of that city, who for many years practiced his profession with distinction and success, and gained by his sterling virtues even a higher social than professional reputation. Gen. Gregg completed his education at the South Carolina College, where he graduated, with the first honor of his class, in 18—. He followed in the footsteps of his father, and became a lawyer in the ensuing year. He was taken into co-partnership by his father, and continued, with a single intermission, to practice that profession, until the breaking out of the late war.

The intermission referred to occurred in the year 1846, when he was appointed major in a regiment of the second levy of volunteers sent to Mexico. The regiment to which he was attached experienced a good many delays in its transportation, and so did not arrive in time to take part in any of the great battles of that war. Indeed, I am of the opinion that it was never regularly engaged. Major Gregg, however, earned distinction by the excellent capacity he exhibited in drill, discipline, and the general conduct of affairs. Returning at the close of the war, he resumed the practice of law, which he pursued, with marked success, until the winter of 1860.

At that time, he was elected a delegate from Richland district to the State Convention which executed the Ordinance of Secession from the United States. The Convention soon authorized the raising of a volunteer regiment of

infantry, to be enlisted for the period of six months. Col. Gregg was appointed to command it.

This regiment, known as the First regiment South Carolina Volunteers, was distributed on Sullivan's and Morris' Island, near Charleston, until a few weeks after the bombardment and reduction of Fort Sumpter by the Confederate forces; then it was ordered to Virginia, whence, after a stay of some two months about Fairfax Court House and Centreville, it was returned to South Carolina and disbanded, its term of service having expired.

Col. Gregg at once organized a new regiment, partly from companies of the old regiment, partly from new volunteer companies. With this regiment he returned to Richmond, whence he was ordered to Suffolk, Va. In December, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier General in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and ordered to South Carolina, where he took command of the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth regiments South Carolina Volunteers. With this brigade he was ordered to Virginia, in the spring of 1862. In June he was added to the Army of Northern Virginia, with which he continued until his death, on December 14, 1862.

Gen. Gregg's military history has been given in the preceding pages of this work, for it is, in the main, identical with the history of the brigade. His character becomes the object of greatest interest in this place.

We may form a very accurate opinion of him, as an officer, from the descriptions of the battles of 1862. The charges at Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, and Sharpsburg, the steady advance at Shepherdstown, the unyielding pertinacity at Manassas, the stoical fortitude at Fredericksburg, give us a fine idea of him in battle. He combined all the admirable qualities of boldness and prudence, activity and self-possession, dashing gallantry and imperturbable obstinacy. He never apprehended failure, he never dreamed of fear. It was enough for him to know that a point ought to be carried. He at once set about it, and infusing his own ardor and earnestness into his command, swept away all opposing obstacles. He was, of all men I have known the most worthy of Napoleon's encomium of Ney, "the bravest of the brave." He presented at Cold Harbor the

sublimest spectacle I ever saw. He had directed the withdrawal of a portion of the brigade from the murderous concentric fire of the enemy, but seemed to think that they retired too rapidly or in too great disorder. In the midst of the most fatal fusilade I ever witnessed, he rode up to the line and drew his sword, calling to them in a voice that rose above the whole din of battle, to make a stand. His horse reared in an ecstasy of excitement and terror, and then was before us the noblest equestrian statue of the world. The horse poised himself upon his hind feet, beating the air with his fore legs, his nostrils distended, and his eyes rolling fire. The rider sat motionless as marble, and raised to his full height, his left hand grasping the reins like a vice, his right extended to arms-length, pointing forward with a sword that dazzled with its brilliancy, and his whole countenance lighted with a zeal and energy, a power that commanded and inspired all men's hearts.

Yet this was, by no means, his highest quality as a soldier. He was unsurpassed in drill, and as a disciplinarian I have not known his equal. A regiment or a brigade in his hands was a machine, where all parts worked together in thorough efficiency and smoothest harmony. He set an example of industry, promptness and self-control, and created and maintained similar qualities in his subordinates.

Nor were his military traits, great as they were, superior or even equal to his social ones. The most obvious of these was his justice. I have never known any one, however a stranger to Gen. Gregg, however unsympathetic with him, who was not impressed, in his every action, with his plain, careful, unswerving, unselfish equity. If he was Ney on the battle-field, he was Rhadamanthus in judgment.

His intellect was first-rate. He handled nothing that he did not master. In addition to the profession of the law, he was intimate with the classics, especially Greek literature and philosophy, with the general branches which constitute an elegant education, and even pushed his inquiries into the less inviting sciences of botany and ornithology. He had an observatory constructed on his house in Columbia, for astronomical purposes.

So far the world knows him. The features of the head, and the harder qualities of the heart, employed in the daily

affairs of life, were patent to all. Around the inner circle of sentiment, natural modesty or prudent reserve had drawn a line impassable to most men. Hence many, who knew him long and admired him highly, were accustomed to regard him as rather deficient in gentle and delicate emotions. I think that I have reason to assert, that no man was more generous, more confiding (when any one at all deserved it), more tender, even, than Gen. Gregg. He was, through life, a most dutiful and attentive son, a most affectionate brother; and in the army he had many of the warmest attachments. After the battle of Cold Harbor I saw him weeping bitterly over the graves of members of his old regiment.

Of his religious sentiments, I know little, personally. But there is every reason to believe that he died a serene and happy Christian. His last message to his sisters was, that they must not grieve for him, but prepare to meet him in heaven!

General Gregg was never married.

His body was interred in the burial-ground of the First Presbyterian Church, at Columbia, South Carolina.

During the night of the 13th, the Confederates threw up small defences at exposed points along the line, and prepared for a renewal of the battle. This brigade felled a few trees and formed a rude breastwork—the first thing of the kind we ever lay behind, if my memory serves me. But the enemy, after lying in a threatening attitude before us for three days, betook themselves, during the night of the 16th, to the north side of the Rappahannock. Fredericksburg and all the positions formerly held by us were re-occupied at once.

A. P. Hill's division, with the rest of Jackson's corps, moved down the Rappahannock. This division was placed in camp near Moss Neck, about eight miles from Fredericksburg, where, towards the close of the month, it erected winter-quarters and turned in to hibernate, after a year of infinite labor and danger.

The brigade suffered, during this campaign, casualties to the number of 2,272. I know that the amount of casualties in an army is not the best test of its courage, for more men are, invariably, killed in flight than in attacking; but

the fact that we did not lose a dozen prisoners in battle, and the fact that we were, with one exception, completely successful (and that exception was a drawn fight), must, coupled with our losses, show that we bore a share in the triumphs of Lee's army, which we, and all who are interested in us, may well be proud of.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BRIGADE IN WINTER-QUARTERS.—THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORVILLE, JANUARY—MAY, 1863.

COL. D. H. HAMILTON, of the First regiment, remained in command of Gregg's brigade, from the battle of Fredericksburg until about January 20, 1863. At that time, Col. McGowan, of the Fourteenth regiment, was appointed a Brigadier General in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and assigned to the command of this brigade.

BRIG. GEN. SAMUEL MCGOWAN was born in Laurens district, South Carolina, in the year 1820. He graduated, with distinction, in South Carolina College, in 1841, and entered the law office of Hon. T. C. Perrin, at Abbeville C. H. He was admitted to the bar in the following year. Mr. Perrin at once invited him to share his practice. He continued to practice law, with marked success, until 1846, when he entered the celebrated Palmetto regiment and went to Mexico. The President of the United States (James K. Polk) soon appointed him captain on the general quartermaster's staff, in which capacity he served for the rest of the war. He acted as volunteer aide-de-camp to Gen. Quitman, at the storming of Chapultepec and the Garita del Belen, and was complimented for his services on that occasion.

After the Mexican war, he settled at Abbeville C. H., South Carolina, and resumed the practice of law. He married the eldest daughter of Judge D. L. Wardlaw, of that place. He acquired an extensive and lucrative prac-

tice, became major general of militia, and represented the District of Abbeville for twelve consecutive years in the lower house of the State Legislature, part of the time as chairman of the Committee on Education, part as chairman of the Committee on the Military. On the secession of South Carolina, in 1860, ten volunteer regiments of infantry were raised for State defence, and divided into four brigades. Gen. McGowan was appointed by the Governor to the command of one of these brigades. He assisted Gen. Beauregard in the capture of Fort Sumpter, in April, 1861. Soon after this, his commission lapsing by the transferral of his command to Confederate service, he joined Brig. Gen. Bonham at Centreville, as aide-de-camp, and served with him in the battles of Bull Run and Manassas Plains. Immediately after these battles, he returned to South Carolina, where he was soon elected lieutenant-colonel of the Fourteenth South Carolina volunteers. On the coast of South Carolina, in the spring of 1862, Col. James Jones, the commander of that regiment, resigned his commission, and Lieut. Col. McGowan was promoted to the colonelcy. He carried his regiment to Virginia in the same spring.

Col. McGowan was in all the battles around Richmond in which the brigade was engaged. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, but did not leave his regiment until after the battle of Malvern Hill. He was recommended for promotion by Gen. Gregg, for his gallant and efficient services in those battles. Gen. Gregg, in his official report of the battle of Cold Harbor, says:

“The Fourteenth regiment, Col. McGowan, now arrived on the field, at the moment it was so greatly needed. Stopping the fire of Crenshaw's battery for a short time, to allow a passage through the guns, I ordered the Fourteenth forward. Tired as they were by two days and three nights of outpost duty, and by a rapid march under a burning sun, they recovered strength at once and advanced, with a cheer, at the double-quick. Leading his regiment to the right of the Thirteenth, and across the hollow, Col. McGowan arrived just in time to repulse the advancing enemy, and prevent him from establishing a battery on the edge of the open ground on the brow of

the hill. The Fourteenth maintained its position gallantly to the end of the battle," etc. Gen. Hill says, of the same battle: "Desperate but unavailing attempts were made to force the enemy's position. The Fourteenth South Carolina, Col. McGowan, (having hurried up from picket duty on the other side of the Chickahominy, and arriving in the thick of the fight,) on the extreme left, made several daring charges." Of Frazier's Farm, Gen. Hill says: "The brigade of Gen. Featherstone having become very much scattered and forced back, Col. McGowan, of the Fourteenth South Carolina, retrieved our ground."

Col. McGowan was in the campaign of Cedar Run and that of Manassas, in which last battle he was wounded. Returning to his regiment in the autumn, he remained with it during the march from the valley, and was, as already related, at the battle of Fredericksburg. His subsequent actions will be reported as this sketch progresses. He was junior to both Col. Edwards, of the Thirteenth, and Col. Hamilton, of the First. It was in the highest degree complimentary to him to appoint him over two such confessedly gallant and efficient officers.

Of Gen. McGowan's character, as a lawyer and a public man, it is hardly necessary to say more than has virtually been said—that he practiced his profession with great success and profit for years before the war, and that he acquired and retained the entire confidence of his constituency. If, in either of these pursuits, there were characteristics more marked in him than all others, they were quickness of apprehension and promptness and energy of action. As a lawyer, he manifested great acuteness in perceiving the prominent points of a case, and ingenuity in putting them together. This facility, assisted by an earnest, clear and powerful delivery, rendered him peculiarly influential with the jury.

Similar traits characterized him as a public man. He was always plain, earnest, whole-souled in politics, a ready speaker, an affable gentleman, and therefore, at all times, a popular man.

As a military man he was very successful. Although not so rigid and minute in his discipline and management as many others, he excelled most officers of equal rank in

efficiency. He was an excellent drill-master, a constant maintainer of good order and regularity, and (which is his great merit) has always succeeded in inspiring confidence in himself and in imparting to others the magnetism of his own enthusiasm. Enough has been already written to satisfy us of his courage.

But I forbear to say more of him here, for two reasons. In the first place, his history will be given in that of the brigade, and in the second place, he still lives. If no man can be called happy before his death, certainly no man can be called great. Even should one give us the surest warranty of his greatness, we are too much blinded by the close proximity of living persons, to view calmly and impartially their real qualities. It is only death that sufficiently removes them from us, to enable us to measure them with any degree of accuracy.

The brigade erected winter-quarters about January 1. This was a greater task for us than it afterwards became. We had been accustomed to the open air or tents, so that we were extremely unskilful in fitting together the logs that composed our houses, and in constructing, for houses or tents, chimneys that would draw or throw out heat. Many of the men burrowed in the ground under the airy covering of dilapidated Yankee flies, brought from the battle-fields of the last campaign. Officers had flies, about ten feet square, issued to them, one for every company, and two or three for regimental head-quarters; and there was perhaps one fly given to every twenty enlisted men. We usually pitched these tents flat on the ground, built a chimney at one side of the door, and hung up an oil-cloth or other thick cloth for a door. Afterwards, we almost universally adopted the system of raising a basis of log, three or four feet high, and stretching the tent over this, thereby adding much to the room and comfort of our dwellings. But the common house was a log hut, daubed with mud. They were too close, as a rule, and damp. As the spring came in we ventilated by knocking out the daubing. The chimneys were curiosities. I had many arguments on the subject, but I am not sure that I ever reasoned a man out of the belief that a deep, rectangular fire-place was the warmest and most economical.

"Dreadful cabins, dreadful tents—no comfort anywhere!" I remember one captain's quarters, where rain and wind had their own sport, from one end of the tent to the other, and another captain's where we had all to mount the bunks to keep out of several inches of water, in any ordinary rain.

Clothing was issued now, according to the system, which dated from October 8, 1862. It will be remembered that, before this, \$50 a year, in semi-annual payments, was given the enlisted man in commutation of clothing. The value allowed now for clothing was \$134 13* for the first year, \$75 38 for the second, and \$82 80 for the third. He could draw over this amount (according to the *theory* and the excess was taken from his pay. Few, very few, succeeded in getting into the debt of the Confederacy, except those who scorned to have underclothing washed. And the quality was more to be complained of than the quantity. Most of the men rubbed out a jacket in two or three months—a pair of pantaloons in one. It was coarse, stiff and flimsy. Sometimes even cotton pants were offered us in mid-winter. Scarcely a particle of flannel was to be had. The cut was worst of all. Anybody could put on the clothing, but scarcely any object in nature, except a flour-barrel, would find a fit. Shoes were scarce, blankets curiosities, overcoats a positive phenomenon.

The rations were reduced from one and one-eighth pounds of flour to a pound, from three-quarters of a pound of bacon to half, one-third, and finally one-quarter of a pound. Beef was rarely issued in any quantity. Sugar was liberally furnished for two or three months, but no coffee, of course. We fell into more fashionable habits, breakfasting late and dining at four or five. There was not often a third meal—we were only *too* happy to get two full ones. The officers continued to purchase their rations of the government. The price of a single one was \$14 or \$15 per month.

We received eight months' pay early in January. But apples and groundnuts were not long in absorbing the poor eleven dollars of Confederate money.

*This order was subsequently so modified, by increased price, as to make second year's value \$99 38.

The health of the brigade was very good. Notwithstanding hunger and cold, the men gained flesh and strength, and, for the most part, recovered from the complaints of the last summer. Scurvy made its appearance, but it was not very prevalent, and seldom to any degree violent.

The winter, although the inhabitants called it mild, proved to us quite severe. Until the latter part of January, the cold was not particularly intense, nor was snow or rain frequent; but at that time the snows fell often, and once or twice to the depth of a foot. The rains became continual and heavy. The swamp between brigade headquarters, the Twelfth and Orr's Rifle regiments, on the one side, and the First, Thirteenth and Fourteenth regiments on the other, became almost impassable. The roads were in frightful condition. For many weeks they were one continual slush of mud, and long afterwards the witnesses of it remained in the carcasses of horses and mules that lined the road to Guineas' Station.

There was little drilling done, and that carelessly. The picket duty was light. Pender's, Lane's, and McGowan's brigades kept the post on the Rappahannock, about Burress' house, sending a regiment at a time, for twenty-four hours' duty. Thus the turn of each regiment came once in fifteen days. The picket-post was about two miles from camp. The camp of the Light division was called, in memory of our late lamented brigade commander, Camp Gregg.

Amusements were rare in number, and of very mild quality. The principal of these was snow-fights between regiments and brigades. I enjoyed them mainly as caricatures of the military. Boxes of provisions and clothing, from friends at home, were now forwarded to us by the Central Association at Columbia. Furloughs were pretty liberally granted. Two were allowed at a time to the enlisted men of each company, and the majority of officers obtained special ones. The term was twenty days, to South Carolina, in our corps. In Longstreet's corps, I think they received twenty-one days.

The brigades of the division were commanded as follows: A North Carolina brigade, by Brig. Gen. Pender; a second North Carolina brigade, by Brig. Gen. Lane, vice Brig.

Gen. Branch, killed at Sharpsburg; a brigade, partly from Tennessee, partly from Alabama, by Brig. Gen. Archer; a Georgia brigade, by Brig. Gen. Thomas, vice Brig. Gen. J. R. Anderson, resigned; a Virginia brigade, by Brig. Gen. Heath, vice Brig. Gen. Field, who lost a leg at Manassas; the South Carolina brigade, by Brig. Gen. McGowan.

Our Brigade Staff was: Capt. A. C. Haskell, Assistant Adjutant General; Lieut. L. C. Haskell, Aide-de-Camp; Maj. Harry Hammond, Brigade Quartermaster; Maj. A. B. Wardlaw, Brigade Commissary; Lieut. C. G. Thompson, Brigade Ordnance Officer. Hugh Harrison, of the Fourteenth regiment, and R. G. Center, of the Twelfth, were the couriers.

There were various changes in the field-officers of the regiments during the winter, so that, at the close of the season, they stood: First regiment, Col. D. H. Hamilton, Lieut. Col. Edward McCrady, Major C. W. McCreary; Twelfth regiment, Col. J. L. Miller, Lieut. Col. J. H. Davis, Major E. F. Bookter; Thirteenth regiment, Col. O. E. Edwards, Lieut. Col. B. T. Brockman, Major J. F. Hunt; Fourteenth regiment, Col. Abner Perrin, Lieut. Col. J. N. Brown, Major Edward Croft; Orr's Rifle regiment, Col. J. M. Perrin, Lieut. Col. F. E. Harrison, Major G. M. Miller.

In the Twelfth regiment, Col. Jones and Lieut. Col. McCorkle had resigned on account of ill health. In the Thirteenth regiment, Lieut. Col. Farrow had resigned on account of civil office and private affairs. In the Fourteenth, Col. McGowan had been promoted. Lieut. Col. Simpson had been elected to the Confederate Congress, and Major Carter had resigned on account of his health. In the Rifle regiment, Col. Livingstone and Lieut. Col. Norton had resigned on account of ill health.

On Wednesday, April 29, McGowan's brigade received orders to be ready to march at a moment's warning. It was no great surprise to us; for the weather was growing pleasant again, and we had been forced to send, that same morning, all our superfluous baggage to Richmond. But before any further preparation could be made than packing knapsacks, orders came to move out. At division head-quarters

we were joined by the other brigades of the Light division, and all marched rapidly to Hamilton's crossing, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad. It was a dull, drizzling, uncomfortable day, I remember. The Thirteenth regiment was left on picket, on the Rappahannock. A few cannon were fired during the day, and we could see balloons in the air, on the enemy's side of the river, all day long. Hooker, now in command of the Federal army, had crossed over a small force, about the mouth of Deep run, and threatened to advance upon our lines.

We reached the position we were intended to occupy—the very same that the brigade had held at the battle of Fredericksburg—and lay there for the rest of the day, unemployed except in adding some logs to the rude breast-work in our front. *Here I noticed the first well-defined inclination for protection in battle.*

Thursday we remained quiet. The enemy beat a great number of drums and huzzahed with commendable determination, at night, but seemed to prefer that Chinese system for the present. In the afternoon of Thursday, the Thirteenth regiment joined us. There was a brief duel between some of our guns near the railroad and the Federal artillery on the south side of the river, but nothing was effected on either side, as far as I know. That night *we* tried the celestial system, and cheered, while valiant bands discoursed "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

On Friday morning, May 1, we were moved out of bivouac before daylight, and marched, with the rest of the division, up the river, passing rapidly the left of the old line of defence, and bearing up the plank-road that runs from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House. The enemy, we learned, had crossed the Rappahannock at either Banks' or Kelly's Ford, and were endeavoring to gain a position on our left flank. Their balloons on the north of the river stared us in the face as before.

A tolerable cannonade was heard in our front, from time to time. Lee and Jackson passed us on the march, three or four miles from Fredericksburg, and received the enthusiastic cheers of the army. There was a considerable movement of troops. McLaws' division, I remember, passed us at one time, shifting still to the left. About noon, we

rested for two or three hours, and then resumed the march up the plank-road.

At one time in the afternoon, we were halted and ordered to load. But the enemy not coming upon us, we marched till dark, without any event, except hearing artillery firing and skirmishing some distance in front, and, late in the evening, passing over a few wounded in the fields by the roadside. At dusk, we filed off to the right of the road, into the woods. The skirmishers on our left flank, as we pursued this new line of march, became engaged with what appeared to be a similar body of the enemy. The balls flew around us in some number, but there was only one casualty that I have heard in the brigade, in the First regiment. We were marched into a pine thicket, where we lay, without fires, for the night. A full moon filled the heavens with light.

A battery of artillery just on our right, and in front, opened upon the enemy at dark, but the latter did not reply. I have since heard that our battery was firing on Federal wagons, which their people were anxious to get off with the least possible disturbance.

At daylight the next morning, everything was astir. Blankets were rolled up; the coffee we half-made, over a handful of sticks, was drunk scalding hot; cold rations were swallowed hurriedly, and everything was made ready for the battle, that, we were assured, was just before us. The brigade was moved a little forward, knapsacks were piled up and committed to a guard of sick, and such other preparations made as indicated immediate conflict. At this time Jackson galloped along our line, from left to right. I cannot help dwelling on the circumstance, for it was the last time I ever saw him.

He rode in his usual unstudied manner, wearing a common oil-cloth over his shoulders, and with his hat drawn low upon his eyes. He looked forward more eagerly than I had ever seen him do, and there appeared to be a more than wonted contraction of the thin, firm lips. We rose, on the point, I felt, of breaking out into the old cheer, but reading battle in his haste and stern look, we contented ourselves with gazing at him and giving expression to our foolish speculations. He passed at once to the right, where

soon after our artillery opened on the enemy. Our brigade was moved farther to the left and thus taken out of the reach of shells. One did fall on the right of the brigade, into a ditch where two prudent men had squeezed themselves, but it did not strike them. They returned to the surface without delay.

After lying still for an hour or more, we were marched by the left flank, back to and across the plank-road, and thus began the memorable eastward march, by which we flanked around the Federal army and finally threw ourselves upon its rear.

Hooker, it is known, had crossed an immense majority of his army over the North Fork of the Rappahannock, and then at Ely's and other fords of the Rapidan. He had then advanced his right wing clear out from the river, and formed his line pretty much at right-angles with it. This was done while the remainder of his force was threatening us about Fredericksburg, so that we could not spare the men to prevent him. Now he had his line established from Chancellorsville to the Rapidan, completely on the flank of Lee's line at Fredericksburg, and little, if any, farther from Richmond than we ourselves. He might either continue to stretch, and thus shut us up in Fredericksburg, or he might move more towards Richmond and cut us off from that base. In either case, we would be compelled to attack him or abandon at once our position on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg. Our surrender was, of course, out of the question. This was an admirable scheme. It was rather too cautious for a general with as great an army as Hooker commanded, and rather too greedy for one with no greater head than he possessed; for on the one hand, he might, without foolhardiness, have pressed forward at once between Lee and Richmond, (he had abundant time for it;) and on the other hand, it was somewhat presumptuous to divide his force and place portions on almost opposite sides of our army, so as to invest and capture us. Still it was an ingenious and comparatively safe move, and I doubt if our general-in-chief was ever more exercised to meet any Federal manœuvre than this. So we had either to fly on the instant, or to attack; and if we attacked, we must either rush upon a power-

fully fortified position, or else attempt the flank or rear. The plan, as we all know, was adopted, of marching around Hooker's right, falling upon his rear, and breaking through. Jackson took command of the expedition.

It is pleasant to Southern pride, to compare our numbers with those of the Federals at that time. Hooker must have had 150,000 men. Probably, two-thirds of these were in the lines at Chancellorsville. We had six divisions of infantry—McLaws', Anderson's, Early's, D. H. Hill's, (now under Brig. Gen. Rodes,) Jackson's old division, (under Brig. Gen. Colston, I believe,) and A. P. Hill's. The divisions would average perhaps 10,000 men apiece, which made 60,000 men for the whole army. Jackson took three divisions with him—Rode's, Colston's and A. P. Hill's—and a small force of cavalry. Thus, with not more than 30,000 men, at most, we undertook to quit the rest of the army, go around, attack, and defeat at least nearly 100,000 Federals. We started about eight o'clock.

We followed various devious country roads, eastward and southward, crossing, first the plank-road, and then the unfinished railroad from Fredericksburg to Gordonsville, then moving through an almost unbroken wilderness of woods, until most of us became completely lost. The roads were, fortunately, just wet enough to be easy to the feet and free from dust. The weather was fine, but we suffered for water. We were concealed from the enemy, except for a little space just after we started. Here they threw some shells among us, but I doubt if a dozen persons were wounded in the brigade. We marched regularly and rapidly, until about an hour before sunset. Then we halted for a time. A regiment or two of cavalry passed us at a furious pace, announcing the enemy near at hand. They had had a brush with Federal cavalry, but Stoneman had taken too many of these on his grand raid to Richmond, for that arm of Hooker to be very dangerous. Rode's division was in front, A. P. Hill's in rear. Soon we struck the plank-road we had left in the morning. We had marched round to within three or four miles of the position we had left. Only, the Federal army was between us and it.

At this moment, artillery opened in front of us, and soon the rattle of small arms succeeded. The Twelfth regiment

was detached from us, as a guard for ordnance trains and prisoners, and the rest of the brigade moved on towards the firing. It receded rapidly from us. At one time, we seemed to be almost at it; but then it ceased; and when it re-opened, it was farther from us than before. It was a regular running fight, such as accorded entirely with Jackson's energy and celerity. Not much artillery was used for some time. We marched pretty quickly down the plank-road; and before long came upon the evidences of battle. Arms and accoutrements were scattered by the roadside, the flesh and offal of newly-killed beeves lay thick, and here and there was a dead or wounded enemy. The sun set, but there was scarcely a variation of the sounds of the past hour. We would hear the ringing rebel cheer, then a peal of musketry, sometimes a few discharges of artillery; then came silence, and, after a while, a resumption of the former rôle. About dusk we caught up with the second line of troops, moving across the fields in order of battle. Before them scoured parties of cavalry, probably in quest of stray prisoners. Our brigade continued to march by the flank, along the road. Piles of Federal knapsacks now strewed the way, and it required some vigilance to restrain our poverty-stricken soldiers from a general pillage.

Just before it was quite dark, we could see far ahead of us, on the road, which was very straight here, the bursting of shells, thrown from a battery of the enemy on the right of the road. I never saw more accurate firing. Although coming at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees with the road, almost every shell burst a few yards before it crossed the road, scattering its deadly fragments all around. It was no pleasant place to pass. But we did so, with a smaller loss than we anticipated. One shell killed a man in the company before me, and wounded two or three in my own company pretty severely, but it was only small sections that suffered thus.

We halted after passing this point. Artillerymen, with horses, and a few pieces and caissons came by us from the front, with very unmilitary haste. It was enough to create a panic; but the men gave them the road and stood fast along the border of the woods.

Now it was night. The moon, a day or two past the full, rose in a cloudless sky and lighted our way. We were fronted, and then advanced on the right of the road, into a thick growth of pines. Soon a firing of small-arms sprang up before us, and directly after, the enemy's artillery opened furiously, bearing upon us. The scene was terrible. Volley after volley of musketry was poured by the Confederate line in front of us upon the enemy; the enemy replied with equal rapidity; cheers, wild and fierce, rang over the whole woods; officers shouted at the top of their voices, to make themselves heard; cannon roared and shells burst continuously. We knew nothing, could see nothing, hedged in by the matted mass of trees. Night engagements are always dreadful, but this was the worst I ever knew. To see your danger is bad enough; but to hear shell whizzing and bursting over you, to hear shrapnell and iron fragments slapping the trees and cracking off limbs, and not know from whence death comes to you, is trying beyond all things. And here it looked so incongruous—below, rage, thunder, shout, shriek, slaughter—above, soft, silent, smiling moonlight and peace!

Yet the first line captured the works they were attacking, and we were retired to the road, to be carried nearer to the scene of action and bivouacked. About this time, Gen. Jackson was carried past us, with the wound that caused his death. Col. Barber, of Lane's brigade, related circumstances to me which convinced me that it was a portion of that brigade who fired the fatal volley. No blame could be attached to them, however, for they only obeyed Gen. Jackson's express orders in firing upon an unknown party of horsemen riding in their front. It looked as if Providence had decreed that he must die on the eve of his greatest victory, yet in tenderness slew him by the hands of his own faithful followers. We did not know of our disastrous loss until the next morning.

We filed to the right of the road, and after going a piece, bivouacked in the pines. No word was allowed to be spoken above a whisper, so we stretched out our tired limbs, and slept, or thought of the morrow.

At dawn we were roused, the skirmishers were sent forward, and the line of battle moved close after them. The

way was through a close, rough growth of pines, swamp trees and vines. The order of the regiments was: Orr's regiment of Rifles, on the right, then the First regiment, then the Thirteenth, then the Fourteenth. Col. James M. Perrin commanded the Rifles, Col. D. H. Hamilton the First, Col. O. E. Edwards the Thirteenth, Col. Abner Perrin the Fourteenth. Gen. McGowan commanded the brigade. Archer's brigade was to move up on our right, with a small interval between us. Lane's brigade was on our left, I think. Soon the yell was raised and the pace accelerated—both mistakes, for the one discovered us to the enemy, when we might have remained concealed, and the other disordered our line and, in the end, lost time. It was difficult, at common-time, to keep the line dressed.

However, we cleared the woods, and came upon a formidable abatis of felled trees. Beyond this, at the distance of perhaps a hundred yards, were the enemy's breastworks of logs. We were agreeably surprised to see no fire open from it upon us. We passed it, with a shout, ascended to the crown of the eminence, and saw the enemy. Simultaneously a fire was opened by the two sides.

There has been a good deal of discussion among us concerning the arrangement of the Federal lines. We were on a pretty steep hill. Their main line was on the slope of the opposite hill. At the base of these hills, in a ravine, were a few men—skirmishers, I judge, who had fallen back before us. Some persons insist that the Federal main line was in regular intrenchments, but my recollection is, that they had only some rifle-pits. We could not see much, for the morning was foggy, and the smoke of both lines soon became so dense that I could not even distinguish the colors of the enemy. The firing waxed furious. The advance was abandoned by us, the cheering was hushed. All on both sides addressed themselves to loading and firing as rapidly as possible. The two right regiments of the brigade were most hotly engaged. Indeed, the Thirteenth and Fourteenth had to fire to the right oblique. The slaughter of the Rifle and First regiments was immense. Gen. McGowan, just behind the colors of the First regiment, huzzahed lustily, seeming to be in the highest enthusiasm!

The Federals fired with unusual accuracy. It was to be expected; for we stood in full relief upon the crest of the hill. The few men they had scattered along the ravine behaved with provoking composure. We shot over them in general. They deliberately loaded their pieces behind the trees, stepped out, picked their men, fired, and returned to their trees to reload. In the course of time, however, they were discovered and forced to lie close.

Archer's brigade, as I understand it, was to move clear on our right, and at some inclination to us, so as to strike the enemy in flank. The latter must have apprehended something of this sort, for they hugged their fortified hill with singular pertinacity. But now we were at a standstill. The enemy became emboldened, and advanced upon the unprotected right flank of our brigade. Still Archer did not come, nor any support. The Rifle regiment stood its ground well. Of course it could not advance, for that would be to plunge into a great roaring sea of Federals and be at once engulfed. At last the enemy swung forward, so as almost to enfilade the line. The Rifles gave way, the First regiment followed it slowly, and the movement extended gradually to the left of the brigade.

But we halted at the line of works before mentioned—about seventy or eighty yards from the late position. Gen. McGowan arranged us as well as possible here, and the enemy continuing to advance, we resumed the battle. Gen. McGowan was wounded standing upon the works. The ball entered below the knee, inflicting such injury that he did not recover until the next winter. Capt. A. C. Haskell, A. A. G., was also wounded. Col. O. E. Edwards, of the Thirteenth regiment, now came into command, as senior colonel of the brigade. He behaved with great gallantry, moving up and down the line, encouraging the troops. The enemy now lined the crest of the hill above us. But they overshot us generally.

Brig. Gen. Colston brought in a fresh line during this time, himself and his staff riding up the works, conspicuous marks to the enemy. The Stonewall brigade passed over us, some of them saying, with not very pleasant levity, that they would show us how to clear away a Federal line. But their reckoning was not accurate. They were forced

back into the works with us. The firing continued, unintermitted, deadly. Col. Edwards was wounded in the shoulder and carried from the field. Lieut. Proctor, of the First regiment, acting assistant adjutant general, had his leg broken. Just here occurred a thing which requires some elucidation.

Col. Hamilton, of the First regiment, finding his ammunition almost entirely exhausted, and arguing from the increased fierceness of the enemy's fire and his persistent approach to our works, that he would before long make an assault, concluded to carry the First regiment a short distance to the rear, (where he knew there was an abundance of ammunition abandoned by the enemy,) refill the cartridge-boxes, return and meet the advancing enemy. Accordingly, he withdrew his regiment from the works. Hastily filling their boxes, they were returning to the works, when intelligence of a change of affairs reached them. The enemy had assaulted the works, furiously, on the right of the position formerly occupied by the First regiment and that of the Rifles; but had been repulsed by the mixed troops of the Stonewall brigade and such of the two right regiments as remained. I deem this explanation of Col. Hamilton's course necessary, because I know him to be a gallant officer and a gentleman, and because it is requisite to render succeeding events intelligible.

The Rifle regiment was withdrawn, in the main, about the same time. Its commander, Col. James M. Perrin, had fallen.

Let us return to the troops who remained in the works.

A portion of the First regiment, especially on the left wing, did not hear Col. Hamilton's order to fall back, and so remained. Some of the Rifles may have stayed also. The Thirteenth and Fourteenth regiments remained entire. The command of the brigade would have descended on Col. Hamilton, but he being absent, as shown above, Col. Abner Perrin, of the Fourteenth, assumed command. The onslaught of the enemy was daring and obstinate. They pushed upon the very works, and one color-bearer even planted his flag upon them. But it would not do. Our men were not accustomed to having things wrested out of their hands. They fired into the faces of the assailants

tearing up their ranks, scattering them, and strewing the earth with dead and wounded. A regiment of zouaves were particularly impetuous, but even they were forced to give way, after frightful losses, and leave their disabled comrades behind them.

Col. Perrin now advanced the brigade across the works, following the retreat of the enemy towards the batteries and fortifications around Chancellor's house. His command consisted of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth regiments, two companies of the First, and a rather mixed mass of the First and the Rifles. They advanced in splendid order, right against the stronghold of the enemy. The batteries of the latter, very active before, but inaudible to most of us, in the great roar of musketry, turned all their wrath upon the advancing line. The troops on the right of our brigade suffered most heavily, but the slaughter was great at every point. Still they pressed on at the hill of fire. But when victory seemed just in reach, a line of the enemy's infantry, on the unprotected left flank of our line, opened a withering fire upon it. To change front under such a fire was, of course, impossible. To attempt it was to murder one's own men. Advance was equally out of the question. The brigade had to be withdrawn a short distance. A better fortune favored the troops on the right of us. They there drove almost around the batteries on the hill-top, which were, in consequence, compelled to limber up with expedition, and retire. Some pieces were captured, after all.

The battle of Chancellorsville was decided by this last charge. Away on the left, some fighting occurred between portions of the corps and the enemy attempting to make a stand, but the troops who carried the Chancellor Heights broke the pith and heart of the Federal defence. A shelling was kept up vigorously by them, from the direction of the river, but now Hooker was doubled back on the Rappahannock in a *cul-de-sac*, which forbade any other manœuvre than a rough-shod charge over our lines, or else a retreat across to his former position.

Maj. Gen. Hill had succeeded Gen. Jackson in the command of the corps, and Brig. Gen. Pender had followed him in the command of the Light division. Gen. Hill being wounded, Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, of the cavalry, was

put in command of the corps. We met Gen. Stuart coming from Chancellor's house, just after the Federals were driven from it. He rode full tilt, and as he passed up, raised his hat and shouted, "Go forward, boys! We have them running, and we'll keep them at it!"

The brigade was reunited near the Chancellor house, and together we moved across the plank-road, following, as a second line, the retiring enemy. Col. Hamilton commanded.

The following were the casualties in the brigade :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
General and staff....	—	2	—	2
First regiment.....	12	88	—	100
Thirteenth regiment	6	84	1	91
Fourteenth regim't	8	137	—	145
Orr's Rifles.....	20	91	3	114
	—	—	—	—
Aggregate.....	46	402	4	452

The Twelfth regiment, as before stated, was detached from us and not engaged.

The following officers were killed and wounded : Gen. McGowan and Capt. A. C. Haskell, A. A. G., wounded. In the First regiment, killed, Lieut. C. P. Seabrook, Lieut. E. C. Dubose ; wounded, Lieut. G. A. McIntyre, Lieut. J. T. Proctor, Lieut. D. A. Smith, Lieut. A. F. Miller, Lieut. John Sweeney ; in the Thirteenth regiment, killed, Lieut. H. L. Fuller ; wounded, Col. O. E. Edwards, Lieut. J. D. Copeland, Lieut. S. L. Weir, Lieut. J. F. Pool, Lieut. T. F. Hunter, Lieut. J. P. Pean, Lieut. B. B. Chapman, Lieut. M. Bowers, Lieut. D. M. Leitzsey ; in the Fourteenth regiment, killed, none ; wounded, Lieut. J. H. Andrews, Lieut. S. L. Dorrah, Lieut. J. P. Sloan, Lieut. J. M. Trewitt, Lieut. W. J. Robinson, Capt. W. L. Stevens, Lieut. B. B. Bryan ; in Orr's regiment of Rifles, killed, Col. James M. Perrin, Lieut. J. H. Fricks ; wounded, Major G. M. Miller, Lieut. A. A. LeRoy, Lieut. A. Campbell.

We lay in line of battle the greater part of the afternoon, and all night, not far from the plank-road. There was a frightful scene presented here. The woods had taken fire

—probably from shells or the ignition of ammunition—and burned furiously, destroying the inner line of breastworks erected by the enemy, consuming the undergrowth and all the dead trees, and roasting the bodies of many killed and disabled men, both Confederate and Federal. Some of our own wounded were rescued, and perhaps some of the enemy, but numbers of the latter perished. It was pitiful to see the charred bodies, hugging the trees, or with hands outstretched, as if to ward off the flames. We saw around some of them little cleared circles, where they had evidently raked away the dead leaves and sticks, to stay the progress of the fire. And there were ghastly wounds there—heads shot off or crushed, bodies and limbs torn and mangled, the work of shells. The smoke and stench were stifling. This was May 3, as beautiful and bright a day as one could desire, even for a Sabbath.

During the night, the skirmishers in our front became engaged once or twice, but the firing was brief and did us no injury. The second line of battle lay about two hundred yards in rear of us. We lay without fires, of course. Early on the morning of Monday, 4th, we moved a little to the right of this place and constructed a breastwork of logs, about parallel with the plank-road. Just as we were finishing the work, that afternoon, the enemy made an attack on Archer's brigade, next us on the right, but were speedily repulsed. Only a few harmless balls strayed over us. We remained behind the works until Wednesday morning, 6th. Anderson's and McLaws' divisions had fought and defeated, on Monday, the Federal force which had captured Marye's Heights, on the old Fredericksburg line, from the small but gallantly-resisting force under Gen. Early. On Wednesday, we were informed that, both of his wings having been defeated, Hooker had re-crossed the Rappahannock, and taken up his old position on the Stafford hills. We were started at once in the direction of our former lines, and by Thursday evening McGowan's brigade was reposing in its old quarters.

COL. JAMES M. PERRIN, commanding Orr's regiment of Rifles, fell in the heat of the engagement on Sunday morning, May 3.

He was a native of Abbeville District, South Carolina.

He practised law successfully at Abbeville Court House for several years previous to this war. He served as a lieutenant in Capt. J. F. Marshall's company, in the Palmetto regiment, during the war with Mexico. I am not informed as to that portion of his history, further than that he bore his share in the sufferings and victories of that distinguished regiment.

At the beginning of the present war, he raised a company in Abbeville and joined Orr's regiment of Rifles. He participated with us in all the vicissitudes of the service until the day of his death. He was, at the same time, the representative of Abbeville District in the State Legislature. His military reputation was of the highest. He was thorough and judicious in discipline, excellent in drill and the care of his command, unsurpassed in coolness and gallantry on the field. I should not exaggerate in terming him the soul of his regiment. He devoted all his energies to his command, and they repaid him with affection and confidence.

As a member of society he was not less esteemed than as an officer. He was highly intelligent, social, sprightly, amiable, honest in all his dealings. The public trusted him, his friends loved him. His loss was deeply regretted throughout the brigade and his memory never ceased to be cherished.

COL. O. E. EDWARDS, of the Thirteenth regiment, was severely wounded, while in command of the brigade, on May 3. The wound was not considered dangerous, at the time; but while on his way home, early in June, he was taken worse at Goldsborough, North Carolina, and died in a few days.

Col. Edwards resided at Spartanburg Court House, South Carolina, where he practised law for perhaps the fifteen years preceding the war. He represented his district, for several terms, in the lower house of the State Legislature. No man in his district stood higher, as regards both professional and political reputation, than he. He was elected colonel of the Thirteenth regiment, at its organization in the summer of 1861. He served with us (with the exception of a period of some three months in the fall and winter of 1862) during the whole term of our service until his death.

Col. Edwards possessed rare qualities as an officer. Although not a stern disciplinarian, he commanded order and obedience on all occasions. He knew every man in his regiment, kept his eye on every one, and was thus able to hold up every one to his duty. He was singularly affable and kind off duty, on duty equally marked for unyielding authority. But his great forte was battle. Here he seemed to concentrate and hold all minds in his own. He moved incessantly along the line of his regiment, directing and reminding, fortifying the brave and inspiring the doubtful. He was ubiquitous. However the cannon boomed or the small arms rattled, whoever cheered or shrieked, whether they advanced, crashing through brush, or struggled in sloughs, his trumpet voice ran along the line, high above all other sounds, assuring every man that he was with him, then and for all time. Men lose, as a rule, all power of thinking and acting for themselves, in battle, so that an officer, who will promptly seize and firmly hold their minds, is of incalculable service. It is more than all the valor and all the coolness in the world. This was Col. Edwards' faculty—to catch, to hold in his hand his entire regiment, and thus move it forth or back, to fix it under fire or perform whatever else the situation might require.

Col. Edwards bore an unexceptionable character in private life, discharging with fidelity all the duties of society and religion. His excellence in this last respect should console us for his loss, for it should assure us that he indeed rests from his labors.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

WE returned to our old camp near Moss Neck, on the Rappahannock, on Thursday, May 7. We found it in rather bad order. It seemed that, during our absence, there had arisen a great panic somewhere in the quarter-

master's department of the army. Perhaps Stoneman's famous raid to Richmond, perhaps rumors of danger approaching from down the river, had occasioned it. I do not know which; nor do I know where the order originated, to pack up as much baggage as the wagons would carry, and abandon the rest. But I do know that the guards were ordered away from the camps, that what could be conveniently transported on the wagons was removed to Guinea's Station, that tents were burned, and that all private baggage was left to take care of itself. I do not know that I have any opinion, good or bad, of the matter, or its authors; but we felt rather poorly rewarded for a week of exposure, labor and danger, to find our tents gone, the ground they had occupied wet and muddy, all of our property gone, and more than all, nobody to blame.

There was a negro once, who advertised his friends that he would open a bank. All moneys there deposited would remain perfectly secure, subject, of course, to the order of the depositor, and, perhaps, would pay a dividend after a while. Sums were deposited by various brethren. But after a few days, one of them, becoming uneasy about his money, or having some pressing occasion for it, called upon the banker, to draw it out. "Berry sorry," replied the latter, "but de bank broke!" "Broke," repeated the other, aghast; then rallying, "I don't care if 'tis broke! I want my money back." "Look here, nigger," cried the banker scornfully; "when white folks' bank broke, dey don't pay no money. Dis bank broke, *I* can't pay no money!"

So it was with the quartermasters; the bank was "broke," our little all was gone, and they had nothing with which to refund us.

However, we pitched the little Yankee flies, one of which about every mess had, and set to work, hunting up our scattered effects. Some of us had left valises, and even trunks, of good clothing; but the great majority had, as related before, sent everything but the absolutely necessary clothing, to Richmond. Those who had left trunks or portmanteaus generally found them at the houses in the neighborhood, but many of those who had left only knapsacks or bundles of clothing recovered stray articles here and there; but others of us never laid eyes on the lost

property again. I remember, that my searches only brought me the abuse and complaint of several viragoes.

But rest and fine weather made up, in great measure, for our losses. After the dangers of the Chancellorsville campaign, it seemed a positive luxury to live. Then the balmy May sun shone out, the trees put forth leaves, the violet and the daisy displayed their modest blossoms, the birds sang cheerily. We all took a holiday, which it is still pleasant, though somewhat sad, to revert to, as a little, bright island in a sea of strife.

Drills were now had, regularly, in the brigade, both of the company and of the battalion. But they were sluggishly done, everybody seeming to feel that the time for "pride, pomp and circumstance" was past, and that only hard, dry fighting was of any avail. We drilled, throughout the division, with knapsacks for a while—a more reasonable matter for complaint than it seemed to be. I know that many military authorities favor the drill with the whole burden a man has to carry on the march, in order to accustom him to carrying weight and manœuvring with it; and I thought it a good idea for the garrison at Ehrenbreitstein, in 1860, to prepare for war in this manner. But soldiers of a year or two's experience of the field are only fatigued and fretted by the imposition of a great hump on their backs. They do not need the additional hardening, and it serves to disgust them, not merely with the drill, but with the whole service. The skirmish was sadly neglected.

Guard duty was more thoroughly performed than for some time past. During the winter, it was the custom in the regiments to keep a portion of the guard at the guard-house over such prisoners as there happened to be; but frequently guard and prisoners were dismissed to their quarters at night. Now each regiment stretched a chain of sentinels around its camp and kept it up day and night. Picket became light duty as the weather warmed. Angling was carried on a good deal then, and at other times, along the river. The enemy's picket were cavalry. The picket were not allowed to talk with the enemy, as they had often made the effort to do.

Speaking of fishing reminds me of a much-enjoyed ration we received a few times. Details were sent some

distance down the river to fish, and the proceeds were issued to the troops. The enemy, however, soon put a stop to these operations.

Gen. Lee reviewed the Light division about the middle of May. Major Gen. A. P. Hill commanded the Second corps at that time, Brig. Gen. Heth this division. That review was the last occasion on which the six brigades of the Light division appeared together. Very soon after, Major Gens. Ewell and A. P. Hill were made Lieutenant-Generals, and Brig. Gens. Heth and Pender Major-Generals. There were now three corps in the Army of Northern Virginia: the First, under Longstreet, consisting of Hood's, McLaws' and Pickett's divisions; the Second, under Ewell, consisting of Early's, Rodes' and Trimble's divisions; the Third, under A. P. Hill, consisting of Anderson's, Heth's and Pender's divisions. Two brigades of the Light division were given to Gen. Heth—his old brigade and Archer's. The four remaining ones—McGowan's, Lane's, Thomas's, and Pender's old brigade, (now under Brig. Gen. Scales,) constituted Pender's Light division. Col. Hamilton was in command of our brigade.

An effort was made, during this period, to introduce the system of conferring medals as rewards and incentives of gallantry. One was offered to each company, to be given to the soldier whom the majority of his company should select as the most distinguished for gallantry in the battle of Chancellorsville. But it excited no competition, no enthusiasm. It was most commonly conferred on men killed in that battle, partly from the inability of the men to select the most gallant of the company, partly to afford the families of the dead some consolation in their bereavement. The system failed after this, entirely. Some attributed it to a culpable indifference to reputation, others to a high, stern patriotism which felt the cause far above baubles of metal. I believe that both causes combined to produce the result, and therefore that it was an evidence of great earnestness in our soldiers, and of a certain exhaustion also.

On the evening of the 5th or 6th of June, the brigade was ordered to prepare for the march. The First regiment, then on picket, was relieved, and about midnight

the command was put in motion. Col. Hamilton, who had been ill for some time, now left the camp, and turned over the command of the brigade to Col. Abner Perrin, of the Fourteenth regiment. The regiments were now under the command: the First, of Capt. W. P. Shooter, the Twelfth, of Col. J. L. Miller, the Thirteenth, of Lieut. Col. B. T. Brockman, the Fourteenth, of Lieut. Col. J. N. Brown, Orr's regiment of Rifles, of Lieut. Col. F. E. Harrison.

We marched until a short while after daylight, when we found ourselves at Hamilton's crossing. We were carried to the position occupied by the first line at the battle of Fredericksburg, just in front of our position then. Here we were on the edge of the wide, smooth plain that stretches to Fredericksburg and the Rappahannock. The enemy had, the day before, opened from the Stafford hills upon a Florida regiment on picket near the mouth of Deep run, had overshot them and thus compelled them to stand, and had then crossed over infantry in boats and captured them. We found an increased force in our front, busy throwing up earthworks around Taylor's house. We erected similar defences and awaited attack.

The Federals had advanced their skirmishers out upon the Port Royal road, in front of Pender's division. This line was broken by a charge of skirmishers from Scales' brigade, and all on the right (or the left, on their side) were compelled to give back, almost to the bank of the Rappahannock. They still, however, retained possession of the end of the road running towards Fredericksburg. A considerable barricade was thrown up across the road by each party, at the end of its line, and the pickets lay close together. After the first day, there was no firing between the pickets, and indeed Scales' became so intimate with the enemy as to exchange newspapers occasionally. A battalion, composed of a company from each of the five regiments, and commanded by a field-officer, or an acting one, performed picket, for twenty-four hours at a time, covering a front equal to that of the brigade.

The battalions of sharpshooters in the brigades of Pender's division were formed at this time. In McGowan's brigade, a detail of picked men was made—

young, active and good shots—amounting to a hundred and twenty or more, at least one man being taken from each company of the brigade. These were divided into three companies, commanded by Lieut. McFall, of the Thirteenth, Lieut. Sharpe, of the Twelfth, and Lieut. Poag, of the Fourteenth. Capt. William T. Haskell, of the First regiment, commanded the whole. They were designed for skirmish and picket duty, or for special service in a general engagement. They always marched at the head of the brigade. They drew rations and bivouacked with their companies.

We lay behind our works, expecting the enemy, until Sunday, June 14. But they not indulging in anything more hostile than music and cheering, or, on one or two occasions, such a bold display of pickets as to require a few shell at our hands—we moved back, that day, about half a mile, in rear of the works, and camped upon the same slope of the hills where we had fought the battle of Fredericksburg. We learned this day, that Hooker had abandoned his positions both on this side of the Rappahannock and on the Stafford hills, and betaken himself higher up the river. Some of the brigade managed to get a peep at the deserted camps, I believe, and there were accounts of prisoners, captured from us at the battle of Fredericksburg, who were found there.

On Monday morning we were moved up the river. We followed the plank-road running between Fredericksburg and Orange Court House, passing over the battle-ground of Chancellorsville. We were the last division of the army. Soon after leaving Chancellorsville, we turned almost due west, and crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford. We bivouacked on the hills just west of the river. On Tuesday we continued the march to Stevensburg, around which place we bivouacked for the night. The weather was now intensely hot and close, and it was with difficulty that the men, fresh from camp, and burthened with unnecessary baggage, could be kept up.

On Wednesday we passed a few miles beyond Culpepper Court House. This was a pretty long march, (between fifteen and twenty miles,) and in the most oppressive heat I ever felt. Many men fainted in the road, and many more

fell out. At night the regiments were extremely thin. All, however, came up at last, and the march was continued on Thursday morning. It had rained on Wednesday night, so that we had no dust, and no great heat, to contend with. This day we marched to Gaines' Cross Roads, passing through much rain and mud, and finally, at night, lying on a bare hill-side under the hardest rain possible. At daylight the march was resumed, and Friday night found us on the Blue Ridge, at Chester Gap, still rained upon pitilessly. On Saturday we descended to Front Royal, and passing on, waded both forks of the Shenandoah. The water was deep, being up to an ordinary man's hips, and the current swift, particularly of the North Fork. But the men plunged into it with cheers, and the band of the Fourteenth regiment played as they struggled through the waves. It was at Christian's Ford, I think, that we crossed. There had been bridges there, but they had been burned to the stone abutments. We moved in the direction of White Post. On Sunday we passed through White Post and halted a few miles beyond that place, until Monday evening, June 22. That afternoon we passed through Berryville and bore towards Smithfield. This place we reached on Tuesday morning. That night we lay at Summit Point. On Wednesday, 24th, we marched to within five or six miles of Shepherdstown. On Thursday, 25th, we forded the Potomac, shouting and hurrahing as usual. This was not a spectacle fit for female eyes, for most of the men stripped off their nether clothing; but it was full of interest for a soldier, because they advanced in well-closed ranks, with active steps and hopeful of victory.

Ewell's corps, pushing on, after his great success at Winchester, had passed through Maryland, and was now threatening the capital of Pennsylvania. We read, on the Maryland shore, the apprehensions and threats of the Northern press.

Hill's corps was the centre of the army, Ewell's being before, Longstreet just behind us. The night of the 25th we spent in the rain, about eight miles from Hagerstown. We heard very few words of encouragement now. Some Confederate flags were displayed on ladies' bosoms and there may have been a few hung out at windows or balco-

nies ; but the welcome of words was charily extended to us, when at all, and the determination seemed, everywhere, to be to await the issue of our second invasion. One woman amused us. "Go it, boys!" cried she, with a whine intended to be encouraging, and a smile which a fervid imagination might conceive pleasant—"Go it, boys! I'm glad to see you coming here again." "You'd better help us," returned some one. "Send that man of yours along," pointing to a weather-beaten specimen, giggling at her elbow. "Well," said she, "he may go." "Na-ow! I will go!" said he, "if you don't ma-ind!" "Go along then, George! I don't care!" But "George" had no idea of such a thing, as we well knew, nor his better-half either. She therefore received only laughter for her sudden "gush" of Confederate sympathy.

The march was resumed on the morning of the 26th, through rain and mud. Fortunately, we had an excellent turnpike to travel. Provisions were abundant. Greenbacks purchased them at low rates, and in some places even Confederate money bought them more cheaply than we could do in Virginia. But money of every kind was so scarce that we were compelled to rely for our extras on the charity of the citizens, or the lightness of our fingers. But there was not much thieving carried on. The people were so alarmed that they gave us many things with an alacrity not often witnessed by us south of the Potomac, and, in all probability, seldom experienced by the soldiers of their own army. A liquor ration was issued to us on the night of the 26th, the first we had had for months. We camped near Leitersville. On the 27th we marched to Funkstown, Pennsylvania. There was a good deal of discussion as to when we crossed the Pennsylvania line, but once certainly across, there was great rejoicing. This was, we felt, our really first invasion of Federal soil; for we regarded Maryland as Southern, and allowed ourselves to believe that she only needed our army well established in her borders to become Confederate. But the land of Penn was quite another thing.

We were now in a beautiful country. In every direction yellow fields of grain extended themselves; on every farm were droves of the largest, fattest cattle; gardens

thronged with inviting vegetables ; orchards gave promise of a bounteous fruit-yield, and already extended to us an earnest in the most delicious cherries ; full dairies, flocks of sheep, and poultry were almost monotonously frequent. Yet the foraging was not as extensive as one would have expected. It is true that numbers of men flanked patrols and slipped through to capture what they needed to eat, but it is equally true that only such articles of food were captured as were of solid importance, that nothing was wantonly destroyed, that no man or woman was insulted. The citizens were amazed at our moderation. Many of them bade us help ourselves to poultry, milk, vegetables, fruit, honey, bread, whatever we wanted to eat, provided we spared more valuable property. Indeed one wealthy man near Funkstown only stipulated for the preservation of his house ! I feel perfectly clear in asserting, that no invading army ever showed themselves so tender of the property, persons and feelings of the inhabitants as we did. I feel prouder of this chivalry towards our helpless enemies, than of that which had heretofore vanquished their armies.

We remained at Funkstown until the morning of the 30th. Then we marched to Cashtown. The rain continued. But for the firm mountain pike, we should scarcely have been able to move. That night whiskey was again issued to us. The thing was so uncommon in our army, that I cannot forbear to record it.

So far we had met with no opposition. Ewell had carried his corps to the very gates of Harrisburg, without a battle. Our cavalry had been engaged several times before we left Virginia, and had had some contests with the enemy's since our passage of the Potomac ; but the Federal infantry had been so pushed to throw itself between us and Baltimore, much more Harrisburg, that the campaign had been one of manœuvres. At this time, Ewell's corps was supposed by us to be about Carlisle. Longstreet was in the neighborhood of Chambersburg. So the army was rather scattered ; but our experience of war taught us that a great blow was to be stricken by Federal or Confederate before the revolution of many suns. In the whole history of the American continent there is no moment so

full of interest as the brief pause which preceded the battle of Gettysburg.

I have little doubt that we had now the finest army ever marshalled on this side of the Atlantic, and one scarcely inferior to any Europe has known. Its numbers were not so imposing, for the effective force of infantry did not exceed sixty thousand men. But we were veterans—thoroughly experienced in all that relates to the march or the battle-field, sufficiently drilled to perform any manœuvre at all likely to be demanded, sufficiently disciplined to obey orders promptly and with energy, yet preserving enough of the proud individuality of Southern men to feel the cause our own, and therefore to be willing to encounter the greatest amount of personal danger and moral responsibility. The world probably never saw all the advantages of the volunteer and the regular systems so admirably combined.

In addition to this, we were in excellent health, and more properly equipped than at any period prior or subsequent. It is undoubtedly the moral force which enables a man to engage or to endure peril, but it is equally true that the physical condition has an incalculable influence on the spiritual system.

A last and vastly important element in the army was the confidence of the troops in the valor of their comrades and the skill of their officers. The victories of 1862 and the great battle of Chancellorsville this year had led us to believe scarcely anything impossible to Lee's army; and the management of our generals, which had wrung even from the North the highest encomiums, gave us assurance that every particle of our strength and courage would be most judiciously and powerfully applied. Lee, in himself, was a tower of strength. Not only had the works on the Chickahominy and the lines at Manassas gone down before him, not only had the great wave of battle been beaten back at Sharpsburg, and the sea of men been rolled away at Fredericksburg, not only had the heights of Chancellorsville, frowning with artillery and walled around with thousands of troops, been stormed and carried; but he had ruined every Northern general sent against him, not merely with the South and with Europe, but in the eyes of their

own people. McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, had successively vanished before him, and he now appeared to be invincible, immovable.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.—THE RETIREMENT TO VIRGINIA.

THE brigade was commanded by Col. Abner Perrin, of the Fourteenth regiment. Lieut. J. G. Barnwell acted as assistant adjutant general, Capt. James P. Adams as volunteer aide-de-camp. Major C. W. McCreary commanded the First regiment, Col. J. L. Miller the Twelfth, Lieut. Col. B. T. Brockman the Thirteenth, Lieut. Col. J. N. Brown the Fourteenth, Capt. W. M. Hadden Orr's regiment of Rifles, Capt. W. T. Haskell the battalion of Sharpshooters.

Soon after daylight, on Wednesday, July 1, we were roused by an order to fall in. We rolled up our blankets and flies in haste, (knapsacks had been pretty generally dispensed with before this,) and formed. The march was begun, at once, down the turnpike towards Gettysburg. The atmosphere had from the first a strong taint of battle to our experienced noses, and our suspicion was made conviction, after moving three or four miles, by the sound of artillery in front. About nine or ten o'clock we halted for perhaps an hour. Then we marched some two miles, and filed out on the right of the turnpike, into a country road. Here we were fronted, and the line of battle was formed, facing towards Gettysburg. The order of the brigades in Pender's division was: Lane's on the right, then McGowan's, then Scales', then Thomas's, when it came up. In McGowan's brigade, the regiments stood as follows: the Thirteenth on the right, then the Fourteenth, then the Twelfth, then the First. The Rifle regiment had been left at the gap in the mountains behind us, where we bivouacked the last night. The number of effective men, including the

sharpshooters, in the five regiments was about two thousand. But the absence of the Rifles reduced us to perhaps fifteen hundred. The day was cloudy and close. The cannonade continued slowly.

We were advanced some half-a-mile across the wheat fields, and then rested an hour or more. Now our artillery became more active on the left and in front, and skirmish firing could be heard at some distance before us. The musketry would increase and falter, but, on the whole, became greater. We made a second advance of about the same distance as the first, and halted. These advances in line of battle are the most fatiguing exercise I had in the army. Now the perspiration poured from our bodies. The battle began in earnest. Heth's division, which was on the first line, became regularly engaged. Volleys of musketry ran along his line, accompanied with the shrill rebel cheer. Many of the enemy's balls fell among us, who were on the second line, but I recall no farther result than the startling of our nerves by their whistling past our ears and slapping the trees before us. The artillery fire was slow on both sides.

Soon we were ordered forward. Passing an open meadow and a small stream of water, we mounted the smooth hill beyond. Here we found and marched over Pettigrew's brigade of North Carolinians and Mississippians, who had, for a length of time, fought the enemy. The field was thick with wounded hurrying to the rear, and the ground was grey with dead and disabled. There was a general cheer for South Carolina as we moved past them. They had fought well, but, like most new soldiers, had been content to stand and fire, instead of charging. The artillery of the enemy now opened upon us with fatal accuracy. They had a perfectly clear, unobstructed fire upon us. Still we advanced, with regular steps and a well-dressed line. Shell and canister continued to rain upon us. A good many were killed and disabled, especially on the left of the brigade. At one time, the line wavered under this murderous fire which we could not return. On the instant, Col. Perrin spurred his horse through the First regiment, and passing to the front, led the charge. Filled with admiration for such courage as defied the whole fire of the

enemy, (naturally drawn to his horse, his uniform and his flashing sword,) the brigade followed, with a shout that was itself half a victory. The Federal infantry opened on us a repetition of the fire that had already slaughtered a brigade. This was particularly heavy on the two right regiments, for at that point the enemy were protected by a stone fence. Still there was no giving back on our part. The line passed on, many of the men throwing away their knapsacks and blankets to keep up. Struggling and panting, but cheering and closing up, they went, through the shell, through the Minie balls, heeding neither the dead who sank down by their sides, nor the fire from the front which killed them, until they threw themselves desperately on the line of Federals and swept them from the field. The enemy, however, did not fly readily. They fought obstinately, everywhere, and particularly opposite our right. In fact, it was not possible to dislodge them from that point, until, having broken the portion of their line opposed to our left, we threw an enfilade fire along the wall. They then gave back at all points, and the rebel turn came to kill. As the disordered mass fled towards Gettysburg, they suffered a far greater loss than they had previously been able to inflict upon us.

The brigade set its heart upon the artillery that had so severely tried it. The men closed upon the guns with all the rapidity their exhausted limbs would permit. The artillerymen limbered up with commendable expedition, and applied whip and spur vigorously to their horses. The First regiment was nearest them and therefore most eager. They shot some of the riders and killed a few horses, by which means one piece was effectually stopped. There was now a race for who should first lay hand upon the piece. This was so entirely a matter of legs, that I do not care to discuss the mooted question as to who did reach it first. Suffice it to say, the piece was captured.

The whole line of the Confederates was now advanced, consisting of Pender's division and a portion of Ewell's corps, who had in some manner, mysterious to us, effected a junction with our corps. Lane's brigade, on our right, had been delayed by the enemy, rather on their flank; but Ewell's corps, on our left, had pushed back that end of the

Federal line, we had broken to pieces all in front of us, and the way was open to Gettysburg. And thither we went, picking up prisoners all the way. Arrived at the town, our line was re-formed. Gen. Pender, as he rode past this brigade, raised his hat to it, and complimented Col. Perrin on its performances that afternoon. It is only the language of sober truth to say, that it had covered itself with glory.

Volunteers were called for, to go through Gettysburg and secure such of the enemy as might be lurking there. But so many offered themselves, that details had finally to be made. A few shots were fired at these men, from the windows of the houses, but I am not informed of a single casualty in consequence. A goodly number of prisoners were brought in.

The flag of the First South Carolina regiment was the first Confederate banner raised in Gettysburg.

No violence was offered to the citizens by our troops. With the exception of the wheat trampled, and one or two houses fired on the outskirts of the town, by our shells, to dislodge sharpshooters, they were uninjured. They were so badly frightened, that they contributed many articles of food, to pacify us, but there was nothing like a levy made upon them. Some light-fingered persons helped themselves secretly to fowls and other dainties, of course, but even these things were done gently. The bad behavior was in the rear, about the hospitals. There there was a general uprooting of gardens and depopulation of hen-houses. But there no insult was offered, nor was there any wanton destruction whatever. Servants were more difficult to restrain than soldiers. They insisted on universal pillage. I had one that brought me all conceivable small articles, from a green apple to a prayer-book, and was highly disgusted when ordered to return anything.

The line was withdrawn a little to the west of Gettysburg, late in the afternoon, and there bivouacked during the night. Skirmishers were thrown out on both sides, but there was no farther regular fighting until the next day. Federals and Confederates, both, seemed to be rather surprised at the sudden and violent collision—especially the former, who had been broken and driven from an admirable position, with a heavy loss in killed and wounded, and

some four thousand prisoners. Meade was now in command of the Federal army, Hooker having been relieved some time during the late movement.

On Thursday, July 2, Longstreet's corps came up and took position on the right of the army. There was fighting on both the right and left wings, in fact a considerable battle on the right; but Pender's division was not engaged, except in sharpshooting.

(For the following portion of the operations about Gettysburg, I must admit that I depend upon the information of other persons, being myself absent, in consequence of a wound received the first evening.)

The sharpshooters of this brigade were deployed as skirmishers, in front of the brigade, and were constantly under a fire, not rapid, but accurate, as the skirmish fire usually is. This day (Thursday) Capt. Haskell, commanding the brigade of sharpshooters, was killed. At one time, the First regiment was added to the skirmish line, to force back the doubled skirmishers of the enemy. The charge was met with a most destructive fire, but our new line succeeded in putting a stop to the Federal incroachments. During the afternoon, there was a great cannonade between the batteries of the two armies, which lasted for two or three hours. At night, however, the position of both armies was, in all important respects, unaltered. The enemy secured themselves in their position by breastworks, and seemed to await an attack from us. On Friday, July 3, the grand assault was made.

The enemy held an eminence opposite the right wing of our army, which was deemed the key to their whole position. This hill or ridge they had lined with infantry and artillery. It commanded the open country in front for a considerable distance. Pickett's division, of Longstreet's corps, was appointed to the task of storming it. But, preparatory to the attack, the Confederate batteries were opened on the enemy. About 4 P. M. the first gun was fired. One piece after another took it up, until, all along our entire line, a hundred and fifty cannon poured their missiles against the opposite line. Their batteries replied with equal will, so that soon at least three hundred pieces of artillery raged in the grandest conflict witnessed during

this war. It was almost entirely an artillery duel, our batteries seeking, in the first instance, to disable them from damaging our infantry when the latter should advance, and their batteries defending themselves and, of course, inflicting all possible injury on ours. Very few persons were struck in our brigade, for the enemy fired clear over our heads, at the Confederate batteries behind us. But it was a most unpleasant position, between the horrible, hissing, bursting missiles these Titans hurled against each other.

Could Pickett's division have made the attack at the height of the cannonade, it is more than likely that they would have succeeded. But, unfortunately, either the artillery commenced firing too soon, or the infantry delayed too long to advance. The ammunition of our pieces was well nigh exhausted when Pickett was put in motion, and before he could close with the enemy, many of the guns had not a charge. As a consequence, both the infantry and artillery of the enemy had full sweep at the fated division. With what anxiety the other troops watched them!

Out they marched, banners flying, arms glittering in the sun, crashing over the wheat field, breasting the storm of fire that met them, moving upon the stronghold with a bravery unsurpassed since McDonald's charge at Austerlitz. Our brigade could see them distinctly, scarcely more than half a mile on their right. For a space, Pickett pressed on without a falter. The enemy became alarmed. Many pieces of artillery were limbered up and carried back, and not a few of their infantry fled away. Now the Virginia division was right upon them. The whole Federal line wavered and swayed. Victory hung upon a hair! At that moment of ecstatic doubt, standing upon the threshold of that awful region where they must either conquer or be swallowed up, the division paused! What madness! That settled their fate. The tide of enthusiasm, once checked, could not be revived. The enemy saw it, and seized the advantage with the energy of desperate men. They rallied, renewed the contest, and Pickett's division fled in inextricable confusion. Their loss was immense. Great numbers threw down their arms and ran into the enemy, and of those who attempted to escape a fearful quantity were killed or disabled. The enemy did not pur-

sue; they were too happy to have repelled such an assault. But the battle of Gettysburg was irretrievably lost.

Maj. Gen. Pender, our division commander, was wounded by a shell that day. His leg was amputated, but he died from the effects of travel, about two weeks later, at Staunton, Virginia. Previous to the battle, he had not been very popular with our brigade; but after seeing his management there, we learned to admire and love him while living, and to regret him with all our hearts when dead.

Meade was a cautious general, and his army had been roughly handled. Therefore we were not disturbed during that night or the following day. On the 4th not many more guns were fired than I have seen celebrate the day in a small town.

During the day, however, our wagon train was ordered back, and the ambulances, filled with such of the wounded as could bear transportation, were started towards Williamsport. In the afternoon, it became evident that the army was on the point of retiring. It rained violently nearly all day. Towards sunset it cleared off, but in the night the rain re-commenced. About midnight our line was withdrawn. The Federals are said to have commenced a similar movement at the same time, but I cannot tell how true the statement is.

I should not omit to mention, that Orr's regiment of Rifles was brought up and joined with the other four regiments of the brigade, on the third day of the battle, July 3. It was required to take no farther part in the operations of the day than the remainder of the brigade; and therefore its casualties were very few, all of us being, for that time, comparatively unmolested by the enemy.

The casualties of the brigade were as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First regiment.....	19	94	2	115
Orr's regim't Rifles	2	5	—	7
Twelfth regiment...	20	105	4	129
Thirteenth regim'nt	35	105	4	144
Fourteenth regim'nt	26	220	6	252
Aggregate.....	102	529	16	647

Casualties among the Sharpshooters are reported in their respective companies.

The following officers were killed in the brigade: First regiment, Capt. William T. Haskell; Twelfth regiment, Lieut. A. W. Poag; Thirteenth regiment, Capt. W. P. Conner, Lieut. W. C. McNinch, Lieut. D. M. Leitzsey; Fourteenth regiment, Lieut. — Crooker; Orr's Rifles, none. The following officers were wounded: First regiment, Capt. J. S. McMahon, Lieut. J. Cox, Lieut. Jas. Armstrong, Lieut. M. M. Murray, Lieut. J. F. J. Caldwell; Twelfth regiment, Capt. J. A. Huniant, Capt. J. M. Moody, Lieut. J. A. Watson, Lieut. M. R. Sharp, Lieut. A. W. Black, Lieut. W. J. Stover, Lieut. J. M. Jenkins; Thirteenth regiment, Lieut. A. M. Bowers, Lieut. John Dabney, Lieut. J. F. Banks; Fourteenth regiment, Lieut. Col. J. N. Brown, Major Edward Croft, Adjt. J. W. Ready, Capt. G. W. Culbertson, Capt. H. P. Griffith, Capt. W. M. Jordan, Lieut. S. Carter, Lieut. R. B. Watson, Lieut. J. M. Bell, Lieut. H. J. Roach, Lieut. H. H. Brunson, Lieut. J. T. Jordan, Lieut. A. F. Jordan, Lieut. W. H. White, Lieut. S. Cogburn; Orr's regiment of Rifles, none.

CAPT. WILLIAM THOMPSON HASKELL, of the First regiment, was killed at Gettysburg, commanding the Sharpshooters of this brigade.

Capt. Haskell was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, in the year 1837. His father, who still lives, is well known for his wealth, intelligence and refinement. His mother is the daughter of the late Judge Cheves, of South Carolina. Capt. Haskell improved the advantages of a vigorous constitution, and eager and thorough intellect, and a tuition under the best masters, to perfect himself in all the branches of a liberal education, and was just entering upon the profession of the law when the war began. He enlisted at once in Gregg's six-months' regiment of volunteers, where he performed the duties of the ranks, until the disbanding of the regiment. Then he raised a company and joined the regiment reorganized for the war.

Capt. Haskell served through all the campaigns till his death. He was never wounded, never sick, never off duty, except for a period of about a month, in the winter of 1863,

when ordered to South Carolina, for the purpose of apprehending absentees from the brigade. In camp he was the most thorough, yet the most discriminating, disciplinarian, on the drill-ground he was infallibly accurate, on the march he was indefatigable, in battle he was the very spirit of gallantry and self-possession. In all places he held his command perfectly, swaying them equally through their affections and their admiration. He was the model line-officer of my acquaintance. He endured the extremes of heat and cold, sunshine and rain, forced marches and listless inactivity, the thousand small annoyances of camp and the terrible dangers of battle, with unbroken equanimity. He was never known to fret or to complain, and never to criticise, except in the most impartial spirit.

Yet this Roman fortitude was accompanied by a most Christian conscientiousness and purity. He was amiable, pious, delicate and refined in all his actions. While he dared all and suffered all himself, he dealt tenderly with other men's weaknesses. And his social virtues were not inferior. He was companionable, fond of conversation, fond of all the rational enjoyments of the world. He joined all the practicalness of Epicurus with all the spirituality of Zeno. He enjoyed all pleasures, but he was the subject of none.

If I should be required to sum up the character of his mind and his heart in one sentence, I should express it as, care, energy, resolution, grounded on conscientiousness. He presented not much upon the surface, but his depth of thought and feeling was wonderful to those who sounded him.

It was everywhere conceded that we could have sustained no heavier loss in the line, than in him.

We left him buried near the scene of his last exploits.

On the night of July 4, we retired from the line we had held for three days, turning our faces back towards Maryland. A heavy rain fell during the greater part of the night, and the roads were a universal quagmire. But the troops marched, with scarcely a rest, until the next morning, when they halted near Fairfield. Here they rested until late in the evening, and then resumed the march, in the direction of Hagerstown, Md. On the 6th they rested

near Waynesboro'. On the 7th they arrived near Hagerstown, where the line of battle was formed and earthworks were thrown up. The enemy, pursuing with very decent moderation, took up position in our front, at the average distance of perhaps a mile.

In the mean time a thing occurred in the quartermaster's department of the brigade which deserves to be mentioned. The trains, which had been ordered back from Gettysburg on the 4th, were rushed, in the greatest haste, to Williamsport, Maryland, a distance of perhaps forty miles. The dread of the Federal cavalry materially accelerated the movement; but with all their haste, some of the enemy's cavalry managed to intercept and cut the train, just south of Green Castle, Pa., and carry off a few wagons and prisoners. Our brigade shared in both losses. But the intruders were driven off very soon, and the trains passed on to Williamsport, without further injury. They reached the place principally during the night of the 5th. But a cavalry force of the enemy, variously estimated, from 2,000 or 3,000 to 6,000 or 8,000, pressed upon them at Williamsport. The Potomac was now swollen, by the constant rains, to swimming depth, and the only crossing for wagons was by a ferry-boat; so that very few could be carried over to the Virginia bank. The trains of a great portion of the army were parked in a hollow between the town and the Potomac, which was protected by a semicircle of hills. There must have been many hundred wagons here. The army, it will be borne in mind, was far away, between this point and Gettysburg.

The enemy's cavalry, therefore, under Pleasanton, made a rush upon Williamsport. The Confederate cavalry there were so palpably insufficient for the defence of the place, that the quartermaster's department was called upon for men. About fifty were furnished by our brigade, and placed under the command of Capt. R. E. B. Hewetson, quartermaster of the First regiment. They were carried out, joined with the heterogeneous force mustered on the spur of the moment, and ranged before the trained troops of Pleasanton. A sharp fight ensued both of artillery and small arms. The detail from this brigade charged the line opposed to them, drove them back, and held the ground

until relieved at night. Two of our men were killed, and five or six wounded. Gen. Imboden called it the battle of the Teamsters.

It was a very creditable affair, and peculiar of its kind. Capt. Hewetson was a veteran and stood high for gallantry as a line-officer, before being appointed quartermaster, and most of his teamsters had been under fire before. But they deserve none the less praise for showing themselves superior to the demoralizing influences of a bomb-proof department. This was on the afternoon of the 6th.

The brigade lay near Hagerstown until the 13th. The enemy always threatened to attack, but never ventured beyond a charge of skirmishers. Once they drove our skirmish line back upon the main body, but a small reinforcement soon recovered the ground. The firing was often quite sharp between the pickets, but they caused more injury to the lines of battle than to each other. Two valuable officers of the First regiment lost their lives by this sharpshooting—Capt. Chambers and Lieut. Zack Smith. The latter survived to reach home, the former died in a few minutes.

There now arose a great scarcity of bread. For two or three days, there was no flour ration at all issued to the army. Whether the cause was the impossibility of transportation across the Potomac, or the utter lack of provision in this respect, I cannot say. The troops were forced to broil beef on the coals, and make their meals upon it. And even beef was not plentiful. A flock of sheep had to be *impressed* on one occasion. The rain continued with unabated violence. Now was certainly the time for Meade to attack us, if he ever would. The army was shut in on the bank of an impassable river, almost without food, and far away from its base. Besides, it was an army retreating from a failure, and only waiting for the floods to subside, to cross back into its own territory. We should, most probably, have terribly punished the Federals, had they attacked us, but this was not involved in our circumstances, and by no means to be expected by Gen. Meade.

Pontoons were vigorously worked upon during this time, and the ferries at Williamsport were run day and night, carrying over ambulances and wagons to the Virginia

shore. Finally, the stream became fordable to wagons, and the pontoons were finished and laid. The trains were ordered over on the 13th, and the next day the troops crossed the pontoons at Falling Waters.

The crossing proved a difficult undertaking. On Monday night, July 13, our brigade was withdrawn from the works, with the rest of our portion of the army, and marched as rapidly as possible towards the Potomac. The road was everywhere shoe-deep in mud, and in many places almost to the knees. The rain fell in torrents. He who had no fall during the night might well boast of steady legs. The men straggled, of course. Many of them, in attempting to make short cuts, lost their way and were captured. No one could recognize another in the storm and darkness. Soon after daylight, Heth's division (which now embraced his own division and Pender's) was halted near the river to rest. Almost every one soon fell asleep by the stacks of arms. Before long a body of cavalry were discovered approaching from the direction we had just left. They carried the stars-and-stripes of the United States, but the color of their uniforms seemed to be Confederate, and their manner of moving (by the flank, and leisurely) confirmed all in the belief that they were our own cavalry. Suddenly they deployed into line and rushed upon the division. The wildest excitement ensued. There was no time for arrangement, but every man must depend on his own reason, or rather his own instincts. The enemy dashed in, firing pistols and sabreing everything in their way. Some men recovered their arms in time to fire upon them, some ran away, some fought with empty pieces. some even had recourse to stones. One man in Archer's brigade knocked a Federal from his horse with a fence-rail. The din was horrible, the confusion inextricable. There was fighting, flying, shouting, robbing dead men, all at once. Finally, the enemy retired, with a small loss. It was a most unfortunate affair. We should have utterly destroyed them.

Brig. Gen. Pettigrew, of Heth's division, here received a wound of which he died in two or three days. He was lying on the ground when the enemy rode upon him. One of them called to him to surrender. He refused, and

drew his pistol. The Federal fired upon him, and he fell; but, in falling, returned the shot. The Federal died almost instantly of his wound. Gen. Pettigrew was carried from the field, evidently in a dying condition.

The brigade lost more prisoners here than in any battle before or since, unless it be in our last battle in 1865, and probably more than in any campaign except the last. The enemy having retired, skirmishers were thrown out to prevent a repetition of the surprise. The division was marched across the pontoon. McGowan's brigade covered, for the second time, the retreat across the Potomac!

Casualties at Hagerstown and Falling Waters:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First regiment.....	1	3	11	15
Twelfth regiment...	1	4	13	18
Thirteenth regiment	1	5	12	18
Fourteenth regim't	1	1	5	7
Orr's Rifles.....	—	6	57	63
Aggregate.....	4	19	98	121

The following casualties occurred among the officers: First regiment, Capt. J. W. Chambers, killed at Hagerstown; Lieut. Z. B. Smith, wounded at Hagerstown; Orr's regiment of Rifles, Lieut. J. J. Hall, Lieut. N. K. Sullivan, Lieut. J. D. Charles, Lieut. J. H. Crawford, captured at Falling Waters.

The enemy made a show of advance as we crossed the river, but a few prompt shell from our batteries on the Virginia side drove them away at once.

CHAPTER X.

FROM THE RETURN TO VIRGINIA TO THE AFFAIR AT
MINE RUN.

THE brigade camped in the vicinity of Martinsburg, after reaching Virginia. Thence it marched to Bunker's Hill, about twelve miles from Winchester. Here it remained for two days, bivouacked on the identical ground it had occupied the year before. The whole army was assembled about this place. The enemy did not follow us. Fitz-Hugh Lee had an engagement with the Federal cavalry at some point not far from Martinsburg, but drove them away, so that we suffered no further molestation just now.

On Monday, July 20, or Tuesday, the 21st, we broke camp, and marched down the turnpike to Winchester, which town we passed through the same day, going a few miles south of it before bivouacking for the night. This bivouac is more strongly impressed on my mind than many more important things, from the fact that we lay upon the most uncomfortable stones to be found even in that Arabia Petræa.

On the next day we continued the march, passing near Kernstown, and bearing off eastward from the valley turnpike, by a country road. We crossed the Shenandoah on pontoons, just below the junction of the two forks, and lay at night upon the hills west of and overlooking Front Royal. This was a hot, fatiguing march, and there was some straggling. Longstreet's corps had passed north of us, and rather parallel with us—over Ashby's Gap, I believe. We heard here delightful news of a chastisement inflicted by Pickett's division on the pursuing enemy—but some allowance had to be made for the magnifying-glasses of the many imaginations through which the rumor had passed before it reached us.

On the third day we marched through Front Royal, but without the welcome we had received the month before.

no
chaste

But we did not complain; we seemed to be going down hill, and we felt that it was a matter of congratulation that the people did not give us the proverbial kick. We crossed the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap, and bivouacked at Flint Hill. We cooked rations here, and for this purpose made a great raid on rail fences; but the contraband fuel was restored, by strenuous exertions. On the fourth day we passed Gaines' Cross Roads. Very soon, skirmishers were thrown out on the left flank, to guard against an attack apprehended from the enemy's cavalry. These seemed to be attempting to cross the spurs of mountains along our line of march, and thus cut us in two. As we approached the Thornton river, we heard cannonading just ahead, and soon a few shells were thrown over us.

Some troops, not of our division, were sent against the intruders, and were not long in driving them away. Some rifle balls fell among us, but no casualties occurred. These balls came from such a distance that I could not hear the report of the pieces. Could Whitworth rifles have been so plentiful in Meade's cavalry as to carry on a respectable sharpshooting? We forded Thornton river, a narrow stream, knee-deep, and then crossed Hazel river on a bridge. We bivouacked about two miles from the latter point. On the fifth day we marched to within two miles of Culpepper Court House, where we remained two or three days. We then moved our camp about a mile, and remained here nearly a week. We drilled a little, and picketed by regiments, two or three miles north of Culpepper, on the road to Brandy Station.

On Saturday evening, August 1, we received intelligence of an advance by the Federal cavalry on our picket station. They, it seemed, had attacked our cavalry picket, in advance of the infantry, driven them in, and followed them up to where the Fourteenth regiment lay. This regiment at once formed and met them. The enemy made quite a dash, but they were quickly routed by the steady fire of the Fourteenth. That regiment suffered no casualties at all that are reported.

McGowan's brigade, with the rest of the division, was marched, immediately, beyond Culpepper, in the direction of the picket-post. But nothing further being done by the

enemy, we bivouacked in the fields until Sunday morning. Then we advanced a short distance, and lay in the woods for the remainder of the day. On Monday morning, August 3, we were put in motion about sunrise, and marched through Culpepper, towards Orange Court House. The heat was intense and the dust almost suffocating. At noon we rested in the dense woods where the battle of Cedar Run was fought, just a year before, lacking a few days. Unburied skeletons of men were visible in places, and the trees bore abundant scars. In the afternoon, we proceeded to within four or five miles of the Rapidan, where we bivouacked and cooked rations. Early on the morning of the 4th, we resumed the march, waded the Rapidan at Barnet's Ford, and went into camp about a mile from Orange Court House. Here we rested from the labors of active campaigning.

We were bivouacked in a growth of oaks, in column of regiments, with intervals of thirty yards or so. The Twelfth was in front, behind it the First, then the Fourteenth, then the Thirteenth, then the Rifles. The lines were loosely dressed, so as to give room, behind the front of each company, for two rows of flies and a street of twelve or fourteen feet. The men pitched the small "Yankee" flies, as we called them, of which every one, almost, had a piece. I remember to have remarked, at the time, that these were no bad commentary on the war. There must have been from ten to twenty thousand of them in the Army of Northern Virginia, for the camps were everywhere white with them, and with them only. It would go to show, at least, that we had held many a battlefield. A very few large Confederate flies were issued to the officers, in place of the lot lost in Pennsylvania, on the retreat.

Brig. Gen. C. M. Wilcox, of Anderson's division, was appointed Major-General, at this time, and assigned to the command of Pender's Light division, so that we were now under our third Major-General. General Heth was restricted to the command of his own proper division.

The situation of the brigade here was very pleasant. Our rations were sufficient, though plain, and partaking somewhat too largely of the corn-meal element; a good deal of clothing and shoes was issued to us; and the mili-

tary duties were by no means arduous. Picket was done at Barnet's Ford, on the Rapidan, by the whole division, so that the tour of each regiment came every eighteenth or twentieth day. And the duty was light, for we lay upon the river bank all day, and kept up but a small guard at night. The cavalry was beyond the river, in our front. There were, usually, two drills a day—company drill early in the morning, battalion drill in the afternoon. There was a chain of sentinels kept, except in extremely bad weather, around the brigade camp, which permitted only officers, or men with passes, or going after wood and water, to pass out. Close attention was paid to the policing of the camp. Every corner of it was swept in the morning, and the filth carried beyond the lines. An officer inspected the grounds in each regiment.

The health of the command was very good. Individuals would sometimes eat too largely of green corn or apples, and lay themselves up; but these accidents were of rare occurrence. The diarrhoea common to armies prevailed; but by this time most men seemed to be thoroughly accustomed to it. Our elastic spirits revived from the depression of July, and satisfaction with the present and confidence of the future were almost unanimously expressed.

Our ranks were considerably recruited. Many of those wounded at Chancellorsville returned recovered from their injuries, and others who had been sick in hospitals came up.

Desertions were pretty numerous at this time in the army, i. e., numerous for the Army of Northern Virginia. Few, if any, went to the enemy, but a great many went home, from some commands. I heard of but two desertions from our brigade, and these were men who had never performed any great service. They were from the Twelfth regiment. They were caught, and tried by court-martial; but more of them hereafter.

Nothing marked the camp near Orange Court House more than the religious spirit that arose amongst us. Hitherto there had been nothing like a general interest manifested in religion. Service had been held regularly in the different regiments by their chaplains, and to quite good and quite attentive audiences; but there had been no expression of

feeling by the men, and certainly very few professions were made. Now, however, almost every one seemed to become concerned. The most ordinary preachers drew large congregations; scarcely a day passed without a sermon; there was not a night, but the sound of prayer and hymn-singing was heard. Often, two or three sermons were preached at once in the brigade, and if there was none among us, we went to the other brigades to hear. The ministry throughout the Confederacy seems to have felt the necessity of greater exertion then than ever before, and accordingly sent us evangelists in larger numbers than I ever saw in camp before or afterwards. Not a few connected themselves with the church, and many more evinced, from that time, a seriousness in beautiful contrast with former immorality. The tone of the whole command was all that could be desired.

Col. Hamilton, of the First regiment, returned a few weeks after our arrival at Orange Court House, and, for the time, resumed command of the brigade, as senior colonel. He was soon afterwards assigned to duty on the coast of South Carolina, where he commanded a brigade, until his resignation in November following. Col. Hamilton was a gallant officer, an excellent disciplinarian, a careful manager of troops, an honorable and accomplished gentleman. His regiment expressed great regret at his loss, and properly.

On the 25th of September, the cavalry of the enemy made a strong demonstration near Liberty Mills, on the Rapidan, about five miles from Orange Court House. Wilcox's division was sent to the support of the Confederate cavalry, except Lane's brigade, which was left at Barnett's Ford. The cavalry fought some on the west side of the river, but our assistance was not required further than as picket and support. I do not think any portion of our division was engaged, except Lane's brigade, at Barnett's Ford, who were under a pretty heavy shelling. The Twelfth regiment was detached from us, and marched down the river below the mills, but they were not under fire. It proved to be a small affair all around, and we returned to camp on the third day.

Col. Abner Perrin received, at this time, the appoint-

ment of Brigadier General in the Provisional Army. He retained command of the brigade.

We were placed in a new camp, on our return to Orange, about a mile farther from the town, and nearer the Rapidan. Here we remained until the 9th of October.

On that day, we were marched out of camp, and carried across the Rapidan, near Cave's Ford, together with the rest of A. P. Hill's corps. Lee's army now consisted of six divisions of infantry and one small corps of cavalry. Lieut. Gen. Longstreet had been sent to Georgia, with Hood's and McLaws' divisions, and Pickett's division had been removed to the defences below Richmond. Our two corps of infantry were commanded by Lieut. Gen. Ewell and Lieut. Gen. Hill.

We bivouacked about ten miles beyond the Rapidan, on the road to Madison Court House. On the second morning the march was resumed. We passed through Madison and crossed the Robertson river. The pioneer corps were now more energetic and useful than ever before. Nearly every stream was bridged. Our cavalry had a skirmish with that of the enemy, but the latter disappeared on our approach. We crossed Hazel river late in the afternoon, and bivouacked just beyond. On the third day, we marched, by easy stages, down this river to within, perhaps, five miles of Culpepper Court House. Heretofore, Meade's army had lain around Culpepper, and the object of our move must have been to force him out. Ewell's corps, of three divisions, marched directly against the place; but Meade retired, leaving some stores and a few stragglers behind, and pursued the course of the Orange and Alexandria railroad. We, therefore, on the fourth day, resumed the march towards the Rappahannock, and camped near Amos- or Amissville that night. The weather was cool and bracing, the roads of a comfortable dryness, and we marched with ease. On the fifth day, we crossed Hedgeman river, (or the North Fork of the Rappahannock,) and proceeded towards Warrenton. Both this day and the day before, there was some firing of artillery on our right, but we did not yet come in sight of the retreating Federals. On the night of this day, we bivouacked just out of Warrenton, and regaled ourselves with the finest white cabbage I ever

saw. I confess to sitting up three-fourths of the night, waiting for a pot of them to boil. We all entered now fully into the spirit of the movement. We were convinced that Meade was unwilling to face us, and we, therefore, anticipated a pleasant affair, if we should succeed in catching him. On the morning of the sixth day, we heard a considerable cannonade on our right. This proved to proceed from Stuart's cavalry, who had run into the midst of the enemy's infantry, and were obliged to make a great show to get off. Our march this day was very rapid. We bore in towards the line of railroad, and, by 5 o'clock P. M., were close upon Bristoe Station. Now we heard artillery and the rattle of small arms, and it was announced to us that Heth's division had struck the enemy.

Early's division, of Ewell's corps, following upon the track of the enemy, was said to be approaching on our right, so skirmishers were thrown out by us to connect with him. The greatest activity now ensued. Our division was countermarched so that we changed from left to right, in front; some of the troops performing the movement in the road, others filing into the woods for room. Anderson's division was moved forward, and then ours. Passing to the front, we met the remnants, in the shape of limbers and one or two pieces of artillery of the batteries of ours which had been partially captured by the Federals. Wounded men of Heth's division, also, came meeting us. We learned that Cook's brigade, of that division, had charged the enemy along the railroad, but pushing too close for equal firing, and not close enough to break them, had been repulsed with a heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. The enemy were protected by the embankment of the railroad, and the ground by which our men had to approach was level and perfectly open, which, of course, gave the former great odds.

Our brigade was filed out of the road, on the right, so as to form, when fronted, a line facing that of the enemy along the railroad. We were placed upon the brow of a bushy hill, without trees, which commanded the country in front. We were in two lines. A battle seemed inevitable. However, we lay until night, viewing the lazy artillery firing on both sides, and hearing occasional skirmishing,

but were not ourselves engaged. A few shells were thrown near us, but the brown, bushy surface of the hill we held, and the utmost stillness of the troops, probably, protected us from observation. During the night, the enemy withdrew in the direction of Manassas Junction, which was about ten miles distant. Thus we missed capturing the Federal corps which our superior generals had set their hearts upon. By whose fault it was, I cannot attempt to say. Some people say it was General Hill's, because he attacked too soon; some say because he attacked too late; others lay the blame on General Early or General Ewell, or I know not whom. I am not disposed to find fault with any one. As large a body of men as a corps can easily have such warning of an enemy's approach, and put themselves in such position as effectually to oppose no larger force than two corps, for two or three hours.

On the next morning, (15th of October,) we were carried back a short distance and allowed to cook rations. A heavy rain fell during the greater part of the day. Late in the afternoon, we were ordered out, and carried across the scene of yesterday's battle, to the railroad. Marvellous stories were afloat of Stuart's pushing pursuit of the enemy; of the straggling in their ranks; of guns thrown away; of rear-guards captured, &c.; so that we fully expected to be moved after them, and to attack them wherever they should make a stand. To our surprise, we turned in the opposite direction, and followed the railroad back towards the Rappahannock. This march was most distressing. We continued it far into the night, through the deep, slippery mud, along new, stumpy roads, and in the darkness of Egypt. At last we halted, built fires, and slept as best we could, in the rain.

Early on the morning of the 16th, we resumed the march, passing along the railroad for several miles. Soon after reaching the Warrenton Junction, the brigade (as the rest of the division, and, I believe, the corps) was put to tearing up the railroad. Each regiment prized up a length of cross-ties and rails equal to its front, piled the cross-ties, laid the rails upon them, and then set fire to the wood. This we did twice. The rain continued, with brief intermissions, throughout the day. In the evening, it became

violent, almost blinding as we marched, thoroughly drenching us, and raising the smallest branches to almost rivers. We went into bivouac soon after dark. On the 17th, the destruction of the railroad was resumed. After that, we moved a few miles, and bivouacked near the road. The signs of the expedition were pretty plain along this route, carcasses of horses being scarcely ever out of sight. I saw no human bodies, but they would have been buried, I suppose, of course. A very good wagon-road runs beside the railroad, from Bristoe Station to the Rappahannock. On the 18th, (Sunday,) we lay quiet, and had divine service. On Monday, we crossed the Rappahannock, on a bridge, just at the railroad, and went into camp two or three miles south of the river. Here we remained, without an event, until the 1st of November. We picketed along the banks of the Rappahannock and Hazel rivers. The enemy's cavalry showed themselves opposite us, and our cavalry had an engagement with them on the north side of the river; but this brigade did not come into contact with them.

On the 1st or 2d of November, the First regiment, of our brigade, and the Twelfth Georgia regiment, of Ewell's corps, were sent to the Blue ridge to capture deserters and delinquent conscripts who lurked about the mountains in considerable numbers. These two regiments took nearly a hundred each, and brought back eighty or ninety each—some being released on account of youth, ill health, and other things, which were most piteously pleaded by mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, etc. They had no fighting to do: the only difficulty was to come up with deserters, who inhabited almost inaccessible cliffs and hollows in the mountains, and fled at the first approach of organized troops. It was quite a holiday for the two regiments. It was a great compliment to the ability of the officers and the staunchness of the men of the First regiment, to select them from the whole of Hill's corps for this expedition. They scoured the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, from Chester Gap to Ragged Mountain, and had not completed their work when they were ordered back to the army, for the following reason, I presume:

The enemy unexpectedly attacked, with an overwhelm-

ing force, Hay's Louisiana brigade, of Early's division, on the north bank of the Rappahannock, about the 8th or 9th of November, and captured or killed the greater portion of them, after a struggle of notorious fierceness. They (the enemy) at once crossed the river, thus throwing themselves on the right flank of Lee's army, and rather nearer Richmond than that army. A general retrograde movement on our part was the necessary consequence. It was no important matter, however, for this line had few if any advantages for us. We retired to Culpepper Court House, and then to Orange Court House, which last place we reached on the 12th (if I remember aright) of November. The First regiment rejoined the brigade on the 15th, having been compelled to march round by Gordonsville and move rapidly, to escape the enemy's cavalry now pressing down upon the line of the Rapidan.

We returned to the old camp, some three miles from Orange, and erected winter-quarters, and rested. There was no engagement between any portion of Wilcox's division and the enemy on the retirement from the Rappahannock. The old line was re-established along the Rapidan, and the army remained quiet until the first of December.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM NOVEMBER 26, 1863, TO THE OPENING OF THE
CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

ON the night of the 26th of November, the brigade was ordered to cook rations, and on the following morning was put in motion, passing through Orange Court House, and moving down the plank-road towards Fredericksburg. The weather was intensely cold, and cloudy, so that the rapid march was rather pleasant than otherwise. In the afternoon we heard cannon in front, and learned that Edward Johnson's division, of Ewell's corps, had suddenly met the enemy and engaged them. Meade, it seemed, had crossed his army over the Rapidan, about Germania Ford, and

was moving across the country to the plank-road. There seems to have been a pretty sharp fight between the one Confederate division and the corps and division of the Federals, but it resulted happily for us. We did not reach the scene of action that evening. All fighting ceased by night, and we bivouacked near Mine Run.

On the 28th it rained heavily. We were marched back about a mile, and, after various halts and seeming hesitations, were ordered to construct a breastwork on the right and east side of the plank-road. An occasional skirmisher fired at some distance in our front. But we had just set to work, when we were moved back into the road, marched down it in the direction of the enemy, then to the west of the road, and then ordered to fell trees and erect defences. This was promptly done, and we then lay and awaited the enemy's coming. Skirmishing occurred, now and then, in the dense wood where our picket line was; but there was no advance made upon our line of works.

On the 29th we lay quiet, until in the afternoon, when we were moved rapidly along the works, to the east side of the road. A furious fire sprang up on this picket front, and we were thrown into the works for action. But the tumult passed away with skirmishing and cheering, and we saw no enemy. This is about the beginning of that close, tangled country, known as the Wilderness, in which began the campaigns of both 1863 and 1864.

We moved on down the works, and took position where they crossed an open field. The enemy's sharpshooters kept up a harassing fire, at long range, upon us, as we shifted about; but the only material result was the killing of one man in the Fourteenth regiment, and the wounding of one or two in the First.

We lay during the night in the works. The weather became colder than ever. No fires were allowed on the skirmish line. The men were almost frozen. At the works it was little better; for the icy wind raged over the open face of the field, blowing away the heat of the fires, and piercing the very bones. A company from each regiment was put on picket every twenty-four hours.

On the 30th there was some artillery-firing at a distance on our left, and our own picket exchanged a few shots with

those of the enemy ; but no casualties were reported. On December 1, we moved still farther to the right and worked at shortening the breastworks, by detail. During this night, Anderson's division moved around almost or quite in rear of our division.

The next morning we received some bad news and some good. We learned that the Army of Tennessee had been ignominiously driven by the Federals from Missionary Ridge. This was the unpleasant news. The (to us) pleasant news was, that Meade had retired, during the night, from before us, and moved back to his old position beyond the Rapidan. Some persons may have regretted this at the time ; for it was now disclosed to us that Hill's corps was to have charged Meade's line in our front, in three lines. Heth's division was to have been the first line, Wilcox's the second, and Anderson's the third. We all agreed that we would have carried their line, for they had scarcely any works, and our artillery would have very much commanded theirs. But still, we were too much worn out with rain and cold to have any great anxiety for further exertion. We should not at all have objected to receiving an attack from Meade, for we were assured that he should by that means have destroyed his army. But, everything considered, it was voted no bad thing to be sent back to camp to rest.

We marched down the plank-road for some distance after the Federals, and Hampton's cavalry, who passed us, came near enough to them to exchange a few cannon shot ; but we were turned back with the whole corps, and marched towards Orange. I remarked that General Lee looked very much annoyed as he returned from the pursuit. That night we bivouacked about a mile in rear of the breastworks, and the next day returned to our camp. So ended the week's campaign of Mine Run—the most amusing of all the Federal efforts, yet the most fraught with physical suffering for us, except one, which is at some distance from this point.

This was our last active service during the year 1863. We lay in winter-quarters for the rest of the month, and, with two brief exceptions, until May, 1864.

There was an abundance of wood around us. We made

our houses as comfortable as possible, and prepared for the long, cold winter. We had little to do. The weather did not admit of much drilling, nor of regular guard-duty, so that picket was the only military exercise constantly required of us. There were, generally, two roll-calls a day, at reveille and tattoo, but this was next to nothing, of course. For a time, a regiment from the brigade was every day on picket, stretched from Cave's Ford to Barnett's Ford, on the Rapidan. But later, only five companies were put out at a time, and these from Bradford's Ford to Cave's, which made each company's tour once in ten days, and shortened the distance from camp.

We performed a rather laborious fatigue-duty during a part of the winter, being compelled to cut and haul a sufficient number of logs to lay the plank-road from Orange Court House to Liberty Mills, on the Rapidan, a distance of five miles. Other portions of the army hauled, broke and laid stones in the streets of the town; so that we were all kept from idleness.

The proportion of furloughs, (one to every hundred men,) established in the summer of '63, and continued during the campaigning months to the end of the war, was raised in our winter-quarters to four, and afterwards as high as eight in a hundred. Officers were, also, granted leaves of absence upon the rule of one to three in the same company; but this was necessarily varied in many instances, for a majority of companies in the brigade could not show more than two officers for duty. As a rule, twenty-one days was the length of a furlough to South Carolina.

About the 1st of February, the camp of the brigade was moved, doubtless in consequence of the exhaustion of wood, to a point half a mile higher up the river. The regiments were now separated, so that wood was cut by each one all around its camp. This last supply of fuel lasted us for the rest of the winter. The camps were kept very cleanly, and the health of the command was as good as could be desired. Good rations were issued us, generally. There was rather too much corn-meal and far too little bacon, (beef was a thing of the past, now,) but still we did not starve. Clothing was not plentiful, nor blankets, nor shoes, and those we received were in-

ferior. Large numbers of boxes of provisions were sent us by our friends at home, which contributed much to the comfort of the troops. I must not omit, in this connection, the ladies' associations in different parts of South Carolina, who forwarded considerable supplies of clothing to us, at great trouble and still greater expense to themselves.

I mentioned, in the last chapter, that two deserters from the Twelfth regiment were tried by court-martial, at Orange Court House. They were convicted, and sentenced to be shot. Some executions of this character had already taken place in the division, so that no mercy was to be expected for them. But after their coffins were made, and they on the point of having their last night's meditation on earth, General Perrin made an effort to save them. He advised the different regiments to send up petitions for the pardon of the men, representing the brilliant reputation of the brigade for courage and steadfastness, and pledging themselves that any repetition of the offence should be prevented wherever it lay in their power. Of course, we agreed to it. General Perrin himself carried up the application to Gen. Lee, and procured a respite for the culprits. The sentence was commuted to a term of imprisonment in Castle Thunder, at Richmond; what term I do not recollect. I shall recur to these inexhaustible deserters again. Ten men, of another brigade of the Light division, were shot soon after this, for the same offence.

General McGowan returned to us in February. He had not recovered sufficiently from the wound received at Chancellorsville to walk well, but he remained with us and discharged all the duties of his office. General Perrin was assigned to the command of Wilcox's old brigade, in Anderson's division. We were very sorry to lose him, as highly as we esteemed General McGowan. He was an officer of remarkable gallantry as remarkable discipline, and, perhaps, more distinguished than for these qualities by his devotion to, and concentration upon, the military life. He was always and entirely a soldier, and appeared to by far the greatest advantage amidst the greatest danger and tumult.

The first disturbance of our repose in winter-quarters was caused by a movement of the enemy's cavalry, in Feb-

ruary. They attacked the Confederate cavalry on duty beyond the Rapidan, and drove them in. They then moved up the river towards Liberty Mills. McGowan's and Lane's brigades were sent across at Liberty Mills to meet them. Lane took a wide march from the Rapidan, so as to go around the enemy; we moved down the river at a short distance from it. We marched on Sunday, the 7th of February. It was raining slowly, I remember, and the roads were extremely muddy. We moved rapidly, but never overtook the Federals. Whether they were frightened at our approach, or had accomplished their object, I do not know. They exchanged a few artillery shots with Scales' brigade, at Barnett's Ford. Towards night, our cavalry passed in front of us and occupied their former position. We threw out pickets at night, but there being no appearance of the enemy then or the next morning, we returned to camp.

In March another cavalry raid was executed by the enemy, in co-operation with the Dahlgren raid on Richmond. They passed around our flank, and went to Charlottesville. It was one of those erratic enterprises which cause a vast deal of apprehension by the mere uncertainty of their movements. Dahlgren pushed up from the east, to the very walls of Richmond, but was speedily driven away, losing his own life. His co-operators on our side of the capital came near capturing a considerable portion of the Confederate artillery camped at Gordonsville; but, being pressed by our cavalry and almost surrounded by our infantry, they were compelled to dodge out of our lines, by the way of Spottsylvania, and retreat towards the peninsula. McGowan's brigade was kept out about a week, picketing both in front and in rear; but they met no enemy, and returned to camp at the end of that time.

About this time, Capt. A. C. Haskell, assistant adjutant-general of the brigade, was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Seventh South Carolina cavalry. Capt. L. C. Haskell, formerly aide-de-camp, and afterwards assistant inspector-general of the brigade, became assistant adjutant-general of the brigade. Capt. G. A. Wardlaw, quartermaster of the First regular regiment South Carolina infantry, was appointed aide-de-camp to

Gen. McGowan. Capt. A. C. Haskell received a most flattering farewell from the brigade. I have heard that men wept over his parting address.

In February, there was a general call for re-enlistment in the Confederate armies. It will be remembered that almost all the regiments organized in the summer of 1861 enlisted for "three years or the war." I always held the expression to mean a consent to serve three years, whether the war lasted so long or not; and to serve for the war, should it last even longer than three years. But as there was doubt about it; as there were many originally twelve-month regiments, who re-enlisted, it is said, for two years from the expiration of their first year, so making their term expire in the spring of 1864; and as, above all things, the weary citizens at home needed encouragement; a renewal of enlistment and of allegiance to the Confederacy was invited. The army adopted the suggestion most cordially, and declared afresh their determination never to lay down their arms until the independence of the South should be achieved.

A good many conscripts were sent us from South Carolina during this winter—perhaps as many as two hundred. More than half of them were assigned to the First regiment, as it was much smaller than the other regiments. The Twelfth received the greater portion of those who were not given to the First. These, however, were no great addition to the brigade. Some of them, certainly, made excellent soldiers; but between discharges then or subsequently, their ill health and aversion to duty, we made very little out of the majority of them.

The weather continued cold and wet until almost the first of May. Snows were not so heavy nor so frequent as the winter previous, but they were not few; and the rains were constant. Snows were not very disagreeable, for they brought on pleasant and exciting battles between the different regiments, and, on one or two occasions, contests with other brigades and with cavalry; but the rains were intolerable. I remember once standing for over twenty hours, on picket, in a continuous flood of water that chilled me to the very heart. In April it became much warmer, and the rains subsided. Fishing became the vogue, day and

night. The fine arts also came in to cheer us. A concert band was formed in the division, which for many nights regaled the war-worn soldier with the classic melodies, "Joe Bowers," and "I lay ten dollars down."

But with the warmer weather came indications of a new campaign. Grant had been appointed lieutenant-general of the Federal armies, and it was well known that he would attempt, like all his predecessors, the road to Richmond. He was to lead a column in our front, Butler, one from the eastern coast. The force opposed to us was certainly over a hundred thousand strong. Longstreet had by this time returned to us from the victory at Chickamauga and the disaster at Knoxville. He brought two divisions, McLaws' or Kershaw's, and Hood's old division, now commanded by Maj. Gen. Field. So Lee had eight divisions of infantry, numbering, General Early has recently said, not over forty thousand guns, certainly not more than fifty thousand. The cavalry, under Lieut. Gen. Stuart, amounted to, probably, from five thousand to seven thousand men.

The field officers of our brigade were as follows: First regiment, Col. C. W. McCreary, Lieut. Col. W. P. Shooter, Maj. T. P. Alston; Twelfth regiment, Col. J. L. Miller, Lieut. Col. E. F. Bookter, Maj. T. F. Clyburne; Thirteenth regiment, Col. B. T. Barekman, Lieut. Col. J. F. Hunt, Major Wm. Lester; Fourteenth regiment, Col. J. N. Brown, Lieut. Col. Edward Croft, Major H. H. Harper; Orr's regiment of Rifles, Col. F. E. Harrison, Lieut. Col. G. M. Miller, Major W. M. Hadden.

The brigade battalion of Sharpshooters, latterly fallen into disuse, was revived. A detail of six commissioned officers, ten non-commissioned officers, and one hundred and sixty privates constituted the corps. Capt. Dunlop, of the Twelfth regiment was placed in command.

I suppose we had eighteen hundred muskets in the brigade.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS AND SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

ON the 4th of May, 1864, about eleven o'clock in the morning, we received orders to cook rations immediately and prepare for the march. We at once set to work, but before half the bread could be baked the command was given to fall in. A universal stir ensued. In pursuance of a previous order, the officers' tents were torn down and cut up for distribution among the men. Knapsacks were packed, blankets rolled up, half-cooked dough or raw meal thrust into haversacks, the accumulated plunder of nine months thrown into the streets, accoutrements girded on, arms taken, and in half an hour we were on the march. It was a beautiful, calm day. We marched rapidly through Orange Court House, and thence down the plank-road towards Fredericksburg. The gait was not slackened until sunset, when we went into bivouac in the woods by the roadside, three or four miles from the old line of works on Mine run. All of our prisoners under sentence of court-martial, or under any arrest, were released by order of General Hill. I am happy to say that they did not amount to more than a dozen in the whole brigade. At dawn the march was resumed. We now learned, positively, that Grant had crossed the Rapidan with his entire force, and was marching across the plank-road, probably, for Spottsylvania Court House. During the morning, we heard artillery, and afterwards met a few wounded Confederate cavalry and some prisoners. Now and then we saw a dead Federal cavalryman lying in the road. Stuart's cavalry had driven back that of the enemy, and we pressed on towards the infantry we knew we should soon encounter. A fire raged in the woods on both sides of us, caused, probably, by the last night's bivouac fires of the cavalry.

About noon, while we halted for a moment, an interesting little circumstance occurred. A small body of the

enemy's cavalry, ten or twelve in number, suddenly appeared, coming from our right across an open field, at a gallop. Some one cried out that they were "Yankee cavalry!" It so startled every one that, although we boasted and felt that we could whip at least equal numbers of them, especially if they were on horseback, there was a general scramble most provoking and foolish. I remember that certain members of the medical department bethought themselves, with admirable promptness, of their duties in the rear. However, there was nothing like a stampede. All loaded and fronted towards the unsuspecting squad that came riding towards us. Captain Haskell and one or two other mounted officers rode out to meet them, but a few over-nervous individuals fired at the Federals, and they wheeled and fled at top of speed. Some Confederate cavalry came up and joined Captain Haskell, but the other party had too good horses and too much the start of them. The party, it appeared afterwards, was a bearer of despatches and his escort, who had become confused and lost in the country roads. The march was soon resumed, with a good deal of jest and laughter.

About 4 o'clock P. M., when we arrived at Wilderness run, we heard a rambling skirmish fire in front, not far off. We filed to the left and passed through an open field. There were several pieces of artillery here, and near them General Lee and General Stuart, on foot. The battle was evidently not distant, but we flattered ourselves that it was *rather* late in the day for much to be done towards a general engagement. We were carried nearly a mile farther, through a body of woods, and halted on a clear, commanding ridge. Having been marching right in front, we were countermarched by regiments, so as to face the enemy by the front rank. Ewell's corps was engaged at some distance on our left. Rev. Mr. Mullaly, chaplain of Orr's regiment of Rifles, held prayers with his regiment. It was one of the most impressive scenes I ever witnessed. On the left thundered the dull battle; on the right the sharp crack of rifles gradually swelled to equal importance; above was the blue, placid heavens; around us a varied landscape of forest and fields, green with the earliest foli-

age of spring ; and here knelt hirsute and browned veterans shriving for another struggle with death.

In the midst of the prayer, a harsh, rapid fire broke out right on the plank-road we had left ; the order was issued to face about and forward ; and then we went, sometimes in quick-time, sometimes at the double-quick, towards the constantly increasing battle. The roar of muskets became continuous, augmented occasionally by the report of cannon, and always by the ringing rebel cheer. Heth's division, the only one at this point, was engaged, and we knew that we were going to reinforce them. Just as we reached the plank-road, two or three shell fell among us, but I believe no one was struck in the brigade. The road was crowded with non-combatants, artillery and ordnance wagons. Here and there lay a dead man. The firing in front waxed fiercer, if possible, than ever. The First regiment lead the march. They, with the Rifles, were filed across the road and fronted. The three remaining regiments were formed with their right resting on the road. The following was the order of arrangement, from right to left: First regiment, Orr's Rifles, on the right of the road ; Twelfth regiment, Thirteenth regiment, Fourteenth regiment, on the left of the road.

Lane's and Thomas's brigades had been left about the position which I have just described, on the left of and near a mile from the plank-road. We entered the conflict alone. As soon as the line was formed and dressed, the order to advance was given. Balls fired at Heth's division, in front of us, fell among us at the beginning of our advance. We pressed on, guide left, through the thick undergrowth, until we reached Heth's line, now much thinned and exhausted. We had very imprudently begun to cheer before this. We passed over this line cheering. There was no use of this. We should have charged without uttering a word until within a few yards of the Federal line. As it was, we drew upon ourselves a terrific volley of musketry. The advance was greatly impeded by the matted growth of saplings and bushes, and in the delay a scattering fire commenced along our line. The fighting of the brigade cannot be described, as a whole, from this time.

The pressure was greatest on the right of the brigade ;

for, in addition to the worst conceivable ground for marching, and the demoralizing spectacle of another division lying down, and, after we had passed them, firing through our ranks, the enemy's line extended far to the right of ours. The first regiment was the extreme right regiment on this part of the Confederate line. All idea of a charge had to be abandoned. The First and Rifle regiments halted, and set to firing industriously. The Rifles suffered a peculiar disadvantage in halting upon high ground where the enemy's balls told fearfully. So great indeed was the slaughter that followed the first round or two, that they were forced to retire for a time. The First regiment was now entirely alone. There were no troops, as I said before, on the right of them, on the same line, and on the left was the gap left by at least four hundred men—at least one hundred and fifty yards. The fire of the enemy was not very accurate at first, being much too high; but after a time it became fatally close. Many a life must have been saved by the dense growth of oak saplings. Scarcely a man in that regiment but was struck by a ball during the evening. Lieut. Col. Shooter commanded this regiment with singular gallantry and composure, fighting for an hour everything that could be brought against him.

On the left of the road the advance was carried farther than on the right. It must be admitted, in justice to the regiments on the right, that the fire on the left was not so heavy, at the outset, as that they met. The three regiments pushed forward intrepidly. The Twelfth behaved with their accustomed gallantry. They continued the advance, until they broke the enemy's line, which they followed up, killing large numbers and capturing more. Their charge was too impetuous, if anything. They pushed ahead until they lost the connection with the rest of the brigade, and found themselves almost entirely surrounded by the enemy. They captured, among other prisoners, a brigadier-general, whose sword a friend of mine has to this day. Finding themselves thus outflanked by their own exertions, they faced about, put their prisoners before them, and drove back for our line. They succeeded in cutting out, with a small loss. The two remaining regiments, the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, continued the ad-

vance, though less rapidly, until the fire of the enemy became so severe on their left, (where there were no troops of ours at this time,) that Gen. McGowan deemed it necessary to withdraw the whole brigade a short distance to the rear. Capt. L. C. Haskell and Lieut. G. A. Wardlaw had their horses shot under them. Our loss was heavy.

Orr's regiment of Rifles returned to the attack on the right of the road, but it and the First regiment had to be withdrawn somewhat, for the want of troops on their right. Scales' brigade was sent in to assist them, but they never reached the point of our extreme advance; so that the enemy almost enfiladed the line of these two regiments.

Now the pressure became fearful on both flanks. Our line (I mean the Confederate line) was, as I have once or twice said, miserably short. For a time, we had a front of but a single brigade. I do not judge any one; but I think it was the shortest, most huddled, most ineffective line-of-battle I ever saw. But for the gallantry of our troops, which even surpassed itself, all must have been lost. The balls of the enemy, at one point, crossed the road from each side. Still they pressed on us, filling the air with shouts and the roll of arms, and sweeping the woods with balls. At one time they drove so furiously on the right of the road, that men had to be ranged *along* the road to keep them back, or, rather, to support the meagre line that held them in check. On the extreme left, the pressure was considerably relieved by the putting in of Thomas's brigade. Still a great gap was open on his left, which skirmishers had to be thrown out to protect. It began to look like every man would have to be his own general. The open space on the left, and the presence of artillery on the eminence I before described as the place we met Lee and Stuart, deterred the Federals from any determined advance, otherwise so easily made.

Our whole brigade, after the establishment of Scales' brigade on the right, was moved to the left of the road, where they fought until night. A portion of us went to the extreme left and remained with Thomas's brigade, while the rest occupied a position rather farther back and resting on the road.

Of course, there was some confusion in the command.

The difficulties were even greater than I have been able to describe—greater than any one, who has not fought in such a place, can at all understand. Such woods, if you have one line which is to remain stationary and on the defence, are an advantage; but if you attack, (as we always did by countercharge, if not by the first charge,) or if you must relieve one line with another, it is the worst place in the world. It is impossible to keep even a regiment well dressed. Then the enemy open fire on you. Some men will invariably return this fire. Gradually all join in it; and once the whole roar of battle opens, there is an end of unison of action. We did remarkably well. I could not see anything distinctly, on account of the bushes, the smoke of our line and that of the Federal; but other men professed to see the enemy constantly relieving. It has been currently stated, on our side, that two corps and two divisions were engaged on the part of the Federals. We had the two smallest divisions in Lee's army to meet them.

Night came at last, putting an end to actual battle, but, in fact, increasing the confusion and danger of the scene. It was confidently expected that Longstreet, with Kershaw's, Field's, and Anderson's divisions, would relieve us by daylight; and therefore it was not considered necessary to re-form the lines. Besides, the nature of the ground, the intense darkness, and the close proximity of the enemy, rendered it almost impracticable. Moreover, certain persons, high in office, decided that Grant would not renew the attack in the morning!

We lay upon our arms—a portion of the brigade out with Gen. Thomas, on the left and at the extreme front, the larger part with Gen. McGowan, on the plank-road. There was occasional firing among the pickets, but the enemy did not venture upon an attack. Rations of bacon and "hard tack" were issued to us after a fashion.

The night passed and the morning came; still no Blucher. At dawn, General McGowan formed the brigade on the left of the road, about where we had commenced the charge the day before. This was the 6th of May.

Our right rested on the road; Thomas's brigade was immediately on the right of the road. A part of his command had spent the night there, the rest were joined with

them at daylight. The line of our brigade struck the road at an acute angle, making a salient with Thomas's brigade. Besides the latter brigade, there were no troops in line on the right of the road, as far as I have been able to learn, except, perhaps, Scales' brigade. Lane's brigade was not disposed, and Heth's division lay—I know not how, but not in line of battle, if all I have heard is correct. *We had reckoned too confidently on the coming of the War Horse!*

Longstreet was early on the way. He had been despatched to execute a grand movement on the left flank of the enemy, as Ewell had done the day before on his right. Longstreet had had to march from Gordonsville, which, of course, delayed him; and then he was recalled when on his way around Grant's left, which must delay his coming to us still more. Indeed, he did well to reach us when he did. But more of this hereafter.

The enemy moved upon us in full force, at sunrise. Our battalion of sharpshooters were deployed as skirmishers, in our front. The Twelfth regiment occupied the right of the brigade, the Fourteenth was next them, the First next them, the Thirteenth next them. Orr's Rifles were disconnected from us and on the extreme left.

The enemy moved up carefully, without noise or disorder. They first engaged our sharpshooters. The latter, though unavoidably, were in the worst position possible, being in a ravine between the elevation over which the enemy approached and the eminence we occupied. They retired slowly on the main line of battle. In the mean time, the Federals advanced along the right side of the road, on Thomas's brigade. For some reason or other, that brigade broke. The enemy may have struck their flank, or overlapped them, or they may not have been well in line. At all events, they gave way, at a distance on the right of the road. The first intimation we had of the state of affairs was the mass of disorganized men who rushed up the road. The enemy, naturally, pushed forward. Soon no troops were left to oppose their advance on that side of the road. The angle made by our lines on each side of the road being a salient, the enemy, by pressing in, came almost square upon the flank of McGowan's

brigade. The Twelfth regiment stood firm in spite of the panic on their right, until the Federal line swept up to them, and not only enfiladed them, but threatened to cut them off from the rear. The regiment was even called upon to surrender, but it replied by firing on the confident enemy.

The enemy now advanced in front as well as on the right flank. The pressure was irresistible. The Twelfth regiment doubled back and retired. The movement continued up the line until all the regiments of the brigade, except the Rifles, (who were on the extreme left and disconnected from us,) gave way. There was no panic and no great haste; the men seemed to fall back from a deliberate conviction that it was impossible to hold the ground, and, of course, foolish to attempt it. It was mortifying, but it was only what every veteran has experienced.

We retired upon Poagne's artillery, which was in position, with a low temporary breastwork in front, on the summit of the open hill, about two hundred yards in rear of our original line. Here the brigade was halted at once and reformed along the line of the artillery. General Lee and General Hill were here, evidently excited and chagrined. The former expressed himself rather roughly to us, especially to us unfortunate file-closers; but I am not sure but his anger implied a sort of compliment to our past performances. But let that pass.

We were now informed that Lieutenant-General Longstreet was near at hand, with 25,000 fresh men. This was good matter to rally on. We were marched to the plank-road by special order of General Hill; but, just as we were crossing it, we received an order to return to the left. We saw General Longstreet riding down the road towards us, followed by his column of troops. The fire of the enemy, of late rather scattering, now became fierce and incessant, and we could hear a reply to it from our side. Kershaw's South Carolina brigade, of McLaws', afterwards Kershaw's division, had met them. The fire on both sides of the road increased to a continuous roar. Kershaw's brigade was extended across the road, and received the grand charge of the Federals. Members of that brigade have told me that the enemy rushed upon them at the

double-quick, huzzahing loudly. The woods were filled with Confederate fugitives. Three brigades, of Wilcox's division, and all of Heth's, were driven more or less rapidly, crowded together in hopeless disorder, and only to be wondered at, when any of them attempted to make a stand.

Yet Kershaw's brigade bore themselves with illustrious gallantry. Some of the regiments had not only to deploy under fire, but, when they were formed, to force their way through crowds of flying men, and re-establish their line. They met Grant's legions, opened a cool and murderous fire upon them, and continued it so steadily and resolutely that the latter were compelled to give back. Here, I honestly believe, the Army of Northern Virginia was saved! That brigade sustained a heavy loss, beginning with many patient, gallant spirits in the ranks and culminating in Nance, Galliard and Doby.

The bulk of Longstreet's three divisions was now thrown into action. The enemy checked, they charged them, and followed up the advantage, until they drove them far through the wilderness of woods. The principal contest was just along the plank-road. Poagne's artillery, on the left of the road, had a few shots at the enemy, but these soon retired before the well-directed canister. At this place it was that General Lee put himself at the head of a brigade, to lead the charge. He was finally induced to return to the rear, the men imploring him to go back, as they could do all the fighting without him. The charge was gallantly pushed by Longstreet's line, the old ground was retrieved, and the Federals crowded up in most distressing perplexity. General Longstreet was, unfortunately, wounded, just as the tide of victory fairly set in in our favor. Brigadier-General Jenkins, of South Carolina, was killed at the same time.

McGowan's brigade was moved to the left, to the position first occupied by us the evening before, in an open field, about a mile from the road. As we filed out of the woods into this field, our sharpshooters, who were deployed as skirmishers on the right flank, saw and opened upon the skirmishers of the enemy. We were soon fronted and ordered to cross the field and occupy the ridge, some two or three hundred yards distant. We did so, at the

double-quick, cheering as we went. The skirmishers of the enemy gave way at once before us. We halted on the ridge designated, expecting to receive the fire of a Federal line of battle, but they did not advance upon us. A scattering fire was kept up by them from the jungle below, and a few casualties resulted in our ranks, but this seemed quite unimportant after the last eighteen hours' work. We were, after a few minutes, retired a hundred or two hundred yards, where we piled up rails for breastworks, and lay during the remainder of the day.

The firing and cheering continued on the right, in the direction of the plank-road. Both armies were crowding all their energies there. On the left, Ewell was still bending back Grant's right wing, and the firing indicated considerable earnestness on both sides; but the great tumult was along Longstreet's line, and we could see columns of troops moved from Grant's right to re-inforce that point. The artillery posted with us amused themselves by firing into these columns, at long range, and scattering them with shell. We were not disturbed—our position was too strong. It would have been a great relief to chastise somebody in reparation of our morning's misfortune.

We lay quiet for the rest of that day and night. On the afternoon of the next day, the 7th, we were moved to the woods in our front, thereby shortening our line a good deal. There was no fighting, this day, on any part of the line. Fires swept the forests for miles around, obscuring the sun with smoke, and filling the air with stench. We were ordered to erect defences; but we had scarcely begun to collect rails and logs of wood, when we were ordered to desist. At dusk we were ordered to prepare for the march.

We were moved a few hundred yards to the right, and there rested until morning. While we were closing up here, a pace at a time, the grandest vocal exhibition took place that I have ever heard. Far up on the right of the Confederate line a shout was raised. Gradually it was taken up and passed down, until it reached us. We lifted it, as our turn came, and handed it to the left, where it went echoing to the remotest corner of Ewell's corps. This was done once with powerful effect. Then rumors of vari-

ous things, but always speaking of good fortune that had befallen the Confederates, sped along the line with characteristic swiftness. Again the shout arose on the right—again it rushed down upon us from a distance of perhaps two miles—again we caught it and flung it joyously to the left, where it only ceased when the last post had huzzahed. And yet a third time this mighty wave of sound rang along the Confederate lines. The effect was beyond expression. It seemed to fill every heart with new life, to inspire every nerve with might never known before. Men seemed fairly convulsed with the fierce enthusiasm; and I believe that if at that instant the advance of the whole army upon Grant could have been ordered, we should have swept it into the very Rappahannock. As it was, there was a story prevalent, next day, of the stampeding of a Federal corps. I doubt the entire accuracy of the account; but I know that we gathered an immense amount of private plunder on our front.

On the evening of Sunday, the 8th, we set out for Spottsylvania Court House.

The casualties in McGowan's brigade, in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th and 6th, were as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First regiment.....	16	114	7	137
Twelfth regiment...	16	64	22	102
Thirteenth regiment	5	53	5	63
Fourteenth regim't	6	71	8	85
Orr's Rifles.....	12	81	1	94
Aggregate.....	55	383	43	481

Not a few of those reported missing were found, afterwards, to have been either killed, or wounded so badly as not to be able to keep up with the changes of the line on the afternoon of the 5th.

The following officers were killed and wounded: First regiment, none killed; Capt. J. Cox, Capt. J. G. Barnwell, Capt. W. A. Kelly, Lieut. B. S. Howard, Lieut. L. G. Bellott, Lieut. H. C. Heise, wounded. Twelfth regiment, Col. John L. Miller, Lieut. J. R. McKnight, Lieut.

J. A. Garvin, killed; Lieut. Col. E. F. Bookter, Lieut. J. A. Watson, Lieut. J. A. Beard, wounded. Thirteenth regiment, Lieut. S. L. Weir, killed; Capt. A. Copeland, Lieut. J. C. Anderson, wounded. Fourteenth regiment, none killed; Maj. H. H. Harper, Capt. H. P. Griffith, Capt. J. J. McCarley, wounded. Orr's regiment of Rifles, Lieut. B. J. Watkins, Lieut. J. H. Tolar, killed; Capt. R. Junkin, Capt. Jas. Pratt, Lieut. J. H. Robins, Lieut. J. R. Saddler, Lieut. J. B. Means, wounded.

At the Wilderness, Lieut. Col. W. P. Shooter commanded First regiment; Col. J. L. Miller, the Twelfth; Col. B. T. Brockman, the Thirteenth; Col. J. N. Brown, the Fourteenth; Lieut. Col. G. M. Miller, Orr's regiment of Rifles.

COL. JOHN L. MILLER, of the Twelfth regiment, was mortally wounded, on the afternoon of the 5th day of May, by a Minie ball entering his bowels. He survived to reach the field infirmary, but died before the next morning. Col. Miller was a native of York district, South Carolina. He practised law at the county-seat, Yorkville, for several years preceding the war, with success, and was favorably known to the public. In the summer of 1861, he raised a company of infantry, and joined the Twelfth South Carolina regiment, where he rose by gradations to the colonelcy.

He was entirely successful in his military career. He commanded the confidence and respect of officers and men by his courage and conscientiousness, and acquired many friends by his affable and courteous deportment. His gallant regiment added, under his command, to the distinguished reputation it had earned in the arduous and brilliant campaign of 1862. He had commanded it over two years, at the time of his death.

He was a member of the Presbyterian church. He left a wife and several children to lament his loss.

On Sunday afternoon, the 8th of May, we were put in motion. Grant, repulsed with a slaughter, probably unparalleled on this continent, and walled off by intrenchment, had abandoned the design of forcing a passage through the Wilderness, and moved his army in the direction of Spottsylvania Court House. A portion of our

army had followed the same course, on Saturday night, I think.

McGowan's brigade, with the rest of the division, marched to the right, along the line of works, passing over the ground where Hill's and Longstreet's corps fought on the 5th and 6th. The spectacle was most distressing. From a thick wilderness of stunted saplings, unbroken by a hog-path, the place had become a charred, torn, open woods, cut up with numerous narrow wagon-roads. Every tree seemed to be riddled with balls. Small arms, mostly broken or bent, strewed the ground, with every conceivable damaged article of accoutrement or clothing, and graves, filled with the dead of both armies, were fearfully frequent. Horses lay unburied. The stench of burning vegetable matter and clothing, and the gases steaming up through the thin covering of the graves, almost suffocated me in the hot, close air of the forest.

After leaving the arc of breastworks, we pursued a pretty direct course towards Spottsylvania Court House. There was very little water on the way, and the heat was most debilitating.

About sunset, we heard the rattle of musketry in front, and a few discharges of artillery. They announced what seemed to be our continual destiny—battle. It could hardly be called inappropriate work for this region of country; for this was the very valley of the shadow of death: but that did not render the prospect less distasteful. Danger is far less formidable in the bright, open, ventilated field, than in the dark, close wood; and it is the experience of every Confederate soldier that we fought more cheerfully where we could see our enemies, were they never so numerous, than where they could creep upon us and deal their blows invisible.

However, we were not called upon that evening. The firing soon ceased, and we learned, not long after, that Anderson's division (Anderson himself now commanded Longstreet's corps) had surprised a bivouac of the enemy, captured a number of artillery horses, and driven off whatever infantry opposed them, with a loss to themselves scarcely worth mentioning. By this time it was dark. We passed over the scene of action, where all was quiet

now, and bivouacked in the open field. We built great rail-fires, and cooked rations. At daylight, on the 9th, (Monday,) we resumed the march. About noon we heard firing of skirmishers on our left. We were now perhaps two miles from Spottsylvania Court House. The brigade was taken out on the left of the road, and put in column of regiments, with the seeming design of preparation for a move to any quarter; but no attack being made on the troops already in line in front of us, we proceeded after a little while to Spottsylvania. A portion of Kershaw's division had been engaged the day before, and it was said that the bayonet had been used in his brigade; but there was comparative rest now. We passed to about half a mile east of the Court House, were halted, and ordered to throw up such works as we could in front. The neighboring fences were robbed, and the rails piled up before us. Earth was then thrown over these, from the inner side, so that by night we had a pretty good trench and breastwork to cover us. The system of fighting behind fortifications was now established, for it had become as necessary to us as it would formerly have been injurious. We were posted along a ridge of hills, which commanded the open fields for half a mile in front, and therefore felt entirely secure. This was near the extreme right of the Confederate line. Ewell's corps, which lay on the left, was repeatedly attacked at portions of their line, this day; but they always repulsed the enemy.

The 10th we spent on the same ground, undisturbed, and listening to the constantly renewed assaults on Ewell's line. I do not think the Federals ventured on any very desperate dashes, but preferred to keep up a fire from a short distance; but the volleys of musketry were little inferior to those of the Wilderness. We learned that the second corps held its own. In the afternoon, the enemy in our front showed a disposition to advance on us. Their line of battle drove our skirmishers from the bank of the stream, some seven or eight hundred yards in our front, but our artillery opening on them, forced them to return to their former position. Our skirmish was re-established at once. A few shell were thrown at us; but no casualties occurred in this brigade.

On the morning of the 11th, we moved to the left, going a little to the northwest of Spottsylvania, on the road leading to Chancellorsville. Some sharpshooting occurred on the picket line, five hundred yards in our front, on the edge of the woods bounding the field before us. It rained the greater part of the afternoon, and a good deal at night. Here was instituted the custom of keeping one-third of the troops awake all night, and arousing all at three o'clock in the morning—a custom long continued in the campaign of '64, when in the immediate presence of the enemy.

THE 12TH OF MAY broke cool and cloudy. Soon after dawn a fine mist set in, which sometimes increased to a hard shower, but never entirely ceased, for twenty-four hours. McGowan's brigade was moved still farther to the left. Firing could be heard on our left, although, on account of the thick growth and irregular surface of the country, we could not determine where or in what force. We could see the enemy moving troops through a cleared space rather northwest of our position. The skirmishers on both sides fired from time to time. After a while, the artillery between us and the Court House opened on the enemy. They replied; and there was a pretty sharp duel for a time. A battery of theirs, considerably on our left, and, apparently, about a salient in our line, almost enfiladed the works we occupied. But we had good traverses, and there were few, if any, casualties in the brigade. I remember seeing only one man (a North Carolinian who had straggled in among us) struck. He made wry faces and not a little noise, but soon recovered.

About ten o'clock, our brigade was suddenly ordered out of the works, detached from the rest of the division, and marched back from the line, but bearing towards the left. The fields were soft and muddy, the rains quite heavy. Nevertheless, we hurried on, often at the double-quick. Before long, shells passed over our heads, and musketry became plainly audible in front. Our pace was increased to a run. Turning to the right, as we struck an interior line of works, we bore directly for the firing.

We were now along Ewell's line. The shell came thicker and nearer, frequently striking close at our feet, and throwing mud and water high into the air. The rain continued.

As we panted up the way, Maj. Gen. Rodes, of Ewell's corps, walked up to the road-side, and asked what troops we were. "McGowan's South Carolina brigade," was the reply. "There are no better soldiers in the world than these!" cried he to some officers about him. We hurried on, thinking more of him and more of ourselves than ever before.

Reaching the summit of an open hill, where stood a little old house and its surrounding naked orchard, we were fronted and ordered forward on the left of the road. The Twelfth regiment was on the right of our line, then the First, then the Thirteenth, then the Rifles, then the Fourteenth. Now we entered the battle. There were two lines of works before us: the first, or inner line, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards from us, the second, or outer line, perhaps a hundred yards beyond it, and parallel with it. There were troops in the outer line, but in the inner one only what appeared to be masses without organization. The enemy were firing in front of the extreme right of the brigade, and their balls came obliquely down our line; but we could not discover, on account of the woods about the point of firing, under what circumstances the battle was held. There was a good deal of doubt as to how far we should go, or in what direction. At first it was understood that we should throw ourselves into the woods, where the musketry was; but, somehow, this idea changed to the impression that we were to move straight forward—which would bring only about the extreme right regiment to the chief point of attack. The truth is, the road by which we had come was not at all straight, which made the right of the line front much farther north than the rest, and the fire was too hot for us to wait for the long, loose column to close up, so as to make an entirely orderly advance. More than all this, there was a death-struggle ahead, which must be met instantly.

We advanced at the double-quick, cheering loudly, and entered the inner works. Whether by order or tacit understanding, we halted here, except the Twelfth regiment, which was the right of the brigade. That moved at once to the outer line, and threw itself with its wonted impetu-

osity, into the heart of the battle. Let us pause a moment to describe the state of affairs here.

Major General Edward Johnson's division had held the outer line of works on the night of the 11th. These works, at one point of the line, ran out into a sharp salient. This was on a ridge; but before it was a dense pine thicket, up to the very works. About parallel with the works, and varying from thirty to seventy-five yards from them, was a hollow, which the enemy could crawl up without being perceived, and, by lying down just at the crest of the ridge, have almost as secure a place for firing as was afforded by the Confederate works. An attack was apprehended at this weak point, and a large quantity of artillery was placed there, a strong infantry line was put in, powerful protections against small arms, by means of log-piles in front and traverses on the flank, were erected, and, in fine, perfect preparation, it was thought, made to receive the attack. Just at daylight, however, on the 12th, Grant's massed lines flung themselves against the point, swept over the astonished Confederates, captured about twenty pieces of field-artillery, and near two thousand prisoners, (General Johnson among them,) and broke the very keystone of our arch.

An effort was made, as speedily as possible, to recapture the works. The enemy pressed on to the inner line. What troops were sent against them I do not know, except that among them were some of Anderson's old division. General Abner Perrin charged brilliantly with his brigade, beat away the enemy from the interior line, jumped his horse over the works, and was leading the final charge upon the exterior line, when he was shot through and killed. Here the Confederate movement stopped short. Our brigade was sent to General Ewell to carry it through.

The demoralization of the troops that had been about this point was deplorable. They seemed to feel that Grant had all the hosts of hell in assault upon us.

To resume: the brigade advanced upon the works. About the time we reached the inner line, General McGowan was wounded by a Minie ball, in the right arm, and forced to quit the field. Colonel Brockman, senior colonel present, was also wounded, and Colonel J. N. Brown, of the Four-

teenth regiment, assumed command, then or a little later. The four regiments—First, Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Rifles (the Twelfth had passed on to the outer line)—closed up and arranged their lines. Soon the order was given to advance to the outer line. We did so, with a cheer and at the double-quick, plunging through mud knee-deep, and getting in as best we could. Here, however, lay Harris' Mississippi brigade. We were ordered to close to the right. We moved by the flank up the works, under the fatally accurate fire of the enemy, and ranged ourselves along the intrenchment. The sight we encountered was not calculated to encourage us. The trenches, dug on the inner side, were almost filled with water. Dead men lay on the surface of the ground and in the pools of water. The wounded bled and groaned, stretched or huddled in every attitude of pain. The water was crimsoned with blood. Abandoned knapsacks, guns and accoutrements, with ammunition boxes, were scattered all around. In the rear, disabled caissons stood and limbers of guns. The rain poured heavily, and an incessant fire was kept upon us from front and flank. The enemy still held the works on the right of the angle, and fired across the traverses. Nor were these foes easily seen. They barely raised their heads above the logs, at the moment of firing. It was plainly a question of bravery and endurance now.

We entered upon the task with all our might. Some fired at the line lying in front, on the edge of the ridge before described; others kept down the enemy lodged in the traverses on the right. At one or two places, Confederates and Federals were only separated by the works, and the latter not a few times reached their guns over and fired right down upon the heads of the former.

So continued the painfully unvarying battle for perhaps two hours. At the end of that time a rumor arose that the enemy were desirous to come in and surrender. Col. Brown gives the following account of it in his official report:—"About two o'clock, P. M., the firing ceased along the line, and I observed the enemy standing up in our front, their colors flying and arms pointing upward. I called to them to lay down their arms and come in. An officer answered, that he was awaiting our surrender—that

we had raised a white flag, whereupon he had ceased firing. I replied that 'I commanded here; and if any flag was raised it was without authority, and unless he came in, firing would be resumed.' He begged a conference, which was granted, and a subordinate officer advanced near the breastwork and informed me that a white flag was flying on my right. He was informed that unless his commander surrendered, the firing would be continued. He started back to his lines, and, failing to exhibit his flag of truce, was shot down midway between the lines, which were not more than twenty yards apart at this point. The firing again commenced with unabated fury."

Farther on the left of the brigade, where nothing was known of this conference, there was an opinion that the light-colored flag (that of Connecticut, I believe) displayed by the enemy was intended for a truce. A Babel of tongues succeeded—officers ordering the resumption of the firing; men calling out to the Federal line, questioning each other, imploring for the fire to be held and the enemy allowed to come in. To those who reflected a moment, it should have been plain that we were deceiving ourselves. The idea of that solid line of men, with arms in their hands, coming in to surrender to us was preposterous. But a general infatuation prevailed—a silly infatuation, if it had not involved so much. So the two lines stood, bawling, gesticulating, arguing, and what not. At length a gun was fired, perhaps the one Colonel Brown mentions. All of both lines joined in, and the roar of battle was renewed, sounding like pleasant music to many of us now.

The Twelfth regiment suffered most heavily. They entered the point of greatest danger—just at the break—and received a concentrated fire of artillery that crashed through the works, and the fusilade of infantry from the front and across the traverses on the right flank. Men just across the works would, in places, thrust over their pieces and discharge them in their faces. They lost fearfully, but they fought nobly. Sometimes, they would have to give way to the left, but they always rallied and fought at the nearest footing.

The firing was astonishingly accurate all along the line.

No man could raise his shoulders above the works without danger of immediate death. Some of the enemy lay against our works in front. I saw several of them jump over and surrender during relaxations of firing. An ensign of a Federal regiment came right up to us during the "peace negotiations," and demanded our surrender. Lieutenant Carlisle, of the Thirteenth regiment, replied that we would not surrender. Then the ensign insisted that, as he had come under a false impression, he should be allowed to return to his command. Lieutenant Carlisle, pleased with his composure, consented. But, as he went back, a man, from another part of the line, shot him through the face, and he came and jumped over to us.

This was the place to test individual courage. Some ordinarily good soldiers did next to nothing, others excelled themselves. The question became, pretty plainly, whether one was willing to meet death, not merely to run the chances of it. Two men, particularly, attracted my attention. I regret, exceedingly, that I have not been able to ascertain their names, for I am anxious that they should have what little fame may be derived from distinguished mention in these pages.

The first of these belonged, I think, to the Fourteenth regiment. He was a tall, well-formed man, apparently just arrived at maturity. He was a private. He would load his piece with the greatest care, rise to his full height, (which exposed at least half of his person,) and, after a long, steady aim, deliver his fire. Then he would kneel and reload. Sometimes he would aim, but take down his piece and watch again for his mark, then aim again and fire. The balls flew round him like hail, from front and flank. I saw him fire at least a hundred times between noon and dark. Finally, late in the evening, I saw him rise and single out his man, in the grass in front, and draw down upon him. Then, appearing not to be satisfied, he recovered his piece, remaining erect and watching. After, perhaps, half a minute, he raised his rifle and aimed. Just as his finger touched the trigger, I heard the crash of a ball, and, looking at him, saw a stream of blood gush from his left breast. He fell and died without a struggle.

Another soldier, of probably not more than eighteen years, interested me early in the fight. Although scarcely so deliberate as the other, he fired with great perseverance and coolness, until just after the death of the other. He was a handsome boy, tall and slender, with eyes as tender as a woman's, and a smooth, fair cheek, just darkening with the first downy beard. Seeming to be weary, about sunset, he sat down in the cross-trench to rest. He was hardly down, when a ball glanced from a tree and struck him just behind the right ear. He struggled up and shook with a brief convulsion. Some one caught him in his arms. He raised his eyes, with the sweetest, saddest smile I think I ever saw on earth, and died almost on the instant. It was a strange wound. I could see nothing but a small, red blister where the ball struck him.

A lad in Harris's brigade was shot down among us, early in the fight—a little, smooth-faced fellow, very out of place in this carnage. He fell at once in death agonies, but he cried out to his comrades, "Boys, I'm killed; but tell mother I died a Christian!"

Lieutenant-Colonel Shooter, of the First regiment, was shot as we entered the works. Some of his regiment stopped to assist him. But he bade them go forward and leave him, adding, "I know that I am a dead man; but I die with my eyes fixed on victory!"

We lay five or six deep, closing constantly to the right, and thus losing all distinct organization. A good part of Harris's Mississippians were with us. There was no farther cessation of fire after the pause before described. Every now and then a regular volley would be hurled at us from what we supposed a fresh line of Federals, but it would gradually tone down to the slow, particular, fatal firing of a siege. The prisoners, who ran in to us now and then, informed us that Grant's whole energies were directed against this point. They represented the wood on their side as filled with dead, wounded, fighters and skulkers. A Confederate officer, a prisoner among them at the time, has since told me that he saw many thousand troops, in many successive lines, moving against the bloody angle until night. "Whiskey," he added, "was forwarded by the barrel to the front, and provost-guard drove up, with merciless

fidelity, those whom drink failed to bring to the mark." We were told that if we would hold the place till dark we should be relieved. Dark came, but no relief. The water became a deeper crimson; the corpses grew more numerous. Every tree about us, for thirty feet from the ground, was barked by balls. Just before sunset, a tree of six or eight inches diameter, just behind the works, was cut down by the bullets of the enemy. We noticed, at the same time, a large oak hacked and torn in a manner never before seen. Some predicted its fall during the night, but the most of us considered that out of the question. But, about ten o'clock, it did fall forward upon the works, wounding some men and startling a great many more. An officer, who afterwards measured this tree, informed me that it was twenty-two inches in diameter! This was entirely the work of rifle-balls. Midnight came; still no relief, no cessation of the firing. Numbers of the troops sank, overpowered, into the muddy trenches and slept soundly. The rain continued.

Just before daylight, we were ordered, in a whisper, which was passed along the line, to retire slowly and noiselessly from the works. We did so, and either we conducted it so well that the enemy were not aware of the movement, or else, (as I think most likely,) they had become so dispirited by our stubborn resistance of eighteen hours, that they had left only a skirmish line to keep up appearances. At all events, they did not attempt to pursue us. Day dawned as the evacuation was completed. A second line of works, or rather a third, had been thrown up some five hundred yards in our rear, and in this, as we passed over, we found troops of Longstreet's corps, ready for the enemy. They were not called upon to meet him. He entered, but did not hold, the line we had left; much less did he attempt the second one.

We assembled at a short distance from this inner line, and, under command of Col. Brown, of the Fourteenth, went into bivouac about half a mile west of Spottsylvania Court House. The casualties of the brigade were as follows:—

who stopped to assist him, to go on and leave him. He knew he was to die, he said; but he died with his eyes fixed on victory!

Col. Shooter possessed great quickness of perception, clearness of reasoning, and energy of action. With such a mind, and the impetus of an ardent ambition, there can be little doubt that he would have risen to very high distinction both in the army and in civil life. His loss was deeply felt throughout the brigade. We buried him where he fell.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM MAY 12 TO JULY 1, 1864. BATTLES OF JERICHO FORD, RIDDLE'S SHOP, AND ON THE WELDON RAILROAD.

ON the night of the 13th, we were roused, for some reason unknown to us, but were only compelled to sit up and listen to a rambling picket-fire on the outer line. The next day we spent quietly, until late in the afternoon, when we were marched east of the Court House, and halted by a little church that stands perhaps half a mile therefrom. We slept in the rain. On Sunday, 15th, we had divine service in the brigade. The rain continued. We were this day, or the next, again moved to the west side of the Court House, and placed in the works, just at the point we had left to join the battle of the 12th. Here we remained several days, awaiting the movements of the enemy. Our picket line was perhaps three hundred yards in front. We picketed by detail—having about an eighth of the privates on at once, commanded by a captain from the regiments successively, and the detail from each regiment, by a lieutenant, except that regiment which furnished the captain for the whole. The rifle-pits in which the line lay were about ten paces apart, with three or four men in each pit. Usually, one or two men were allowed to sleep in a pit. No sleep was allowed officers.

In the regular line of battle at the works, one-third of the men were required to remain awake all night, and the whole line was aroused at three in the morning. This, as may be supposed, was to prevent any surprise on the part of the enemy. There was scarcely any firing in our immediate front, except on the left of the brigade, where there was pretty sharp practice in an open field. Rations were cooked by details, at the wagon-train, some two miles in our rear, and brought up to us. Corn-bread and bacon was the usual issue, with a small quantity of coffee. We often ate the meat raw, and the bread was little more. The latter was generally sour on the second day, and gave heartburn of the most distressing character—to say nothing of diarrhœa, which we considered as a matter of course.

The next event of any importance occurred on the 19th. Lieut. Gen. Ewell, with a portion of his corps, marched rapidly around the right of the enemy, and attacked his wagon trains. Unfortunately, the roads were so heavy, from the almost continuous rains of a week, that Ewell was able to carry very little artillery, and his men were badly exhausted by the march. However, on the afternoon of the 19th, we heard artillery and musketry on the left, and in front of the Confederate lines. The Light division was immediately ordered to fall in, and, after a few minutes, was set in motion.

Gen. Lee now made his appearance. Thomas's brigade was marched by the flank across the works, and, after it, Scales' brigade. Our skirmishers advanced upon the Federal skirmish line, cheering and firing. The prospect was rather serious. We knew that the enemy had works even superior to our own, and their artillery could rake us in front and on the flank, as we moved on them. The Federal skirmishers ran into their breastworks, shouting back defiance to the Confederates. "Charge your charge!" cried they, feeling perfectly secure. The "charge" was not "charged." Some firing was kept up with small-arms, and the enemy threw a few shell at us, but no farther advance was made on our part. Ewell had now evidently gotten on Grant's flank. The firing was very rapid. McGowan's brigade was only stretched along the works

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towards the left. At dark, all the rest of the division was recalled. The movement was, probably, only intended as a demonstration, to distract the attention of the enemy from Ewell. At night, we were moved still farther to the left, and placed in the new inner line, about in rear of the hard-fought corner of the Twelfth, in place of Ewell's troops. These last came in scatteringly, about midnight, giving every one his own account of their doings. Only one thing was plain, and that was dreadfully plain—the flank movement had failed. I know too little of it to have, much less to express, an opinion. We returned nearly to our last position before daylight, only we were now on the inner, instead of the outer, line. Here we lay during the day and night of the 20th.

On the afternoon of Friday, (21st,) we were moved a little east of the Court House. Soon a sharp fire sprang up in front of the works, then occupied by Anderson's division, and we were ordered across them. There we found a part, or perhaps the whole, of our division. Scales' brigade was already pressing upon the Federal works, hurrahing and firing. The latter replied to them with both musketry and artillery, the benefit of which last extended even to us. What the North Carolina brigade accomplished I do not remember, beyond the driving of the enemy's skirmishers. We were formed in line in their rear, but were carried back to our works about dark, without having been engaged or having suffered any casualties that were reported.

Soon after dark, we were again put in motion, eastward and southward, marching rapidly until about midnight. It was now well understood that Grant had abandoned the direct attack on Spottsylvania, and was continuing the movement by the left flank towards Richmond. At dawn we proceeded southward, marching until we struck the North Anna river, near Noel Station. We crossed by a bridge and bivouacked about a mile from the river. The Fourteenth regiment was sent out on picket at the river, but there was no collision with the enemy. Early on the morning of the 23d, we continued the southeastward movement, covering the march of our corps. But we had not gone more than two or three miles, when we were halted.

Great numbers of wagons and pieces of artillery passed us rapidly. We were next ordered back the route we had just come. On arriving near our last night's bivouac, we were again halted for two or three hours. It was now noon. During this time the rest of the corps artillery and baggage-train passed us. Cavalry reported the advance of the enemy from Jericho Ford, on the North Anna. We were put in line along the Central railroad, and Orr's Rifles sent forward towards the river to meet them. This they did, before long, and retired upon us with a slight loss. Now we were marched along the road pursued by the troops and trains, for the distance of two or three miles. At this point we met Gen. Hill and the rest of our division returning to us. A line was formed across a field, by the roadside, and skirmishers were thrown out; but, after a little, we were again carried back up the road, towards the river. The division, on reaching a point about where I spoke of the line being formed soon after noon, was halted, fronted, dressed, and ordered to throw down the rail fence in front. There was no longer any doubt of battle. It was now about five o'clock. Gen. W. H. Lee, of the cavalry, came up at this time and talked with Gen. Wilcox. I heard the latter question him as to the position and force of the enemy. He replied that there were two good brigades of Federal cavalry just this side of the river, cooking rations and making themselves comfortable. To rout them would be no great work for a division of infantry. The advance was ordered forward almost immediately. Lane's brigade was on the right of the division, then ours, then Thomas's; Scales' was held in reserve, I think. I am not sure of the order of the regiments in our brigade. I know that the Twelfth was on the left, the First next it, the Fourteenth next it, and, I think, the Thirteenth was next, and the Rifles on the extreme right.

We advanced in line, crossing a wheat-field, then a deep cut in the railroad, then a wheat-field, and then struck a body of woods. The edge of this wood ran obliquely to us, which will serve to account for the splitting of our line. The skirmishers in front began firing as the left of the brigade reached the woods. We passed into it, the

Twelfth and First regiments bearing a little to the left, the other three about as much to the right. The three right regiments found the enemy very soon, and a fierce fire was opened on both sides. The Twelfth and First soon reached open ground, and found a strong skirmish line opposed to them. They at once charged these and sent them flying over the hills; but a battery, about five hundred yards distant, opened on them with canister, doing some execution. The two regiments, however, pressed on down the hill after the Federal skirmishers, and up the next. Reaching the summit of this last hill, they found the guns of the enemy between a hundred and fifty and two hundred yards distant, right in their front. It would not have been difficult to capture them by a brisk charge; but Thomas's brigade did not come up, and the connection with the other three regiments of McGowan's brigade was broken by a gap of at least a hundred or more yards. About three hundred men were all the two regiments could number. The enemy's line of battle gave way in great disorder on the left, and could be seen running across the undulating field. Some shooting was directed at them, but the main firing was upon the artillery in front. The latter fought with laudable courage, but the musketry of the two regiments had about silenced them, and a great effort was being made to charge them, when, lo! a sharp flight of balls came down from the right of the little line, and directly a force of Federal infantry was discovered, moving briskly around the flank. It was useless to advance or even to remain where they were, so the Twelfth and First were ordered to retire. They suffered in doing so; for the infantry of the enemy enfiladed them for some space, and when they were out of that, the canister of the artillery poured into them with greater fury than ever. On the border of the woods, Scales' brigade met them and took their places, but no further attempt was made at attack. Heth's division now arrived, but they were only put on the defence.

The right of the brigade did not advance as far as the left. They found a strong body of the enemy opposed to them, and both lines confined themselves to firing until night. They suffered—these three regiments on the right—very much the same hindrances to an advance as the two

on the left. The brigade on their right were unwilling to press the enemy; they were widely separated from the two regiments on the left, and it would therefore be madness for them to plunge into the great host of Federals that swarmed between them and the river. They did not advance as far as the left, and they were, therefore, better able to hold their ground. Their loss was heavy for the numbers engaged.

Colonel Brown, our brigade commander, was captured in attempting to cross the woods from the First regiment to the Fourteenth. The First and Twelfth returned to the railroad just before dark, where they were connected with Thomas's brigade. The other three regiments assembled not long after with them. The movement was a failure. We certainly delayed the advance of that wing of Grant's army, if they designed an advance that evening; but we fell far short of our usual success, and infinitely below the anticipations with which we entered the battle. The truth is, General Lee's scouts had been miserably deceived. Instead of two brigades of cavalry, resting and cooking, there were two corps of infantry between us and the river, perfectly prepared for us! It could hardly be expected that one small division, of four brigades, should rout these!

Soon after dark, the division was moved down the railroad in the direction of Hanover Junction. The sharpshooters of the brigade were thrown out as a picket, on the retirement of the main line, but they were only slightly engaged in skirmish-firing. We moved slowly and tediously, passing nearly the whole night in a march of three or four miles. We halted a little before daylight, perhaps a mile west of Hanover Junction, and cast ourselves on the dusty ground of the fields, utterly exhausted by marching, watching, and fighting. The casualties of the brigade were as follows:—

	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.
First regiment.....	2	16	25	43
Twelfth regiment...	2	21	11	34
Thirteenth regiment	6	38	5	49
Fourteenth regim't	4	37	11	52
Orr's Rifles.....	4	24	5	33
	—		—		—		—
Aggregate.....	18	136	57	211

Several of the men reported missing were never heard from again. We supposed they must have been killed in the retreat from the batteries. We had about a thousand men engaged.

The following casualties occurred among officers: Col. J. N. Brown, commanding brigade, captured. First regiment, none killed; Maj. T. P. Alston, (died subsequently,) Capt. D. P. Gaggans, wounded; Lieut. F. M. Baughman, missing. Twelfth regiment, none killed; Maj. T. F. Clyburne, Lieut. W. H. Rives, wounded. Thirteenth regiment, Lieut. M. C. Barnett, Lieut. C. Caughman, wounded. Fourteenth regiment, Lieut. W. H. Pinson, Lieut. W. F. Durisoe, wounded. Orr's regiment Rifles, Capt. Jas. S. Cothran, Lieut. S. M. Poole, wounded.

The First regiment was commanded by Maj. T. P. Alston; the Twelfth by Maj. T. F. Clyburne; the Thirteenth by Lieut. Col. J. F. Hunt; the Fourteenth by Capt. J. H. Boatwright; Orr's regiment of Rifles by Maj. W. M. Hadden.

Lieut. Col. J. F. Hunt, of the Thirteenth regiment, now took command of the brigade. Our position near Hanover Junction was on the Central railroad. The line of works of the army commenced, perhaps, half a mile south of the railroad, crossed it, and bent round on the northeast of the Junction. The brigade threw up a small embankment during the day of the 24th, and worked that night on a line some fifty or sixty yards farther out. These last were made pretty secure, except against solid shot. The trench was, usually, entirely on the inside, and about three feet deep; the embankment was some two feet high, with a base of from six to eight feet, and a table of from four to six. It was entirely of earth, except the revetement on the inside, which was plank or poles, sustained by stakes sunk into the ground. There was a considerable fusillade and some firing of artillery, on the right of the Confederate line, during the 24th, and a few shells were thrown over us. On the 25th we lay still, without any other event than the artillery fire upon us in the latter part of the afternoon. There were no casualties from this. A few of our sharpshooters, who picketed some

hundreds of yards from us, in the wide field, in our front, were wounded; but there was never any report of the number or their commands. The 26th we spent idly, waiting for the attack.

On the 27th, Grant continuing the left flank movement towards Richmond, we were marched southward, across Little River and the South Anna, until some time after dark. Then we went into bivouac, not far from Kilby's mills, which are some twelve miles from Richmond, and on Stony creek, I think. The next morning, the 28th, we marched to the neighborhood of Atley's station, on the Central railroad. There were cannonading in our front and a pretty constant skirmish-fire, but we were not carried up to the front line. On Sunday, we had divine service, and lay undisturbed until late in the afternoon. Then we marched and countermarched until night; when we were put into a thicket, and allowed to rest. On Monday, 30th, we took position on the Central railroad, about the extreme left of the Confederate line, and fortified. Other portions of the division were sent out once or twice on reconnoissance; but we were undisturbed until the next day, when we were moved farther to the right, and relieved Kershaw's division. There was a good deal of confusion here, marching and countermarching, until at last we were separated from the other brigades of the division, and crammed into a swamp. Skirmishers were firing on the line in front, and occasionally a shell passed over us. One man in the Twelfth regiment was killed during these movements. Finally, however, we were restored to upper air, and ranged on the right of Breckenridge's division. We erected earthworks, and lay still. On Wednesday, June 1, Breckenridge's skirmishers attacked those of the enemy, and we saw an interesting small fight in the open fields, which resulted in the capture of a few Federal prisoners and a right angry cannonade for a short while.

On Wednesday night, Breckenridge's two brigades left the lines, moving towards the right of the army. We stretched out and occupied their ground. On Thursday morning, 2d, we took the march to the right, passing Ewell's line and Anderson's, and halting on the ground of the battle of Cold Harbor. We passed the spot where we had first

tasted the sweets and the bitterness of battle, and the very graves where our dead lay. The war was repeating itself with singular accuracy. By some means, a portion of the brigade became separated from the rest of the division, and filed off from the line of march towards the battle front. There was sharp skirmishing in front, and here I saw the nearest approach to an artillery charge that I have known. But the enthusiasm was wasted. The Federals did not press upon the line. The other brigades of the division, and two or three regiments of McGowan's brigade, continued towards the Chickahominy, at last taking position on the hills occupied by McClellan's army in 1862, and extending to the bank of the river. Scales' brigade had to charge a body of the enemy, in order to secure their position; but there was no opposition offered to our brigade. We were on the extreme right of the army, holding the last shoulder of the ridge that rises from the swamp of the Chickahominy, and erecting our works along McClellan's military road. On Friday, the third, Grant made a furious assault on the Confederate lines, throwing, some persons have said, fourteen lines successively against the front of Breckenridge's division. Whether that be truth or not, no man in the Confederate army can know; but every one who was on that line must know that the Federals stormed with a vigor unequalled even in Grant's previous attacks. The attack was made about half a mile on our left, which rendered it visible from some points about our line, and audible to a far greater distance. The conflict did not last long; but it raged with horrible fierceness while it did continue. Volleys of musketry roared incessantly, cannon thundered with the rapidity of life, and cheers from assailants and assailed rang out above the tumult of arms, wildly and bloodily. At one time, the Federals gained a footing on the works; but fresh troops charged them out, and restored the line. The enemy lost several thousand men in this attempt. Our loss was slight.

The First regiment was sent on a reconnoissance this day, a short distance down the bank of the river, but, finding nothing but cavalry videttes, returned to the lines. Our line was extended farther towards the river, across the bottom, and, in a few days, Heth's division moved to the

right of us, across the river, I think. Our skirmishers practised some sharpshooting with those of the Federals, but no regular collision occurred on our portion of the line.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES CONNOR, of Charleston, was now placed in command of our brigade. He had been a lawyer of high standing in his native city, until the commencement of the war, when he entered the service as a captain, in the Hampton Legion. He became major after the first battle of Manassas, and at the reorganization of the twelve-months troops, in the spring of 1862, was elected colonel of the — North Carolina regiment of infantry. He received a desperate wound in the leg, at the battle of Mechanicsville, which long disabled him entirely for field-service. During this period he was placed on the court-martial of Ewell's corps. But he had shown himself so capable an officer in the field, as well as in the bureau, that he was recommended for, and appointed to, a brigadier-generalcy, in the spring of this year. In General McGowan's absence, he was assigned to our brigade. He proved to be an excellent brigade commander. His discipline was thorough, his management of business good, and his conduct of troops in action remarkably fine. But these things will appear more plainly as we progress.

On Monday morning, the 13th of June, we were moved, with the other brigades of the division, across to the south bank of the Chickahominy, and then marched with great rapidity in the direction of White Oak Swamp. The day was intensely hot, so that it required unusual vigilance in officers, and unusual exertion in the men, to execute the frequently repeated order to close up and keep in four ranks. As it was, a good many straggled. Crossing the York River railroad, we bore almost east, and moved to the vicinity of the battle-ground of Frazier's farm. Our whole army was in motion now, following and opposing Grant's movement towards James river. Matters were approaching a focus, if not a crisis. The two Federal columns—the one under Grant, or, more properly, perhaps, Meade, north of the James; and the other under Butler, south of that river—were converging, while, of a consequence, Lee's army of the north, and Beauregard's army, which had fought Butler at Bermuda Hundreds, south of the James,

were nearing a more perfect junction than had existed between them. The Federal cavalry had that morning attacked and forced back the small force of Confederate cavalry stationed about Riddle's shop, and the Light division was hurried up to stop their progress. Soon after noon, we met squads of cavalry, and not long after we were formed in line and advanced against the enemy. The sharpshooters were deployed in front as skirmishers. These moved forward at once, and we supported them at a distance of perhaps two hundred yards. The sharpshooters behaved with their usual intrepidity, advancing rapidly and in perfect order through the heavy timber, cheering lustily, and driving the Federal dismounted cavalry before them. The enemy had, perhaps, only a good skirmish line here; but, whatever their force, our sharpshooters drove them so easily and continuously that the line-of-battle had only to follow up and keep in readiness to assume their burden of battle. The enemy fired a good deal, but wildly. Their artillery opened on us, after a time, but it effected not more than the small arms. General Connor conducted this advance admirably. He never allowed any undue excitement or any disorder whatever. The pace of the line was at common time, and we were halted every few minutes, so as to dress and correct the smallest irregularity. This would seem no very wonderful thing to a civilian, but an old soldier knows it to be of the last importance to an attacking line, and also knows that it was one of the things least looked after in the Confederate army. We reached a point, late in the afternoon, which was considered sufficiently advanced, and were there halted and directed to fortify. The enemy made no movement against us. Some other troops of our division were more warmly engaged than we, and it was reported, at the time, that Anderson's old division (now under Brig. Gen. Mahone) had captured some Federal artillery. The casualties of our brigade were astonishingly few.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First regiment.....	—	2	—	2
Twelfth regiment...	—	2	—	2
Thirteenth regim't..	—	7	—	7

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Fourteenth regim't..	—	3	—	3
Orr's regim't Rifles	2	9	—	11
	—	—	—	—
Aggregate.....	2	23	—	25

Casualties among officers: Capt. J. H. Allen, Fourteenth regiment, wounded.

The Confederate line was now entirely changed. The army had been withdrawn from Cold Harbor, and extended from the south bank of the Chickahominy, in a southeasterly direction, to about Malvern Hill. On Wednesday, the 15th, our part of the line was advanced a few hundred yards, where we constructed strong field-works, and lay expecting the attack of the enemy. We were not disturbed, however, and thus obtained a little of the repose so much needed by us. Our health was very bad. The constant exposure to sun and rain, the rancid bacon and half-raw corn-bread that were issued us, the filth necessarily accompanying the scarcity of clothing, and the lack of opportunity for bathing or washing our clothes, the vile water of this section of country, the atmosphere scarcely less unwholesome, the want of rest at night, (for we had still to keep one-third always awake at night, and to rouse all at 3 o'clock in the morning,) and, perhaps as much as any of these causes, the constant, excited anxiety, had produced and aggravated diarrhœa, dysentery, dyspepsia, and slow fevers, which were wasting men surely away. Until this campaign, I had enjoyed the highest health, but now, I do not at all exaggerate in saying, that I did not for more than a month know one hour's rest, from heart-burn and other dyspeptic pains. A good many men had to be sent to the hospitals in Richmond, and some we did not and shall not see again.

Early, who had recently been appointed a lieutenant-general, was sent, at this time, to the valley, with Ewell's corps—or, rather, was sent to Lynchburg, to drive back the Federal force there under Hunter. Gen. Ewell, suffering from confirmed ill-health, and perhaps from old wounds, was assigned to the command of the department of Henrico.

On Friday afternoon, the 17th, our division was carried

back from the line of breastworks and marched towards James river. That night, about an hour or two after dark, we bivouacked, and resumed the march at daylight next morning. We went directly to Drury's Bluff, and crossed the James on pontoons. Then the rate of motion was accelerated, and we pressed down the main road to Petersburg. The day was burning hot, and water was so scarce that men fairly fought each other at every well we reached. Every effort was made to keep up the men; but the continuation of such speed, under such a sun, and in the clouds of dust that stifled us, was utterly out of the question to a majority of the division. Regiments melted down to the dimensions of companies, and many companies had hardly a single representative left. A brigade would stretch for miles. For a time, the sound of artillery in the direction of Petersburg gave promise of battle before night, and a sense of duty drove numbers along who were well-nigh exhausted; but, after marching at this racing speed for seven or eight miles, we found ourselves no nearer the firing, and a great deal nearer fainting. Then crowds of the very best soldiers fell out. There was good reason for haste; for Grant had crossed a heavy force over to the south side of the James, and made a determined drive at Petersburg. This morning early, Beauregard had found himself so scantily provided with troops, and so hardly pressed by the enemy, that he had given up the outer line of defence around the city, and retired to the inner works. These were very strong, having been more leisurely and skilfully constructed than the others; but even here there was no possibility of his twelve or fourteen thousand men holding out against Grant's legions. Therefore Lee hurried up the troops from the north side of the James, until it became pretty much a free race for Petersburg. A number of troops had reached Beauregard within two or three hours after his evacuation of the exterior defences; but it seemed that these were far from enough. The artillery maintained a regular, slow fire about Petersburg, and there was about as regular skirmishing along a line that seemed to run parallel with the turnpike, and at some distance east of it. Marks of recent contests were visible on the roadside, and when we reached the point where the turn-

pike crosses the railroad, we found the latter badly torn up by raiders. I could never quite understand the great number of cooking utensils that we saw lying just out of the road. The first body of the brigade which reached the railroad was put on a train of cars and sent to Petersburg. Some shell were thrown at them by the enemy; but they passed over harmless. The rest of the brigade had to march as they could. A number of them did not reach their comrades until late on the following day. Those who were sent on the train arrived in Petersburg before night. Here the citizens—ladies, especially—did the little they could for them, which consisted, principally, in supplying them with fresh cold water. That had become a luxury.

After reaching the city, the troops were marched out to the lines, and placed on the extreme right of the army, the right of our brigade resting near the Weldon railroad. Here, finally, they were allowed to rest themselves. Those who walked throughout this march must have made at least twenty-five miles in the day. The next day was Sunday, the 19th. We were not disturbed, but lay and slept or heard preaching, as we chose. We were in quite an exposed place to the sun, but we managed to construct arbors which afforded some protection. Nor were we disturbed on Monday.

On Tuesday afternoon, we received hurried orders to prepare to move; and, in a few minutes, were formed and marched to and down the Weldon railroad, for perhaps two miles. There we halted, and set about arranging a temporary breastwork. Our division was the only one, as far as I know, which was sent out. It appeared now, that the Federal cavalry had attacked our cavalry which lay east of and parallel with the Weldon road, and had driven them nearly to the road. Some pieces of Pegram's battalion of artillery were with us, and these began to shell the woods in our front. After a little while, we heard that the hostile cavalry were retiring. We set out in pursuit. We marched through the wilderness of woods, almost north, pursuing a course nearly parallel with the general line of defence around Petersburg. Skirmishers preceded us, in line, while we moved by the flank along the narrow road. Just after sunset, when our wonder at not striking

the enemy was at its height, we heard a sharp volley of musketry in front, which sent a pretty good shower of balls whizzing over our heads. There was a little opening here, on the left of the road. Across this we now saw Thomas's brigade advancing in line. The skirmishers in front cheered and fired freely, and the battle seemed to be right at hand. What they had encountered I do not know—dismounted cavalry, I suppose. Thomas's brigade advanced into the woods beyond, and the firing became more rapid; but whether the main line ever became engaged, I cannot tell. We were ordered to lie down in the road, fronting almost at right-angles with the line of Thomas's brigade. The balls of the enemy came over us by spells, sometimes quite thickly; but they were very high. We lay still until dark. Now, it appeared that we had about reached the limit assigned Gen. Wilcox for his movement—the Jerusalem plank-road. At dark, we faced about and returned to our place on the lines near Petersburg. There were no casualties reported in the brigade.

On Wednesday, the 22d, Gen. Mahone, commanding Anderson's old division, made one of the most brilliant strokes of the campaign. Our division was sent to assist him. They pursued almost exactly the same course that we had the day before, only advancing farther, and attacking the enemy. I was on picket that day, in front of the works of the brigade left, so that I could never know the details of the affair. But I may say, generally, that Mahone's division struck the enemy unexpectedly on their left flank, captured a line of works there, and, with them, a goodly number of prisoners—seventeen hundred the accounts stated—besides inflicting a considerable loss upon them in killing and wounding. A portion of the Light division was actively engaged, but our brigade remained in support throughout, lying down when there was firing in front, and making the best of it. From the picket line I could see, across a wide extent of open ground, troops moving and artillery firing. There was a rapid fight, reminding me not a little of some of Jackson's attacks in days gone by. Late in the evening the troops returned.

According to the accounts our sharpshooters gave of the close of this affair, there must have occurred a decidedly

exciting and amusing race for them. They were left behind (in the captured works of the enemy, if I mistake not) to cover the retirement of our main line. The enemy, upon ascertaining their insufficiency, pressed upon them and forced them back; but not being satisfied to have done this, they concluded to cut off and capture the little force. It seems that a road ran near the position of the sharpshooters, into which they must get, in order to make their way back. The enemy knew this, and therefore made a dash to cut them off from this road. Fighting was, of course, not in the rôle of the sharpshooters—they were only left to delay the Federals and keep up appearances. So they set off at a run for the road. It was a furious race, and for some time they were quite doubtful which party would reach the goal first. There was almost a collision at the road. There was no firing, necessarily. They told me they could hear the Federals calling to each other to hurry up and cut off the rebels. Some men said they could hear the former panting as they rushed at them. But the rebels' heels were good, and they carried no weight in the way of baggage. They outran their enemies, and effected a safe retreat. Most of the troops returned across our skirmish line, to the left of us. One little sharpshooter straggled into my line just after dark. He was still panting and laughing. "L—d G—d!" said he, "you ought to see them fat Yankees run. They run arter me, a-hollin' 'Stop, you d——d rebel! Cut off the d——d rebels!' I heerd 'em blow. Says I to myself, 'You too fat, Yankee! You get too much to eat over your side. You don't catch me!' And you ought to 'a seed me as I slid past 'em!"

Our casualties were as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First regiment.....	—	4	2	6
Twelfth regiment.....	2	6	—	8
Thirteenth regiment	1	5	—	6
Fourteenth regiment	1	13	—	14
Orr's Rifles.....	3	12	—	15
Aggregate.....	7	40	2	49

I find, on second examination of this list, 1 casualty was on the 21st, 3 on the 23d, 4 on the 24th, and 3 on the 25th.

Officers' casualties; Lieut. N. R. Bookter, Twelfth regiment, killed; Lieut. J. W. Harrell, Lieut. W. H. Bronson, Fourteenth regiment, wounded.

The Federal line was more than a mile from the works we had heretofore occupied, and by this expedition of Mahone's it was moved still farther. We were the next day carried some distance to the left—a mile at least—and placed where the hostile lines approached more nearly. The change was made in daylight, of which the enemy, very naturally took advantage. They opened some guns at a distance, on the left, which completely enfiladed this portion of the line. A rapid plunge, however, into the works behind the strong traverses, saved us from any casualties.

We were now somewhat upwards of a mile from Petersburg. We were not on a very dangerous part of the line. The division on our left (Bushrod Johnson's) was much nearer the enemy, and under such a constant fire of sharpshooters, that no one could with safety expose himself above the works. Where we were, the enemy's line of battle must have been near a mile distant. Our skirmish-line was about four hundred yards in our front. The Federal skirmishers were three or four hundred yards from them. There was sharp firing between the skirmishers for several days, and some of our men were killed; and once we were subjected to a shelling from the front and the left flank, which threatened to do considerable damage. But we suffered less from the enemy than from the heat, filth, and bad fare. Coffee was, happily, issued to us quite regularly, and in sufficient quantity to allow us two good cups a day. It was of immense service to us.

CHAPTER XIV.

RETURN TO NORTH SIDE OF THE JAMES. BATTLES OF DEEP
BOTTOM AND FUSSEL'S MILLS. JULY 1 TO AUGUST 16.

HETH's division, or a portion of it, had been left on the north side of the James, holding the defences below Chaffin's Bluff. McGowan's brigade and Lane's brigade received orders, on the evening of Wednesday, the 29th of June, or Thursday, the 30th, to march thither and relieve them. Gen. Connor was placed in command of the two brigades, Lieut. Col. J. F. Hunt commanded McGowan's brigade, and Col. J. D. BARRY, of North Carolina, Lane's brigade.

We left the intrenchments just after dark, passed through Petersburg, crossed the Appomattox, and marched up the turnpike towards Richmond. We had, it is true, the advantage of the cooler air of night, but, in all other respects, this march proved fully as uncomfortable as the one we made when first going to Petersburg. It was a dark night, and the road as dusty as possible. Water could scarcely be obtained at all. We were marched as if the salvation of the Confederacy depended on our speedy arrival somewhere north of James river. It was more than men, already exhausted by fatigue and sickness, could stand. The straggling commenced before we were well out of Petersburg, and every mile received a contribution. When we halted, every one stretched himself where he stopped, and sank to sleep. Many would have to be almost lifted upon their feet, to be put on the move again. We even slept walking. Thus we spent the night; and when day dawned, it found a dusty, blear-eyed, straggling column bearing in from the main road, towards Chaffin's Bluff. Here we crossed on the pontoon, and proceeded eastward, towards the works. These we reached, after some three miles' walk. It was now ten or eleven o'clock.

We had marched fourteen or fifteen hours, and must have made thirty miles. Three hundred would be not an unfair estimate of the number of men we carried into the lines. I know that I had seven men, in the company I commanded, and this was about the largest company in my regiment. I noticed one company represented by two men. The whole brigade collected by night!

We occupied the line of breastworks which commenced almost in front of Fort Harrison, and extended in a northerly direction, approaching pretty closely to Malvern Hill. Heth's division set out for Petersburg immediately on our arrival. We were now in General Ewell's department. There was a brigade or two of cavalry on our left, on our right was artillery, manning Fort Harrison, Fort Gilmer, Chaffin's Bluff, and other fortifications about the river; but the only infantry troops on this line, besides our brigade and Lane's, were the Richmond City Battalion and, perhaps, a scattering of valiant Reserves. We kept up a good picket a quarter of a mile or more in front, and occasionally added to the works or to the abatis; but the enemy were at a considerable distance, and gave us no cause of offence for some time. We therefore unbuckled our armor and rested.

The contentment of the troops here was a sad commentary on their previous existence. We had no tents, except the scraps of Yankee flies; we were fed on wretched bacon, wormy peas, and corn-meal, with a *small* sprinkling of coffee; we lacked shoes and clothing; we were exposed to great heat and kept constantly on some sort of duty; yet we constructed arbors of branches, picked blackberries, smoked pipes, (when we had tobacco,) and felt very comfortable indeed. We did not envy the City Battalion their fine clothes; we did not envy the heavy artillery their vegetable gardens or their pig-pens; we did not even envy the boat-hands on the river, who fattened on government bacon; we were perfectly satisfied to be left in the shade for a little while.

In a few days after our arrival here, the First regiment was removed to Fort Harrison, and established as a garrison there. They now felt themselves "fixed." There were houses to live in, and there was no picket to perform.

The City Battalion complained of the arduous service they did in front, and, I am convinced to this day, that they sometimes opened fire at night solely to arouse and alarm the tattered "land-lappers" behind them. But they must have been grievously disappointed to find that the breast-work guard never deemed it worth while to wake their comrades for an ordinary skirmish fire. The First returned to the lines about the 20th of the month. The brigade recuperated a good deal here, during the month of July. A sufficiency of healthy food would have restored them completely; but in spite of the one-third pound of crawling bacon, the pint of corn-meal, and the peas alive with worms, they improved wonderfully, both in mind and body. Their numbers were also increased by the return of recovered sick and wounded. We had about a thousand men, all told.

No event occurred, at all worth relating, until near the close of July. On the 23d, Maj. Gen. Kershaw brought his division from Petersburg, and placed it along the works on our right. It was interesting to see the two South Carolina brigades, Kershaw's and McGowan's, fraternizing with each other. I think both commands were rather desirous of a battle in company. They did not have long to wait.

On the night of Sunday, 24th, orders were received to prepare to march at daylight next morning. It was raining furiously, and continued to do so till sometime next day. At the appointed time, the whole line moved up the works, northward; but, after going a short distance, they were ordered back to their former positions. Kershaw's division, however, moved out again, in the afternoon, and did not return. On Tuesday, there was some shelling done by the enemy, and heavy metal fell a few times about our camp. We were shifted a little along the lines. This day or the next, the Confederates lost four very fine Parrott guns, (24-pounders, I think,) by running them too close upon the enemy.

On the morning of the 28th of July, our brigades were formed, and marched rapidly up the lines, passing Kershaw's division, which lay in trenches from the Williamsburg road to Fussel's mills. Lane's brigade accompanied

us. The Federal batteries shelled slowly at different points of the line. After passing the mills, two or three shell were thrown up the narrow country road by which we marched. One of them passed right up the column of the First regiment, struck at the colors, and exploded. Strange to say, not a limb was broken by it. Very soon, the sound of skirmishing arose in front. We marched rapidly a small distance and formed line, fronting northeast, and towards the Charles City county road. Kershaw's South Carolina brigade was placed on the left of the line, now or soon afterwards. Lane's brigade was on the right of the Confederate line, McGowan's, next to it. I think Kershaw's brigade was not connected with us at this time. The First regiment was on the right of our brigade, the Fourteenth, next it, then Orr's Rifles, then the Thirteenth, then the Twelfth. Gen. Connor commanded the two brigades, our own and Lane's. Lieut. Col. J. F. Hunt, of the Thirteenth regiment, commanded our brigade, having Lieut. J. W. Carlisle, of the Thirteenth, as assistant adjutant-general. The First regiment was commanded by Maj. A. P. Butler, the Twelfth by Capt. R. M. Carr, the Thirteenth by Maj. Wm. Lester, the Fourteenth by Lieut. Col. Edward Croft, Orr's regiment of Rifles, by Maj. W. M. Hadden. We had, perhaps, eight hundred men engaged in the brigade. I have forgotten whether the sharpshooters were left on picket or were thrown out as skirmishers here.

We had to advance through a close mass of wood for the distance of near two hundred yards. We accomplished half of this pretty well, in spite of the firing of skirmishers, of which we, necessarily, came in for a share. But at this point we struck a road which bore sharply to the left. The men would plunge into this at once, losing the touch to the right, ignoring all orders, and crowding up towards the enemy in the densest column I ever saw. Where this road left the woods there was a marsh, very difficult to cross. There was now a wide gap between us and Lane's brigade. His men struggled and delayed a good while with the mud. Ours pressed on, in spite of their disordered line, across the bog, into the cornfield, and opened vigorously as they advanced. The confusion increased, as a matter of course.

Finally, we cleared the corn and mounted an open hill. The enemy fled before us, taking refuge partly on the edge of the opposite farm, (some three hundred yards off,) partly in a strip of wood that ran up, from the north, to the crest of the open ridge we occupied.

The enemy had attempted to use artillery against the left of the brigade. But the Twelfth and Thirteenth regiments charged them so fiercely across the field, that they were forced to fly, leaving one piece in the hands of those two regiments. These kept a good line, and advanced handsomely, carrying things their own way. The Rifles moved with them.

On the right, however, there were considerable difficulties. When Lane's and our brigades both reached the open ground, there was discovered to be a gap of perhaps two hundred yards between us. We were so much farther advanced, (owing, doubtless, to the heavier ground and more obstinate resistance the others had to contend with,) that the enemy on our right fired into our flank, causing the men to huddle more than ever. Lane's brigade, however, charged this obnoxious party, and drove them away. Now was our time to re-form our line. The First and Fourteenth Regiments were so mixed that you could scarcely distinguish them apart. Companies completely assimilated. And we had an excellent opportunity. The enemy had no artillery in position, and could not injure us with small arms, on account of the crest of the hill. Besides, there was a rail fence upon which the most accurate allignment could be made. Yet it was not done. Who was to blame? Nobody, I suppose, as usual.

We were ordered to continue the advance. Let us look over this ground before we enter it. On our left a strip of sapling woods runs, meeting the left of the Fourteenth regiment. It widens as it runs back, but on each side of it is field. The Twelfth and Thirteenth captured their piece in the field on the left. On the right there is open ground for three hundred yards at least, then there is a house and farm-buildings, and, behind that, woods. The enemy are posted in and around that house. To the right of that house, and a hundred yards nearer us than it is, is a spring—a cool one, I judge, from the depth between the

hills, and the great oaks that shade it. From this spring, straight out eastward, runs a strip of heavy timber and a marsh. Between this woody strip and that on our left is an open, clear, smooth descent down the hill we are on, and an ascent up the hill where the farm-house is, of about three hundred yards. The two regiments advanced as well as they could; but they separated, the First bearing too far to the right, towards the spring, the Fourteenth too far to the left, along the woods there. The enemy now fired upon us sharply, wounding and killing some, but generally overshooting. We fired as we advanced. Lane's brigade moved up, but did not connect with us, or even get quite on a line with us. At length the spring is about reached; the open field, by the exertions of a few cool officers and men, is pretty well provided with skirmishers; the Fourteenth is nearly even with the First. But the enemy observe the gap between us and Lane, and dispatch a small body of quick men to it. They strike at once, roll back Lane's men, swing around the right of the First regiment, and, before they can think, have almost cut them off. We have captured many Federal prisoners, with smaller advantages than these; but if victory had become impossible, a retreat might still be effected.

There was a general break. On the extreme right, our men had almost to run over the enemy's line. But, fortunately, it was a thin one—a strong skirmish, probably. Farther on the left, men could rally at intervals and delay the Federals; but so warm was the fire from these, and so strong the conviction of failure, that we gradually gave clear back, across the open field, and into the woods, where our advance commenced. No wonder that Gen. Connor was mortified; no wonder that he sought to stay the movement by himself defying the enemy's line with his pistol. But it was too late. He had two horses shot under him, and was obliged to retire.

Kershaw's brigade had done well since they went in on the left. They struck about the Federal flank, and rolled the troops opposed to them as successfully as our opposers did us. But, after a time, they were instructed to desist. As we came out of the battle, the Eighth regiment of that brigade came in from the left. The firing was not very

warm now. I saw a man shot in the head, a few feet from me, and a ball passed through my oilcloth; but I know of no one else struck there. Still they were too far to the left, fronting as they were, and when they attempted to move up by the flank, the fire of the enemy so much increased that they could hardly be expected to do much. The day was lost, anyhow. The general carelessness of officers, and the excitement and stubbornness of the men, had lost us what should have been a brilliant success. We had surprised the enemy, terrified him, doubled him up in confusion, and yet we failed, because we were so foolish as not to keep a line. I am perfectly willing to take my share of the blame, and therefore I have a right to speak freely. This was the first time I had ever seen cause to be ashamed of the brigade, and, I am glad to say, it was the last.

There was some difficulty about collecting the brigade in the woods. The place was so close and uneven that a man could scarcely be seen thirty yards, and there was no point where one could expect a rally to be made. So a great number of us wandered around hopelessly, losing ourselves every few minutes, and running almost into the Federal cavalry, which took this occasion to ride in every direction. But squads were gradually collected, and from these companies; and soon after a position for the line was determined upon they fell in very properly to their places. The enemy shelled us with considerable precision, but we suffered very few casualties. The new line ran northward from Fussell's Mills, pretty much at right angles with the first one. The enemy's cavalry, in our absence, made a dash at the mills, and were not easily driven off. Men wandered, frequently, between the two lines; and some of them were captured. Sharpshooting was kept up until late in the evening, but there was no further attack made by either party.

The casualties of the brigade were as follows :

	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.
General and staff.....	—	—	1	1
First regiment.....	3	33	23	59
Twelfth regiment.....	1	12	5	18

	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.
Thirteenth regiment.	6	33	3	42
Fourteenth regiment.	8	41	28	77
Orr's Rifles.....	3	34	5	42
Aggregate.....	21	153	65	239

The casualties among officers were: Lieut. G. A. Wardlaw, aide-de-camp, slightly wounded and captured; First regiment, none killed; Capt. J. G. Barnwell, Capt. W. H. Holloway, Capt. W. D. Bush, Lieut. S. S. Owens, Lieut. J. F. J. Caldwell, wounded; Twelfth regiment, Lieut. J. M. Hencken, wounded; Thirteenth regiment, Lieut. — Calhoun, killed; Lieut. W. J. Rook, wounded; Fourteenth regiment, Ensign McClintock, Lieut. M. T. Hutchinson, killed; Captain E. S. Mims, Lieut. W. H. Pinson, wounded; Maj. H. H. Harper, missing; Orr's regiment of Rifles, Maj. W. M. Hadden, killed; Capt. G. W. McKay, Lieut. J. H. Robins, Lieut. J. B. Means, wounded.

This was generally called the battle of Deep Bottom. Whether the force of the enemy (which was said to be a corps) were making a move upon our flank, towards Richmond, or whether they had made, and were about to return from, a merely preparatory reconnoissance, I should think it hard for a Confederate to say; but it is certainly true that we were not annoyed by them any more for several days.

We lost a gallant officer that day—Maj. Hadden, of the Rifle regiment. He had served with us in all our campaigns, and acquired an enviable reputation for all soldierly qualities. He was killed in the very flower of his age; but it somewhat consoled us in our regret to know that he died at the front of battle.

Nothing of importance was done on the 29th. On the 30th, preparations were made for us to return to the south of the James, and we marched nearly to Chaffin's Bluff. But Gen. Ewell (who seems to have had some fondness for us) delayed us until more positive orders should come; and, finally, detained us. We all—Lane's brigade and McGowan's—were kept at Fort Harrison on Sunday, the 31st, and Monday, 1st of August, until near night, when

we returned to our former position in the breastworks in front.

Nothing took place, for several days, beyond the quiet routine of picket duty, company drills, and dress-parades.

About this time, a change was made in the quartermaster's department. Instead of a brigade quartermaster and one quartermaster for each regiment, we were allowed only the brigade quartermaster, who was a major, and two assistants, who were captains. Captains R. E. B. Hewetson and R. L. McCaughrin (formerly quartermasters of the First and Fourteenth regiments) were selected from our five regimental quartermasters to assist Maj. Hammond, the brigade quartermaster. The changes in the commissary department I have described in the history of the year 1863.

There now was really no commissioned officer on the regimental staff, except the adjutant. Commissaries and quartermasters were on the brigade staff, (if they were on any staff strictly military,) and surgeons had long ago set up an establishment of their own, in addition to the perfect independence of the military secured to them by the Richmond authorities. The assistant-surgeon seemed to owe "some slack allegiance" to his regimental commander, but it did not extend very far beyond mere form.

We lay for several days in our old position at the outer works. Butler was at this time busily engaged on the canal which was to cut through Dutch Gap, on the James, and save the Federal gunboats a considerable circumnavigation. An occasional obstacle was thrown in the way by our batteries, but still the work progressed. In the early part of August, an expedition was planned on our part to move in close to the river, near this point, and drive off the Federal gunboats, or sink them, or do them other injury, and put a stop to the canal. The two brigades—Lane's and ours—were, therefore, sent some distance in advance of the fortifications, late in the evening. The City Battalion was there also. We were to fortify during the night, and support the artillery next morning, whose duty it should be to open on and disperse the Federals here. But whether the flag of truce which was sent up the river by the latter, or some other circumstance, inter-

ferred, the design was abandoned, and we returned to camp about sunrise next morning. Sergt. Maj. Hemphill, of the Rifle regiment, has furnished me a list of seven wounded in that regiment, on the 12th, by gunboat shelling.

On the 13th of August, there was some shelling along both lines, and a little skirmishing. The Federal pickets were moved closer to us, and drove in the picket of the brigade on our left. On the 14th, the whole line was moved somewhat to the left and closed up in one rank. This afternoon, skirmishers from Field's division received a strong charge of the enemy, almost in our front, and drove them back. We slept in the rain, expecting a renewal of the attack. There was, also, shelling that day. On the 15th, we were again moved to the right. We spent that day and night without any disturbance.

About sunrise on the 16th, (Tuesday,) we were ordered to prepare to move, and, before many minutes, were put upon the march. Our course was northward, in rear of, and parallel with, the breastworks. The Confederate force along this line now consisted of the two brigades commanded by Gen. Connor, and Field's division,—the latter newly arrived from Petersburg. Field's division was, as I have said, on the north and left of us. We passed behind and around them, so as to take position on their left. As we moved thus, we could hear them engaged, both with artillery and small-arms. We took up the position assigned us, Lane's brigade being next to Field's division, and our brigade next them—the extreme left of the Confederate line. Our sharpshooters were deployed in front as skirmishers, and the main line was ordered to erect defences as rapidly as possible. We were in one rank, loosely dressed. Before long our skirmishers became slightly engaged, and the firing on our right waxed very hot. But, after some fierce volleys there, a comparative silence ensued; and then there came word along the line that the enemy had broken Field's line and captured his works. We were at once ordered out of the intrenchments, put into a rapid march towards the right, in rear of the works, and closed up in two ranks as we moved. Videttes were also thrown out upon the left flank, so as to give notice of the enemy's approach. After a march of

nearly half a mile through the woods, we were fronted and dressed. A few shots were fired in front, and, by some means, two or three of the enemy straggled in to us and gave themselves up. I saw two of our men fire deliberately on two of these, when they first made their appearance, not ten steps distant; but both missed. Of course, we did not know they came as prisoners; for they had arms in their hands.

The order was now given to advance. We did so; but not in the disorderly manner of the 28th of July. Although the woods were thick and rough, the line moved regularly and solidly, and was several times halted and rectified in its smallest irregularities. The enemy now occupied a considerable line of works. These works ran obliquely to our line-of-battle, approaching us much more closely on the left than on the right. As we reached the pine-thicket in which the works lay, the enemy, although we were still invisible to them, opened fire upon us. We replied too soon, no doubt, but, in spite of the fusillade, which soon became universal along both lines, we continued to advance. Our brigade was still the left of the Confederate line. Our left regiment was the Twelfth, next them the Thirteenth, next them the Rifles, next them the Fourteenth, then the First. The guide was right. We advanced slowly.

The Twelfth regiment first struck the works. They plunged at them at once and got in, driving off the enemy immediately before them. But the enemy on their right threw such an enfilade fire along them, that they were forced to withdraw. But they rallied and assailed the works again, but with the same result. Still they rallied on the rest of the brigade and pushed forward with undiminished ardor. The rest of the line, who had farther to go to reach the works, kept moving up gradually. Once the right of the brigade pushed up within twenty steps of the enemy. But the latter met them with unusual composure, firing a murderous volley right in their faces. Stunned and confused with this sudden blow, our line edged back for some paces, still, however, facing their adversaries and returning their fire. The men of the brigade who were shot down by the volley just described now lay between the two fires, some of them calling loudly to their

comrades to make the charge. The whole line on the right had now come up close to the works, firing all the while and keeping most of the enemy hidden. The chief impetus came, at this juncture, from the right, where some of Field's men (Bratton's South Carolina brigade, I think) flung themselves into the works. The enthusiasm seized the whole line. With a yell they dashed against the fortifications, stormed out the dense line crowded there, and killed them by scores as they fled away in irretrievable panic. A good many prisoners fell into our hands, and an amount of plunder unequalled in any battle before or since. There were two lines of Federals in the works, a white line and one of negroes. The enemy's artillery shelled us for a time, but without material effect. They were not able to make any serious attempt towards recapturing the works. Gen. Lee was present at this battle, and reported it as a brilliant victory. We were said to have had 7,000 men engaged, the enemy 35,000!

The strength of McGowan's brigade could hardly have exceeded five hundred men, for we left behind us a picket of at least a hundred men. Our casualties were as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
General staff.....	—	1	—	1
First regiment.....	3	17	—	20
Twelfth regiment...	2	16	8	26
Thirteenth regim't..	5	27	—	32
Fourteenth regim't..	3	21	—	24
Orr's regim't Rifles	—	16	—	16
	—	—	—	—
Aggregate.....	13	98	8	119

The casualties among officers were, Lieut. Col. J. F. Hunt, commanding brigade, wounded. First regiment, Lieut. J. F. J. Caldwell, wounded. Twelfth regiment, Lieut. A. S. Douglass, Lieut. J. W. Hill, wounded. Thirteenth regiment, Capt. W. L. Leitzsey, Lieut. B. F. Neighbors, wounded, (Capt. Leitzsey died in a few days.) Fourteenth regiment, Capt. E. W. Cowan, Capt. — Jordan, wounded. Orr's Rifles, no casualties.

This battle was called by a variety of names, but with us it was most commonly known as the battle of Fussell's Mills,

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN TO PETERSBURG. BATTLES OF REAMS'S STATION
AND JONES'S FARM. EXPEDITION TO JARRETT'S STATION.
FROM AUGUST 16TH, 1864, TO JANUARY 1ST, 1865.

I ENTER upon this chapter with great diffidence. I was wounded on the 16th of August, and did not return to the field until the latter part of November. In that interval were fought the battles of Reams's Station and Jones's farm. I have heard numerous accounts of both, but they have differed so widely in many details of importance, and, indeed, in many cases, have so utterly ignored minutiae, that I can hardly depend upon my information, except for the most general points. Nor have I been able to obtain any official reports relating to either battle. Still, it would not do to leave such a gap as their omission would open, in a history like this, which undertakes to give a connected narrative of the career of the brigade. I therefore hope that the charity of the brigade will be extended to an account, necessarily defective, and to me, who am forced to attempt things out of my observation.

The day after the battle last described, Gen. Hampton, with a good force of cavalry, was sent around the right flank of the enemy in our front. The plan seems to have been, for him to strike the flank and roll up the enemy as much as possible, and for us to advance, at the same time, upon their front.

Gen. Hampton did attack them, and our line made a demonstration against the front; but, for reasons unknown to me, the movement was not pushed. The enemy opened with artillery upon the Confederate line, and replied with small-arms to an advance of our skirmishers. We had a few men wounded; but our operations were stayed before any thing like a regular attack was made.

Our casualties were :

	Killed.		Wounded.		Total.
Fourteenth regiment.....	2	4	6
Orr's regiment of Rifles.....	—	1	1
	—		—		—
Aggregate.....	2	5	7

The line lay quiet for two or three days ; at the end of which time, McGowan's and Lane's brigades were ordered back to Petersburg. Gen. McGowan now returned to us, and assumed command of the brigade. Gen. Connor was temporarily assigned to Lane's brigade. The brigade was placed below Petersburg, on the Weldon railroad, about the extreme right of the Confederate line.

Orders to prepare for the march were received on the morning of the 24th of August, and that afternoon, about two o'clock, the brigade moved out with the rest of the division, except Thomas's brigade. The general direction of the march was that of the Weldon railroad, although by country roads west of it. About night the troops were halted some two miles from Reams's station, on the railroad, and camped until next morning. Rations were cooked here. At eight, A. M., on the following day, the 25th, the brigade was moved up within a mile of the railroad. Here there was a rest of probably two hours. Then a second advance was made, which brought the command within three-fourths of a mile of the railroad. Line of battle was formed. The enemy were posted just at the railroad, in a position of great strength, and defended by a considerable quantity of artillery. The sharpshooters of the brigade were deployed in front as skirmishers. Our artillery and that of the enemy became engaged at an early hour of the day, and continued a fire, rapid and without intermission, until far into the afternoon. The skirmishers also engaged each other about eleven o'clock, and maintained it for several hours. The object of our sharpshooters was, principally, to disable the horses and gunners of the Federal artillery ; and they are said to have succeeded beyond what was expected at the long range of fire. The brigade was almost completely shielded from the Federal shell by an abrupt, thickly wooded hill which rose immediately before it.

During this firing two regiments of the brigade were detached, and sent forward to assist the skirmishers. They were the Thirteenth and Orr's Rifle regiment, as I have been informed.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, some North Carolina troops (of Heth's division, I presume, or else Lane's brigade of our division) made a furious attack on the Federal line on our left, and, after a brief resistance of the latter, broke and captured it. Then, there was a general advance on our part. This brigade moved directly against the strong position before described, on the railroad. There was a bloody resistance to be expected; but so fatal had been the fire of Pegram's battalion of artillery, and so fierce the charge of the North Carolina infantry on our left, that the enemy abandoned hope, broke, and fled, leaving several guns behind them. So hasty, indeed, was their retreat, that our brigade did not reach near enough to open upon them at all. Confederate gunners turned the captured pieces upon the fugitives; but this was the only thing at all like pursuit that was practicable. The brigade halted at the railroad until dark. The enemy did not return, but contented themselves with a rambling shelling. At dark our line was moved some distance back from this position, and bivouacked for the night. A strong picket was established in front; but no further disturbance occurred. The next morning, the brigade marched back to their former position on the Weldon railroad, near Petersburg.

The following were the casualties of the brigade:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First regiment.....	—	1	—	1
Twelfth regiment...	1	3	—	4
Thirteenth regiment	1	11	—	12
Fourteenth regim't	—	—	—	—
Orr's Rifles.....	—	5	—	5
	—	—	—	—
Aggregate.....	2	20	0	22

The casualties among officers were: Capt. F. M. Trimnier, Thirteenth regiment, Lieut. H. Rogers, Orr's Rifles, wounded.

A comparatively idle period followed the battle of Reams's

Station—idle for Lee's army. There was a strong picket maintained about half a mile in front of the main line, and this picket exchanged a good deal of sharpshooting with the enemy; and there was constant work done at the intrenchments, strengthening them; but there were no drills whatever, nor, indeed, anything done in the ordinary routine of camp life.

BATTLE OF JONES'S FARM.—So passed the time until the 30th of September. On the morning of that day, Gen. McGowan received orders to march his brigade to the north side of James river. They accordingly started about nine, A. M., passed through the outskirts of Petersburg, crossed the Appomattox, and proceeded up the turn-pike towards Richmond. But, after marching two or three miles on this road, they were directed to return to their former position on the lines below Petersburg. Having reached the vicinity of what was known in that army as Battery Forty-five, they were halted, and rested for an hour. At about four o'clock, P. M., they were again ordered upon the march; but, this time, in the opposite direction to that pursued in the morning. They were now to move by the Boydton plank-road, which runs in a southerly direction from Petersburg. Upon reaching the crossing of the Church road, about four miles from Petersburg, the line was formed, and placed in an incomplete piece of earthwork, where the regular fortifications were subsequently established. The Jones house, which gave name to the battle, was near this point, and about south of it. The enemy were now advancing rapidly from the Weldon railroad towards the South-side road. The Confederate line was first formed with the view of receiving the attack which, it was quite plain, the Federals designed to make. But before long, it was decided to assume the offensive.

For this purpose McGowan's brigade was marched by the flank across a ravine on the left, or east, of Jones's house, and then deployed into line-of-battle in a pine thicket, just beyond. The Church road (or whatever its name) comes into the Boydton road almost at right angles. It (the Church road) runs right past Jones's house. The enemy held the house, and had some skirmishers advanced beyond it. Lane's brigade was on the right of McGowan's,

the left of the former resting on the Church road, the right of the latter. The order of McGowan's regiments was, First regiment (Col. C. W. McCreary) on the right, the Fourteenth (Lieut. Col. Edward Croft) next it, the Rifles (Col. G. M. Miller) on its left, the Thirteenth (Lieut. Col. William Lester) on its left, and the Twelfth (Col. E. F. Bookter) on its left, constituting the extreme left of the brigade.

In front of the brigade stretched an open field of considerable extent, containing, and reaching some distance behind, the Jones house. The sharpshooters of the brigade, under Capt. Dunlop, had already become warmly engaged before the advance was ordered. The advance being begun, these at once charged the Federal skirmishers about Jones's house, drove them off, and captured thirty-two prisoners. Among them were a major and five other officers. The first Federal line-of-battle at once advanced against the sharpshooters, and forced them back upon the main line. There is no doubt that the movement was to be continued at once against our line-of-battle; but in the brief pause, the order was given to McGowan and Lane to charge them. The two brigades moved forward on the instant, in a style which elicited universal admiration. The Federal line stayed to give them one volley, then fled in the wildest disorder. Now the brigade opened on the demoralized mass, and piled the ground with their bodies. Nor did they stop here. They crossed the open field, and finding a second line drawn up in the pines beyond, threw themselves upon it with even greater force than they had exerted against the first. This line fought obstinately, but it was finally broken and scattered, and scourged across wood and field, clear into the fortifications in its rear. The slaughter was terrific. I can not do better than transcribe the portion of Gen. McGowan's report which relates the remaining events of the battle.*

"Their line was first broken where the road passes out of the fields; and the other portions, right and left, finding the centre broken, finally gave way. The road forked

* This report has come into my hands since writing the first paragraphs of this chapter.

at this point, one branch (the main Church road) turning to the left, and the other leading to the right, towards the Pegram house. Between these roads was a swampy marsh, covered with a thick undergrowth, almost impassable; and the largest portion of the brigade went to the right of this thicket, and crowded in the road leading through the pines on to the Pegram house, in which direction most of the enemy were driven. In this rapid advance over such difficult ground the brigade became a good deal mixed up; but I thought it best not to dampen the ardor of victorious pursuit by stopping to reform. Arriving at some open fields, within five or six hundred yards of the Pegram house, it was perceived that the enemy had placed a battery on a hill near the Pegram house, which poured upon us shell and canister; but we continued to advance, and caused the battery to limber up and retire in haste. One piece, when it passed the gate, struck the post, and came near falling into our hands. From this point the enemy could be distinctly seen, and I sent word to Col. Pegram that I thought he could get a place for a battery, and that it would help us very much. Soon after, I saw a battery pushing in, but, about that time, the enemy opened a heavy fire of musketry upon us, and the battery did not unlimber, but was compelled to withdraw hastily.

"The enemy had taken up a new position, just in rear of the Pegram house and along the elevation upon which it stands, and rapidly formed their line. We had now driven them near a mile, in confusion and rout, and there was considerable disorder in our ranks. The impulse of the first charge had spent itself; we had no supports; both flanks were uncovered; night was approaching; and, therefore, it was impossible to make a fresh charge and carry the position of the Pegram house, which was a strong one, defended, I believe, by overwhelming numbers of fresh troops. The point we had reached, in front of the Pegram house, in the open fields, was, however, held for some time by the advanced portions of the brigade. Col. McCreary reports that, with a part of his regiment and a part of the Fourteenth regiment, he reached, late in the evening, the gate, within fifty yards of the Pegram house, and that portions of the same regiments had taken some of the

enemy's rifle-pits in front of his breastworks, and were exposed, until after dark, to a very severe fire. Finding that no further progress could be made, the advanced portions fell back about dark, and the brigade was reformed along the fence at the farther edge of the pines, where we were still under fire of artillery and musketry, but somewhat protected by an intervening elevation. Here we remained until about 9 o'clock at night, when we were ordered to return to the position from which we had first driven the enemy, and, having formed line-of-battle, bivouacked for the night."

In reference to the proceedings of next day, 1st of October, Gen. McGowan says: "We advanced down the Church road and deployed to the right, connecting with Gen. Lane's brigade, which had advanced down the road leading to the Pegram house. Here my sharpshooters, in connection with those of Gen. Lane, gallantly charged and drove the enemy from their most advanced works, capturing two hundred and forty (240) prisoners, arms, &c."

The brigade was no further engaged this day, but lay in the rain until night. Then it was marched back to its former position near Petersburg.

Our casualties were as follows.

	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.
First regiment.....	2	20	1	23
Twelfth regiment.....	2	18	3	23
Thirteenth regiment	10	24	—	34
Fourteenth regiment	3	30	2	35
Orr's Rifles.....	9	37	1	47
	—		—		—		—
Aggregate.....	26	129	7	162

The casualties among officers were:

First regiment, Lieut. A. F. Miller, killed; Col. C. W. McCreary, Lieut. M. R. Tharin, wounded. Twelfth regiment, Col. E. F. Bookter, killed; Lieut. C. Jones, wounded. Thirteenth regiment, Capt. C. Caughman, Lieut. J. W. Bennett, Lieut. M. Willis, killed; Capt. — Trimmier, Lieut. T. J. Poole, wounded. Fourteenth regiment, Lieut. Edw. Simmons, killed; Lieut. — Steadman wounded.

Orr's regiment of Rifles, Lieut. Huger Rogers, Lieut. J. A. Lewis, Lieut. B. G. Rollison, killed; Capt. Jas. Pratt, Capt. W. H. Holcombe, Lieut. C. G. Wynne, Lieut. A. C. Sinclair, wounded.

COL. EDWIN F. BOOKTER, of the Twelfth regiment, was killed in this battle. He was a native of Richland District, South Carolina, where he planted until the beginning of the war. He was twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age; was a student of South Carolina College, in the class of 1858; and represented his district in the lower house of the State legislature, during the term of 1860 and 1861. At the outbreak of the war, he entered the service of South Carolina, as captain of a company, in Kershaw's regiment of volunteers. His company not transferring itself to the Confederate service, in the spring of 1861 he returned home, raised a second company, and joined the Twelfth regiment of South Carolina volunteers. On the resignation of Col. C. Jones, about the beginning of 1863, he was promoted to the majority of his regiment; on the resignation of Lieut. Col. J. H. Davis, in the autumn of 1863, he became lieutenant-colonel; and, on the death of Col. John L. Miller, in May, 1864, became colonel. He was wounded severely at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; was again wounded, and seriously, at second Manassas, August 29, 1862; was wounded, the third time, (and it was then thought mortally,) at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

The most emphatic praise could scarcely exaggerate his merit as an officer. He was without a superior in drill, discipline, and management in battle; and yet so kind in all his intercourse with men, so upright in all his dealings, that the great respect with which he inspired men seemed to lose itself in the affection which every one soon learned for him. Indeed, he appeared to be one of that rare class who are formed in such perfect harmony with the universe as to be able to discharge the sternest duties of religion and society, and yet to win the love and fellowship of all orders of men. He was brave and resolute, yet amiable and charitable; he was just and exact, yet merciful and liberal; he was temperate and pious, yet the favorite of the people, even the most wicked and abandoned.

The grief at his death was not confined to his own regiment, or to the circle of his associates elsewhere; the whole brigade mourned him as one of brightest hopes blasted by an untimely fate. But we should comfort ourselves with the reflection of Rémusat, on Abelard, that though he suffered, he had glory, and was loved. But he was loved with a nobler affection than even the passion of woman; he enjoyed here a glory brighter than that of philosophers; and death only crowned him with more lofty and enduring honors.

On the 2d of October, the brigade received marching orders. That night, they were carried out to the neighborhood of the battle-field of September 30, and placed northwest of Jones's house. There they lay until morning. Then they were instructed to erect breastworks. This was the origin of the line of fortifications extending from Battery Forty-five to Hatcher's run. No event varied the monotony of intrenching for several days. Pickets were occasionally engaged in sharpshooting. Heth's division threw up a line of breastworks on our right; Lane's brigade extended from our left, towards the already established fortifications of Petersburg.

On the 27th of October, there was a sharp engagement about Hatcher's run, between Mahone's division and a portion of Heth's, on the one side, and a large body of Federal infantry, on the other. McGowan's brigade was not in action, but only moved up and down the works, prepared to defend them from an attack in front. Some shelling occurred, but there were no casualties among us. The enemy were compelled to abandon their design upon our flank, and we returned to camp. After this, we were moved farther to the right, and put in winter quarters just at the works. The order of the regiments was as follows: First regiment, on the right, touching McRea's brigade of Heth's division; next the First was the Twelfth, then the Thirteenth, then the Fourteenth, then Orr's Rifles on the extreme left.

We were employed in strengthening the works in our immediate front, in erecting new ones about two miles southwest of the camp, and in picketing. But I reserve the details of these things for the next chapter, in which I pro-

pose to give an account of the condition of the brigade during this last sad hibernation of the Army of Northern Virginia.

We performed one other expedition before the close of the year. On the night of the 8th of December, the three divisions of A. P. Hill's corps—Mahone's, Heth's and Wilcox's—were marched from their positions along the line down the Boynton plank-road. We moved out soon after dark, and proceeded rapidly to Dinwiddie Court House, which we passed about midnight. A few miles south of that place we went into bivouac and remained until morning. It was now generally known that a body of Federal cavalry and infantry were on a raid somewhere on the line of the Petersburg and Weldon railroad. The infantry force of the enemy was estimated at two corps. We, it seemed, were to thwart them, by either marching around and putting ourselves before them, so as to compel them to attack us or turn back; or else by falling upon them and scattering them. We, therefore, resumed the march at dawn the next morning, and hurried towards Jarrett's Station, on the railroad. The weather was intensely cold, the ground hard frozen, and the heavens dark with clouds portending the additional discomfort of snow or sleet. A number of men barely managed to keep up during the day, and not a few were compelled to fall out and catch up afterwards as best they could. There was no delay during the day, except for a few rests of ten or fifteen minutes duration. Just before dark, it commenced to sleet. At dark we went into bivouac, after the coldest and one of the longest marches we had ever made. The sleet fell heavily, putting out every fire that was not carefully kept, and almost freezing the many who had not close Yankee flies and good blankets. At daylight next morning we were again put upon the march. The cold continued piercing, and, after a time, rain fell on us. About ten o'clock we reached Jarrett's Station. The enemy had been there, and the cannonade we had heard before our arrival, was between the rear of their force and the Confederate cavalry. But we came too late to save the road or to punish its destroyers. The Federals had burned some houses and torn up the track, and retired towards

the lines at Petersburg. We followed on their track, but were not able to overtake them. That night we bivouacked six or seven miles north of Jarrett's Station. It rained heavily, but this did not prevent our half-famished troops from scouring the open fields in search of—persimmons! The few who secured any of these fruits devoured them with avidity. I even had an officer to discourse me enthusiastically, the next morning, on a handful of them that some generous enlisted man had brought him!

Again at dawn we moved forward, bearing rather north-east. But after a march of three or four miles, it was reported that the enemy were entirely out of reach. So we turned back, crossed the railroad at Jarrett's Station, and proceeded towards Petersburg. We bivouacked that night near the Nottoway river, and resumed the march at sunrise the next morning. We camped that night about two miles south of Dinwiddie Court House. The weather remained bitter cold, but this did not prevent some enterprising men from foraging the country. Small quantities of whiskey—generally sorghum—were brought into camp, to the supreme satisfaction of even the most ascetic of us. The next day we returned to our former position on the lines below Petersburg. If it were not telling tales out of school, I should admit that a few persons were drunk this day. But there was no disturbance whatever, except what one or two inebriates made with the frozen ground.

So closed the active operations of the year 1864.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONDITION OF M'GOWAN'S BRIGADE DURING THE WINTER OF 1864-65.

HITHERTO, I have deemed it a sufficient description of the brigade to relate its achievements in battle and its sufferings on the march and in camp, without comment on them, without reference to the Confederacy at large, and with only such mention of the troops about us as was required

to render our position intelligible. Two reasons for this restricted course readily suggest themselves: in the first place, it is unworthy of history to indulge in general eulogium, and not leave to facts the demonstration of what we undertake to show; and in the second place, the times of which I have written were so pregnant with tangible, prominent events, that they carried with them, plainly, the lives and principles of those who acted in them. Now, however, as we approach the last campaign of the Confederate war, we find the circumstances of the South, moral and material, so greatly changed from what they were, even a twelvemonth before, that it is necessary to describe, not only the army of Northern Virginia, but the whole of the Confederacy; not only the actions of our command, but its frame of mind, in order to form any conception whatever of what we were.

In the Trans-Mississippi department, the year 1864 had opened auspiciously for the Confederate arms. The only formidable force of the enemy there had been defeated and demoralized by Kirby Smith, early in the spring, and there seemed, for a time, to be fair prospect of the deliverance of that whole department. But the expedition of Price to Missouri dragged through the summer, and ended without any thing being accomplished, (the borders of the Mississippi were held as firmly as ever by the enemy,) and, finally, the utter hopelessness of assistance from that half of the Confederacy was settled by the refusal (plainly implied, if not spoken in words) of Smith's army to cross the Mississippi and reinforce Hood.

The northern portions of Mississippi and Alabama had been somewhat defended through the brilliant exertions of Forrest, and two or three important raids had been made into Tennessee and Kentucky. But fierce battles with immensely superior numbers, and the various hardships of service, had worn down that general's command to a mere handful, who achieved sufficient in maintaining any hold whatever between the Tennessee river and the Gulf of Mexico.

Joseph E. Johnston had attempted to keep back the army of Sherman in Northern Georgia; but more than double numbers had forced him, despite some of the ablest

management ever known in war, to the gates of Atlanta. Then Hood had been substituted in the command of that army—had been flanked out of Atlanta—had made a desperate rush against Tennessee—had won the dearest victory of the war at Franklin—had been repulsed at Nashville—and had finally fled, with the shadow of an army, to Mississippi. Meanwhile, Sherman, with the bulk of his army, had marched, in almost triumphal procession, clear through the State of Georgia to Savannah, and, not content with that, was moving up through South Carolina.

The whole coast of the Confederacy was blockaded, from the Rio Grande to the Potomac, and much of it was in the possession of the enemy. We held only three ports—Mobile, Charleston, Wilmington. The first and third were closely guarded; the second was securely invested from the sea-side, and was only making herself famous by bravely perishing under the pitiless blows of artillery.

Early's command, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, had utterly failed in its movement against Washington, and, subsequently, had been beaten from Winchester, from Stanton, from Charlottesville even; and now, when it returned to Lee's immediate command, it presented but a spectre of its former self.

Lee's army alone gave any evidence of ability to maintain itself; for these were the veterans who, after successfully resisting the United States armies under McClellan, and Pope, and Burnside, and Hooker, and Meade, had fought Grant and his army of three times our numbers, from the Wilderness, along the extensive arc of Spottsylvania, Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, hedged him off from Richmond, and now held, in the seventh month of siege, a line of nearly forty miles against all his efforts. But while this army had added to its great fame, in the campaign of 1864 it had been fearfully reduced in numbers. It had suffered large casualties in battle, it had been exhausted by toil and want, and it had received no reinforcement worth mention, beyond the ten or twelve thousand men sent to Beauregard, on the south side of the James, in the spring of 1864. Indeed, it had been so trusted and neglected, it had been so called upon to perform so much, and it had so bravely executed its task, that at the

close of this year it did not number sixty thousand men in all arms of the service. Yet we had to hold our forty miles of line against an army of considerably more than a hundred thousand men.

But this conducts us to the saddest feature in the condition of the Confederacy. A majority of the people were wearied out with war, and of those who were still willing that it should be prosecuted, the smallest number were at all willing to contribute their persons or their means. They certainly suffered. The ports were blockaded, so that they could procure most articles of manufacture at only exorbitant prices, and in exceedingly small quantities at that; there was no outlet for cotton, the staple of the country; the currency had become almost worthless; an immense debt had accumulated; the leading men of the nation were in dissension with the government and with each other; the whole world was either avowedly hostile or supremely indifferent. And against this weakened and necessitous people was arrayed a nation who counted over twenty million inhabitants, while we could not pretend to more than seven millions; whose productions were almost entirely sufficient for their wants; who had access to every part of the globe for munitions of war and for troops; who, finally, were terribly united in the determination to subdue us or perish themselves. There is little room for wonder at the decline of ardor under these circumstances. But it did not stop here. The Confederacy was positively demoralized. The people not only did not reinforce us with soldiers, not only did not supply us with decent food and clothing, but they refused us the small comfort which our deeds wrung even from our enemies—admiring and sympathetic words. Instead of cheering the army by allowing troops to visit their homes, we sustained the hearts of the people by sending among them that resolute spirit which had so long withstood the armies of the North. Thousands of citizens went even beyond hopelessness, beyond indifference, and encouraged every shirking of duty in soldiers, encouraged discontent with our leaders, encouraged actual desertion. I heard it frequently remarked in our army, that scarcely a man had deserted but he could be proved to have been urged to it by his family at home. The very

women began to fail us, those women who had blessed our banners when we went forth to battle; who had cheered us with their affection in all our toils; who had tended us when wounded and diseased; who had rewarded us with their favor when we acted well, and incited us to fresh exertion; who had made even death tolerable by the tenderness of their regret, and by the sublimity of the self-denial with which they gave us to our country. The bloodshed had sickened them; their losses and their wants had become irritating to them. They began to complain, they lost heart, and, as a class, they finally sat down and left us to ourselves.

Thus Lee's army stood at the close of the year, with a government unable, and a people unwilling, to sustain it; with the only other army of the Confederacy gradually backing upon it; with the country girdled by a cordon of Federal arms, which rapidly tightened to the essential, strangling gripe; with its own numbers reduced to less than half of the force immediately before it; without enough of the coarsest food and clothing to ward off hunger and cold; with only its glorious memories to cheer it, and these very memories convincing proof of the futility of further resistance. I know no nobler spectacle than this: the little army, hungry and ragged, and wrapped in cheerless snow, standing out yonder, aloof from the dissensions of politicians, aloof from the clamors and tremors of the people, without regret for the past, without fear for the future, facing the world and fate! We were in solemn solitude, and the world might well regard us in an agony of expectation.

Lee's lines extended from the Chickahominy, across James river below Chaffin's bluff, along the outskirts of Petersburg, to a short distance north of Hatcher's run—near forty miles. Estimating the army at sixty thousand men, we should have an average of fifteen hundred men to a mile. Our wings extended somewhat beyond the front of Grant's army; so that we could afford to scatter troops thinly at the extremities, and mass them more closely at such points as were most vital and most threatened. This massing was rendered still more allowable by the nature of the country at some points. North of James river, and

near the river, some eminences so commanded the plain in front, that a few *flèches* and forts sufficed to defend a considerable distance. So, south of Petersburg, Battery Gregg and the Star Battery, together with a large pond of water, saved us several thousand troops. But the average, except just at Petersburg, was about fifteen hundred men to a mile. Gen. Lee commanded the whole army, and remained with us even after being appointed commander-in-chief of all the forces of the Confederacy. Lieut. Gen. Longstreet commanded all the line north of Petersburg, with three divisions of infantry, and perhaps a division of cavalry; Maj. Gen. Gordon, with three infantry divisions, (the remains of Early's command,) held the fortifications about Petersburg, except the space for the greater part of the winter occupied by Bushrod Johnson's division, (in the command of Lieut. Gen. Anderson;) and Lieut. Gen. Hill, with three divisions, held from about two miles south of Petersburg to Hatcher's run. One of these divisions—Mahone's—was camped in the rear of the main line, so that the two remaining ones—Wilcox's and Heth's—occupied perhaps five miles of ground. Heth's division was the extreme right of the army, reaching from Boisseau's house to Hatcher's run. McGowan's brigade was the right of Wilcox's division, and extended from Boisseau's house, leftward beyond Jones's house. Our line was a little closer than a skirmish. The chief occupations of the troops were picketing and building breastworks. The picket line ran about parallel with our works, and on an average of five hundred yards from them. In some places, this line had regular intrenchments, but, as a rule, we had only strong rifle-pits. The pits were about ten paces apart. The picket of the brigade generally consisted of two hundred privates. The detail of each regiment was commanded by a lieutenant, assisted by two non-commissioned officers. A captain, furnished by the regiments successively, commanded the whole detail of the brigade. A field-officer of the division superintended the picket of the whole division. The enemy's picket line varied in distance from ours, but, opposite the right of our brigade picket, was not more than two hundred and fifty yards off. There was no firing between the two lines, and sometimes

the men were allowed to converse with each other, although that was generally forbidden. The Federal line of battle was about a mile in rear of their picket, at this point.

The men were required to keep on their accoutrements and remain in the pits all the time; and at night at least one man in every pit was required to be awake, with his rifle in his hand. As a general rule, a third or a half of the men were allowed to sleep. Officers usually threw their details together, so as to divide the night between them, and get half a night's rest. But there was little rest to be had; for we lay on a perfectly bare ridge swept by every wind, and we could get wood with only the greatest difficulty. Long before the winter passed, we had cut every tree between the picket line and the breastworks, and we had finally to haul wood from a considerable distance in rear of the army. There was a growth of small pines between the greater part of our brigade line and the enemy. These we cut somewhat; but they ran so much nearer the enemy, usually, that we had to manage very carefully to prevent a collision. I remember once taking a party under my command to the very vidette line of the Federals, where we cut wood and carried it off. Occasionally a Federal officer would object to this, and once we were informed that future wood-cutters would be fired upon. Preparations were made by us the next day to test the matter. But the objections were withdrawn, and we had no fight. This picket was very hard duty; for wind, rain, snow, and sleet had to be met without a particle of shelter, and with the scanty supply of wood I have just spoken of. An enlisted man's turn came about every fourth day. I frequently walked the whole night to keep from freezing. The sharpshooters of the brigade performed the brigade picket every third or fourth day, as a rule. These performed the only active service done on the picket line, by several times charging the Federal picket. I have before had occasion to express a high opinion of our sharpshooters, but I am constrained more than ever to do so in this connection. When a few prisoners were wanted, (and they were sometimes our only chance for information of the enemy's movements,) Gen. Wilcox would order one or more of his battalions of sharpshooters to capture some.

I think our battalion generally operated with Lane's battalion. They would move out of our picket line a little before day, creep close to the enemy, form, rush in (generally by the flank) and sweep up and down the works. They always captured some prisoners and a good deal of plunder, and sometimes killed a few of the enemy; but I never heard of a single casualty among them. At dawn they would return to our lines. To execute such a movement as this as often as they did, and never lose a man, is the very best evidence of good drill, good discipline, and courage.

The other important employment of the brigade was intrenching. We not only erected a strong line of works in our front, but we assisted in throwing up powerful field fortifications some two miles below our camp. For nearly two months, a detail, varying from two hundred to three hundred and fifty men, was constantly at work here, except on Sunday, from eight o'clock, A. M., to four, P. M. These works were constructed according to rule—with a ditch in front of six feet depth and eight feet width, whence all the earth for the embankment was thrown; with an embankment of six feet height, twelve feet base, and four feet terre-plain; with a strong, neat revetement, and a banquette tread. These works would conceal troops marching behind them, would afford perfect protection from small-arms and ordinary field-artillery fire, and they could scarcely be stormed, on account of the ditch and the brush abatis in front. This was hard work; for we had to walk at least two miles over ground almost always either shoe-deep in mud or frozen hard and rough, and we had to dig up earth frequently frozen to the depth of a foot, and at other times running streams of water. It was at this work that I had the strongest evidence of the exhaustion of the troops. Some men dug and shovelled well; but the majority, even of those who looked strong and healthy, would pant and grow faint under the labor of half an hour. This was most strikingly the case when our meat ration failed. A pint of corn-meal could hardly keep men hearty in the winter. Each man's turn came every third or fourth day, for this work.

Now we experienced a greater suffering for food and

clothing than we had ever known before. The ration of food professed to be a pound of corn-meal and a third of a pound of bacon. But we received scarcely the full weight of the former, and the latter we had frequently to do without entirely. If I am not mistaken, we had no meat for a whole week, once. The most pitiful shifts were employed to procure us meat. Canned beef, imported from England (!) was issued a few times, and at other times, small bits of poor, blue beef were doled out. Sometimes we had coffee, and now and then a spoonful of sugar. Tobacco, of the worst quality, was issued every month, at the rate of a fourth of a pound to the man. Each officer had one ration given him now, just as enlisted men. Once we had half a gill of whiskey issued to each man. It was amusing, as well as sad, to see the delight of the troops over this drop of comfort. All this time the enemy drank coffee, eat fat, fresh beef and good bread, and drank quantities of whiskey, as their roarings at night testified.

Clothing was sparsely issued, and what we received was coarse and flimsy. I do not remember the issue of a single overcoat, and but a few blankets. Shoes were scarce. More than once a soldier left a bloody track on the frozen picket-line.

We suffered for fire-wood. The growth about the camp, never heavy, was soon consumed by the troops; and for the last two months of our stay here we were obliged to carry logs on our shoulders for the distance of a mile or more, in order to have any fire at all. What we did get was most generally green pine or swamp wood. Gen. McGowan set the wagons of the brigade to hauling wood for us during the latter part of the winter, but the distance of the wood from camp, the roughness of the roads, the small number of wagons we had, and the wretched condition of the teams, prevented us from receiving any thing beyond the merest apology for fuel.

We drilled very little, and what we did was not creditable. The truth is, the men were worn out in mind and in body, and every effort had become painfully irksome.

The unpleasant question of desertion presents itself very naturally in this connection. I am not disposed to shirk it, however, or even to smooth it over. There probably

never was a collection of men numbering as many as a hundred, in which there was not to be found one bad person. How extremely unreasonable then would it be to imagine that every soldier in a brigade could be a hero! We had those who were quite the reverse, I am free to acknowledge. The first desertion I remember was that of a soldier in the First regiment, who was soon followed by another of that regiment. Then nine men of Orr's regiment of Rifles left us. Then one or two men of the Twelfth regiment deserted, one of them one of those two deserters who were convicted at Orange Court House and pardoned. Three or four deserted from the Fourteenth regiment. Finally, twenty-six men of the Thirteenth regiment marched from their post on the picket-line, at a signal. All of these went to the enemy. The last party were fired upon by their comrades, but I do not know whether with any effect. Eleven men of the First regiment quitted the camp in the early part of March, and started for home. But five of them were captured next morning and brought back to us. They were tried before the corps court-martial, sentenced, and four of them shot on the following day. The fifth was respited, on account of his youth and the temptation supposed to have been offered him by the rest. It was a sad spectacle, and its sadness was increased by the fact that one of these four had been an excellent soldier, and bore that day the scars of three wounds received in battle. The whole number of deserters in the brigade reached a hundred and four.

We looked our condition in the face, and we saw that the war was rapidly drawing to an issue more or less disastrous to us. The conviction everywhere prevailed that we could sustain but one more campaign. The most sceptical gave us until October to maintain ourselves; I thought we should see the close about July; others set as early a date as May. We were not confident that the Confederacy would be subjugated, for there was at least a possibility of interference in our behalf by that mysterious Providence we had been taught to trust, or by the almost equally mysterious powers of Europe, which we should have been taught never to trust. But whatever the end was to be, and whether it was to come soon or late, we knew that our duty

was to stand to our arms and fight the battle through. Therefore, though we were cold, and ragged, and hungry; though we were abandoned by that country for which we had suffered so long and so terribly; though thousands of the enemy held high revel before us, waking the echoes far and near with shoutings and the strains of bands and bugles—we lay in grim repose, and expected the renewal of the mortal conflict.

“Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do or die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred !”

CHAPTER XVII.

ACTIVE OPERATIONS UNTIL APRIL 1. 1865.

THE position of the regiments on the line has already been related, but it will bear repeating. The First regiment was on the right, connecting with McRae's brigade, of Heth's division, the Twelfth regiment was on the left of the First, the Thirteenth next it, then the Fourteenth, then Orr's regiment of Rifles. The sharpshooters of the brigade were camped back of the line of works, in rear of the Fourteenth regiment. Brigade headquarters was at Boisseau's house, about three hundred yards in rear of the First regiment. The brigade officers were as follows: Brig. Gen. Samuel McGowan, commanding; Capt. J. W. Riddick, assistant adjutant-general, vice Capt. L. C. Haskell, who was, about the first of the year, transferred to Lieut. Gen. Anderson's staff; Lieut. G. A. Wardlaw, aide-de-camp, (he not being exchanged in time for the campaign, I acted in his stead;) Maj. Harry Hammond, brigade quartermaster, assisted by Capt. R. E. B. Hewetson, and, for a time, by Capt. R. L. McCaughrin; Maj. A. B. Wardlaw, brigade commissary, assisted by Capt. J. B.

Edwards; Lieut. C. G. Thompson, brigade ordnance officer; Dr. T. Evans, brigade surgeon.

The regiments had the following field-officers: First regiment, Col. C. W. McCreary, Lieut. Col. A. P. Butler, Maj. E. D. Brailsford; Twelfth regiment, Lieut. Col. T. F. Clyburne, (Lieut. Col. Clyburne was not promoted to the full colonelcy because disabled, and the senior captain of the regiment was not made major because disabled by wounds;) Thirteenth regiment, Col. J. F. Hunt, Lieut. Col. Wm. Lester, Maj. D. R. Duncan; Fourteenth regiment, Col. J. N. Brown, Lieut. Col. Edward Croft, Maj. H. H. Harper; Orr's regiment of Rifles, Col. G. M. Miller, Lieut. Col. J. T. Robertson, no major, for Capt. Rogers, senior captain, was a prisoner. All the regiments were under the actual command of their colonels,* except the Twelfth regiment, which was commanded by Capt. R. M. Kerr. The Fourteenth regiment was the largest at this time, the Rifles next, the Thirteenth next, the Twelfth next, the First the smallest of all. The whole effective force of the brigade was 1,398 officers and men. Of these about a hundred and twenty-five were sharpshooters.

The first demonstration made by the enemy against our line, in 1865, was on the 5th of February. That day, about noon, the brigade was ordered to prepare for the march, and in an hour afterwards was put in motion. We followed Heth's division, which moved down the works towards Hatcher's run. When we reached about the centre of the camps of Heth's division we were halted, arranged almost as a skirmish line, and held until night. Sharp skirmishing and some cannonading was heard about Hatcher's run. That night we lay in the winter-quarters vacated by Heth's division. During the night Davis's Mississippi brigade returned, and gave us accounts of the firing we had heard. It was a small affair. We returned to camp the next morning.

We lay in our quarters Monday night, 6th, and were again moved to the right on the morning of the 7th. It

* The battalion of sharpshooters was commanded by Capt. W. S. Dunlop, of the Twelfth regiment, and consisted of the remains of the battalion of the last year, with the addition of two non-commissioned officers and seventy-five privates.

now sleeted heavily and the cold was piercing. We heard firing on the right, both of artillery and small arms, during the greater part of the day. We took refuge from the weather in the winter-quarters along the works. There was an important engagement near Hatcher's run. The Federals had established themselves about the stream, and seemed disposed to advance somewhat on the flank of the Confederate main line. Two divisions of Gordon's corps were sent in to drive them back, but upon encountering a large body of the enemy, they were for a time stopped, and finally forced to give way. Brig. Gen. Pegram, commanding one of these divisions, was killed. Mahone's division, under Gen. Finnegan, was now ordered up. These charged the enemy, drove them back to their fortifications, and thus relieved the Confederate line. We returned to our winter-quarters at dark.

Two things occurred about this time which had an evident tendency to demoralize our troops. One of them was the passage of a bill, in Congress, which authorized the raising of negro troops. The matter was left, in great measure, to Gen. Lee's decision, and Gen. Lee consulted the army. Very few of us had any objection to the measure, but it created considerable despondency by showing us how little hope of success was entertained by the Confederate authorities. The other circumstance was the call made upon us for an expression of our sentiments in regard to the war. We had determined to carry on the contest as long as it should be at all possible, and we desired Gen. Lee, the Congress, and the people of the South to know it; and therefore we did not hesitate to publish resolutions of as warlike a tone as the most ultra-secessionist could demand. But we were obliged to feel that that nation was on the point of submission, which required to be sustained in its position by a half-famished, half-naked army of fifty thousand men. The night after the resolutions were adopted, we serenaded Gen. McGowan, who entertained and animated us by a speech of the same tenor.

The picket system was changed about this time, so that a regiment was sent out at a time, instead of details from all the regiments. But we soon returned to the old system of details.

The execution of the deserters, mentioned in the last chapter, took place during this period, but that needs no further description. Drilling was recommenced now. For a time there were two drills a day, sometimes both in the school of the company, sometimes one in the school of the battalion. In the month of March Gen. Lee ordered eight drills a day, twice as great a number as I ever heard of being performed in the army. I believe, however, that we contented ourselves with four. The men called this "a God's plenty," and, barring the profanity, I was entirely of their opinion. We needed drill, certainly, for we had grown careless and inaccurate in a great degree. But we needed it chiefly as a discipline. The war had reached that stage where something more than the internal impulse is required to urge one up to his whole duty. This remark I do not at all restrict to our brigade, for we were, beyond all doubt, as well disciplined as any troops I saw in the Army of Northern Virginia.

The celebrated abortive attempt at peace negotiations occurred now.

On the night of the 24th of March, the brigade received orders to form and be ready to receive an attack at three o'clock the next morning. At the appointed time we were put under arms along the works. Soon afterwards a heavy cannonade was opened about Petersburg, and after that discharges of musketry became audible. The day dawned, but the anticipated attack was not made on us. We were not long in learning that Gen. Lee had advanced a portion of Gordon's corps and a part or all of Bushrod Johnson's division against the enemy's works, opposite the famous crater caused by Grant's mine the summer before. The two lines were very near together at this point, and it was here that there had been a continuous sharpshooting for months. So the Federals were easily surprised. The Confederates drove them from their outer works, captured a fort and several hundred prisoners, and killed and wounded a good number. But our troops would not follow up their advantage and break through the enemy's main-line, as they might easily have done. On the contrary, they remained in the outer works until the enemy opened on them from forts on the flanks, and at the same time sent for-

ward a fresh line to attack them. Thus enfiladed and threatened in front, the Confederates gave back to their former position, with a heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. The orders sent to us probably originated in the expectation that Grant would retort an assault on his lines at one point by an attack on ours at another.

The firing about Petersburg ceased entirely about sunrise, and we were left quiet enough for two or three hours. But about nine o'clock we heard a few discharges of artillery a half mile or more on our right, and after it, an irregular skirmish firing. Before long, we could see the enemy moving troops in that direction and immediately in our front. The brigade was formed along the works at once. The enemy now moved more boldly. We saw several regiments of them pass over the small hills between their picket-line and ours, and halt as they gained the cover of the ridge just out of their picket. It became plain that our pickets were to be charged. They came in regular lines-of-battle; our picket was not quite a skirmish-line. We stood on the works and watched the movement anxiously. But we had not long to wait. The Federals became visible on the ridge, then raised a cheer and poured forward against our skirmishers. We, at the works, raised a shout, and a few of the skirmishers took heart enough from it to reply. They opened fire upon the enemy, many of them shooting into the very faces of the assailants. But it was of no avail. The enemy swarmed up to the rifle-pits, flapping their banners, and cheering and firing, and, in scarcely more time than it has required to describe it, captured the picket-line and swept up and down like a flame. Some men of ours fought till the last, and were shot down at the distance of a few paces; others ran away, but the majority were captured. These were men from another brigade, Thomas's, I believe. Next, more troops advanced against the picket-line in front of the extreme left of our brigade. This was held by details from our brigade. The enemy found more difficulty in breaking this line, but they did it, capturing a few and rolling the remainder back towards the left and rear. The same movement was made upon our right, so that, in the course of an hour, the Confederates lost near two miles of picket-line.

The only gap in this space that I can recall was that made by an eminence in front of McRae's brigade, which McRae's sharpshooters held against every assault.

We had had but two or three pieces of artillery along the whole line of the brigade, until this morning. Then, a field battery was sent to us, and posted near the centre of the brigade. This opened on the enemy, but without any great effect. Our sharpshooters were sent out as skirmishers, and deployed about midway between our breastworks and the enemy—i. e., at a distance of about three hundred yards in our front. They opened a keen fire upon the Federals, which caused them to hug their works with tenacious fidelity. The artillery of the enemy soon opened on us slowly, but without doing further damage to the infantry than knocking down a few of our houses. They, however, threw a shell among the ammunition of our artillery, which exploded one or two shell and killed two men and wounded two or three more. We were not allowed to move. We could only stand and see the effrontery of the enemy, as they took our line under our very noses, and vent our rage by returning, with defiance, their shouts of victory.

But, about three o'clock in the afternoon, two regiments of Thomas's brigade were sent out against the picket line in front of the left of our brigade. They gained some advantage, and might, by a rapid charge, have recovered a good deal of ground. But as they moved just in front of the Jones house, the Federals sent two or three regiments against them. Thomas's men had their line almost at right-angles with the picket line, and, therefore, at right-angles with our breastworks. The enemy, in order to front them, formed their line at right-angles with us. This, of course, enabled our artillery completely to enfilade them. So the enemy fought at great disadvantage, receiving the whole fire of an almost equal force of infantry in front, and the shells of our artillery in flank. They gave back for a time, and one of their regiments ran to the cover of pines behind them. But the reinforcements sent to them, and the example of some of their officers, urged them so strongly forward, that, finally, despite our artillery, they rolled back Thomas's men, and reoccupied the

ground about Jones's house. We were highly incensed; but I do not know that we should find fault with any circumstance except our want of artillery. The enemy set fire to the Jones house, a fine, large residence, and burned it by night.

There was no further event that day. The artillery on both sides fired until dark, and the sharpshooting was continued, laxly, even later, but the position of the two lines remained unchanged. We were once informed (just after Gen. Lee rode along and inspected the line) that we should have to charge and retake the rifle-pits; but it was finally decided to establish a new line about half way between us and the enemy. This was partially done by intrenching during the night.

We kept the troops at the works all night; but there was nothing further done by the enemy. On the next day, Sunday, 26th, the former tranquillity was almost restored. By evening, the sharpshooting pretty much ceased along the line.

Our casualties on these two days, 25th and 26th, were as follows:

	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.
First regiment.....	2	—	8	10
Twelfth regiment...	1	—	5	6
Thirteenth regiment	—	9	12	21
Fourteenth regim't	—	3	1	4
Orr's Rifles.....	—	8	—	8
	—		—		—		—
Aggregate.....	3	20	26	49

I believe that all these casualties were on the picket line. The officers wounded were Capt. Alex. Copeland, Lieuts. ———, and ———, all of the Thirteenth regiment.

A strong guard was posted on the works for the night of the 26th, and we began to think that we might sleep quietly once more. But about nine o'clock we received, at brigade headquarters, an order to send the battalion of sharpshooters to join the sharpshooters of the rest of the division, before daylight in the morning. Capt. Dunlop,

who, it will be remembered, commanded our battalion, accordingly moved out after midnight. We were informed that the corps of division sharpshooters was to charge and recapture a certain portion of our lost picket line. Ten field-pieces were promised us to assist the movement. All the troops were to be under arms at daylight.

As the dawn broke, we heard the familiar rebel cheer some distance beyond the Jones house, on the left, and then a rapid fire of musketry. The sound approached constantly and with increased animation, until it reached almost to the Jones house. Then the shouting ceased, and the firing subsided to slow, monotonous sharpshooting. It remained so foggy till long after sunrise that we could not discover what had been done, further than that some ground had been gained from the enemy. The latter, not long after, sent forward a line from their main breastworks, with the apparent intention of either supporting their picket or retrieving their lost line. This force might be a very large regiment or two or three small ones. Whatever it was, it marched in fine order until it came within fair range of our shell. Then a single gun opened on them, throwing a shell plump to their colors. We saw, one moment, the white smoke of the explosion, and the next, the whole force was scattered over the knolls in most undignified disorder. I never saw them collect, nor was there any farther advance made against our sharpshooters. These last, it afterwards appeared, had struck the enemy's picket about half a mile on the left of the brigade, where it approached the Confederate line too closely, had broken it, and doubled it up as far as was desired, and then remained stationary, establishing a new line, a little in rear of our old skirmish-line. I know of no casualties in our battalion, except one wound. It was admitted to be a very handsome affair.

The sharpshooting now entirely ceased on our part of the line, although the enemy's picket lay in less than three hundred yards of ours, and not more than six hundred yards from our main line of breastworks. The only firing at all on the lines was just about Petersburg, where I heard ordnance officers estimate the daily consumption at thirty-seven thousand cartridges. We lay Monday and Tuesday,

27th and 28th of March, without disturbance. But the storm was evidently about to break upon us. The furious blowing of bugles and beating of drums in the enemy's camp, (which called forth the grim pleasantry of our men, that they had been paid off in drums!) and the increase of tents and fires, especially in the direction of Hatcher's run, convinced us that they had been reinforced, and were preparing for a renewal of active hostilities, while the general movement nearer our lines, added the assurance that a bold assault would be made upon us, and an attempt to completely destroy us.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 29th, we received, at brigade headquarters, orders to prepare for the march, with the additional, unofficial, intimation that our brigade had been selected from Wilcox's division, and McRae's North Carolina brigade, from Heth's division, to represent the corps (now under Maj. Gen. Heth) in some undertaking of whose nature we were not apprised. It was further told us, that we should march by ten o'clock that night, if at all. Every thing was made ready for the move at once. But we were left so quiet until a few minutes before ten, that we at brigade headquarters made down our pallets for sleep. We began to believe that Pickett's division of infantry and a long column of cavalry, which we had seen moving towards Hatcher's run late in the evening, might render our presence unnecessary. But at the time just mentioned, we heard the report of a gun near Petersburg. It was followed by another and another, until a large number of pieces joined in. Small arms now opened, and we could see frequent rockets sent up from both lines. In a few minutes, a courier dashed up to us, at full speed, bearing orders to get in motion at once. It began to rain, and the darkness became profound. We moved out rapidly, and, under directions from Gen. Heth, marched down the Boydton plank-road towards Hatcher's run. After a toilsome march through mud and rain and darkness for three or four miles, we were halted near the banks of that stream, and placed in bivouac until daylight. It continued to rain heavily, so that very few could enjoy the luxury of a sleep. But we piled up great heaps of brush and fired them, and warmed ourselves to some sort of com-

fort. We left our picket, of perhaps one hundred and fifty men, on the former picket line.

30th Soon after daylight, we were moved across Hatcher's run. We found here a continuation of the line of works which formed the defence of Petersburg. They were occupied by troops, but, at intervals, little less than those of skirmishers. The picket line in front were firing, and a few balls fell near us. The troops about here were almost entirely Bushrod Johnson's division. The reinforcement consisted of only McRea's and our brigades. Gen. Lee met us at the breastworks, and rode out to reconnoitre. We were plainly told that it was intended to carry us across the works, and throw us upon the enemy somewhere about the White Oak road forks. But Gen. Lee and his party returned before long, and we were removed still farther to the right, and placed along the works. We now learned that a portion of Johnson's division had attacked the enemy in front of this line the evening before, but had failed to drive them back across Hatcher's run. It continued to rain, and the clouds hung with unusual gloom above us.

At one time we were ordered to the right and out of the works, with the view, I have always thought, of attacking the enemy's left flank; but a report reached us that the latter were advancing upon the works we had just left, which caused our immediate recall. The skirmishing now became warm all along the picket line, some four hundred yards in our front, and at Hatcher's run the volleys were at times almost as fierce as those of battle. Still, the day passed without any material change of the two lines. We were now about a mile and a half south of Hatcher's run, forming a line perpendicular to the general course of the run, and parallel with the South Side railroad, which was perhaps four miles distant from us. McRae's brigade was on our left, troops of Bushrod Johnson's division on our right. It rained all day and the greater part of the night. We kept a strong picket out during the night, and slept in comparative comfort.

The morning of the 21st of March, Friday, broke lowering, and rain fell in small quantities for two or three

hours. About eight or nine o'clock, Gen. McGowan ordered his staff to horse, and directed us to cause the regiment to get under arms. It appeared that our brigade and Gracie's brigade, of Johnson's division, now commanded by Col. ———, of that brigade, were to move out of the works, strike the flank of the enemy, and roll them back across Gravelly run, and even beyond Hatcher's run, if possible. Brig. Gen. Wise, of Johnson's division, was referred to as authority on the topography of the country, and, accordingly, Gen. McGowan consulted him. He gave us a map of the place, by which we learned that the White Oak road, which passed through the works on our right, would bring us to the end of the Federal line. Here we might form at right-angles with their line, attack them in flank, and, pursuing an almost direct southerly route, cross Gravelly run at the distance of a mile from the point of original attack. Hatcher's run ran quite parallel with Gravelly run, and was about a mile north of it here. The course of both streams was southeast. Gen. McGowan was placed in command of the two brigades which constituted the expedition, as senior brigadier.

This gave Col. Brown, of the Fourteenth regiment, command of our brigade. Col. McCreary commanded the First regiment, Capt. Kerr the Twelfth, Col. Hunt the Thirteenth, Lieut. Col. Croft the Fourteenth, and Col. Miller Orr's regiment of Rifles. The battalion of sharpshooters was left on picket.

We moved out of the works partly by the road, partly through the woods, when the road would have brought us into the enemy's view, and, finding Gracie's brigade nearly opposite the end of the Federal line, halted and dressed. Gen. McGowan had, during this time, gone with Gen. Johnson to reconnoitre the Federal position. I joined him, and we soon saw the end of his line and the disposition of it. The point from which we viewed them was that most favorable for attack; for although it was not quite on their flank, it would enable us to strike them at but little more than a right angle; it was within two hundred yards of their line, and a dense body of woods completely covered our approach from the position now occupied by the brigade. The Federal skirmishers lay just before us, in

works formed of rails, and seemed unexpectant of attack. Their line of battle was farther back.

We returned to the two brigades to move them up to the point just described. but, just as they got in motion, a rapid fire of skirmishers sprang up in front, and some cheering. There was no reason to doubt that the enemy were advancing, and there was equally little room to doubt that we should not have time to reach the desired position before being attacked. The two brigades were ordered in at once.

The circumstances were not very favorable. Gracie's brigade had to advance through an open field completely commanded by the enemy's infantry, and we had to pass through a close, tangled mass of woods, where it was scarcely possible to preserve a line. But we moved forward, cheering loudly. McGowan's brigade, it will be remembered, was on the right. Our right regiment was the First, next it was the Twelfth, next it the Thirteenth, then the Fourteenth, then the Rifles. We had, probably, a thousand men in the brigade. We were a good deal delayed in the woods attempting to preserve the line; and this fact, with that of the clear, raking fire upon Hunter's brigade, caused them to sway rather awkwardly for a few minutes. But we drove through the woods, moved upon the Federal skirmishers, broke and routed them, and, swinging round the right of the brigade, so as to enfilade the Federal line, poured such volleys of musketry along their ranks as speedily set them flying along the whole line confronting Gracie's brigade. The sun now burst forth with splendor, and seemed to lend us his auspices. We cheered continuously, and followed up the retreating enemy, firing the most accurate volleys, and preserving the most perfect order I ever witnessed in a charge. It need not be understood that the enemy fled and gave us an open field. On the contrary, they contested almost every foot of ground, by either sending in new troops or falling back a space and rallying to fresh resistance. But they wasted many a life in the effort to check us. They might oppose some effectual barrier to the unaided advance of the left of the Confederate force, but soon the right of our brigade would swing upon the flank and roll them back with slaughter.

Sometimes a hill-side or a thicket would deceive the enemy into making an obstinate stand, but when we broke them, they left men enough to mark their line. I have no idea that the brigade ever killed more men, even in the most sanguinary engagements, than it did this day. Our loss was slight, the furious volleys of the enemy generally passing overhead.

So we continued to move, driving every thing before us, shooting large numbers of men, yet never hurrying beyond common time, and maintaining an alignment that would have reflected credit on us at drill. We had no provost-guard by which to force reluctant men to duty, but every one appeared to so fully appreciate his duty, and so enjoy our success, that there was no lagging and no half-performed service. The advance was kept up for about a mile, across a broken country of fields, pine-thickets and marshes, until we had pressed back a whole corps of the enemy upon Gravelly run. We had achieved a brilliant success, not only in the rout of such greatly superior numbers, but also in the manner of performance. When we reached the last position of the enemy at Gravelly run, we found them posted on a hill whose sides were tangled and precipitous, and between which and us opened a ravine of considerable depth and unsafe footing. This ground was all raked by the fire of the enemy, who, moreover, had thrown before themselves a good protection of rails and logs. In addition to all this we were greatly fatigued, and our ammunition was about exhausted. The two brigades were therefore halted, in order to hold the enemy until we could be supplied with ammunition, and until reinforcements could reach us. The ammunition was obtained in good quantity, by sending details to the rear to ordnance-wagons which we had had brought out of the works; but the reinforcements existed only in our imaginations or on the tongues of pious defrauders. We were told that a second line would soon relieve us, and, when that promise was not fulfilled, we received assurance that at least a brigade of cavalry would be sent upon the enemy's flank. Even this was not done.

We lay on the opposite side of the ravine, firing continuously upon the enemy for, perhaps, an hour. They, in

the mean time, brought forward fresh troops—said to be a corps—and dashed them against us both in front and on the flank. We withstood them for a time, but, at last, were slowly retired. Hunton's brigade, of Pickett's division, was sent in and took such position that, in retiring, we found them immediately on our left. I am not able to say how they were brought upon the line, for we found them as we commenced the backward movement.

They assailed with no little impetuosity, but the cool firing of our line, as it gave gradually back, checked their ardor and forced them to move cautiously. Twice we formed and dressed our line, but twice we were found to be so unequal to the long, heavy lines of the Federals, that we were carried nearer the original base of operations. At length we reached the line occupied by the Federal skirmishers in the morning. It was now about 3 o'clock P. M. We formed along the rail-piles, threw out skirmishers in front and upon the flank, and prepared to make a last effort. It was a bold idea, for the whole Confederate line now hardly exceeded a thousand muskets; we were all completely exhausted with, perhaps, five hours' work; and we had not a piece of artillery. That, by the way, constituted the chief peculiarity of the whole battle. The Confederates did not fire a gun on the attacking line, and the Federals threw only a few shell into us while we stood on the banks of Gravelly run.

The Federals advanced steadily, struck Hunton's brigade, broke and drove it pell-mell across the open field, stormed against our front, and, at the same time, attempted to intercept us on the left. There was but one course left for us. We retired to the works. So we ended where we began, but with the exception that we had added to our reputation by as nearly as possible achieving an impossible task, and that we had inflicted on the enemy a loss, probably, five times as great as our own. If my word should be doubted in regard to the first fact—i. e., that we acquired reputation by this battle—because opposed to appearances, I think it will be sufficient to repeat Gen. Lee's words to Gen. McGowan, on the following day: "Gen. McGowan," said he, "I congratulate you on the gallant conduct of your brigade yesterday." Gen. Lee, I may add, was

present at the close of the battle, and used his own personal exertions to stay the progress of the enemy.

On returning to the works, we took position on the extreme right of the Confederate line of infantry, our right resting on a mill-pond, whose name and the name of the small stream which supplied it I have forgotten. We threw out a picket line some three hundred yards in front, and then reposed ourselves after the day's toil and danger.

The following were the casualties of the brigade :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First regiment.....	—	—
Twelfth regiment.....	1	16
Thirteenth regiment	3	12
Fourteenth regiment	—	—
Orr's Rifles.....	4	22
	—	—
Aggregate.....	8	50

The following officers were killed and wounded: First regiment, Col. C. W. McCreary, killed, Capt. D. P. Goggans, wounded; Twelfth regiment, no casualties; Thirteenth regiment, Capt. F. Trimmier and Lieut. J. S. Bowers, wounded—the latter, mortally; Fourteenth regiment, Lieut. Col. Edward Croft, Lieut. J. R. Courtenay, wounded—Lieut. Courtenay died, subsequently, at Farmville, Va.; Orr's Rifles, Lieut. — George, wounded.

COL. C. W. McCREARY, of the First regiment, was shot through the lungs this day, just as we began retiring before the enemy. He was carried back, on a litter, to the breastworks, but expired on arriving there.

He was a native of Barnwell District, South Carolina, a graduate of the State Military Academy, and, at the beginning of the war, an instructor in the military academy at Aiken, S. C. He entered the service as captain of a company, in Gregg's war regiment, in the summer of 1861. In 1862, he was promoted to the majority of that regiment. Early in 1864 he was, in consequence of the resignation of Col. Hamilton, and the retirement of Lieut. Col. McCrady, raised to the colonelcy. He was present in a

majority of the battles of the brigade, and had been twice wounded.

He was one of the very first regimental commanders the brigade ever had. His discipline was good, his drill better than almost any known to us, and his management in action certainly as fine as I ever saw. Indeed, we had but two colonels during our whole service who effected as much in battle as he. His person was commanding, his voice loud and clear, his movements all rapid, yet steady; so that the example he invariably set of gallantry and resolution, as invariably carried along his command in an irresistible current. He commanded the First regiment in five pitched battles, and in every one added largely to an already distinguished reputation.

He died as he had lived—at his post, and without a murmur.

His age could not have exceeded twenty-eight years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATTLE OF SUTHERLAND'S STATION AND THE RETREAT OF THE ARMY.

WE threw out a strong picket some three hundred yards in our front, and betook ourselves to sleep. We were not disturbed until some time during the morning of Saturday, the 1st of April. Then the brigade was formed, and marched across the works towards the point where we attacked the enemy the day before. A portion of the First regiment preceded us, as skirmishers, through the woods which divided our line from that of the Federals. Reaching the road, before described as that from which our advance started on Friday, and which commanded, at many points, a good view of the Federal skirmish line, we were surprised to find none of the enemy in sight. The whole of the First regiment was now sent forward to reconnoitre; but they found the line deserted to about the place where our advance ended the day before. We (i. e.

the regiments of the brigade) were moved off towards Dinwiddie Court House, apparently under directions from Lieut. Gen. Anderson. But after marching half a mile or more, we were carried back into the breastworks, and placed on the left of Johnson's division, at the same spot we had occupied before the battle. This line south of Hatcher's run was now occupied by Bushrod Johnson's division, two brigades of Wilcox's division, (McGowan's and Scales'), and two brigades of Heth's division, (McRae's and Cook's.) If there were any other troops with us, I do not know it. The whole of the First regiment, the whole of the sharpshooters, and a greater part, if not all, of the Twelfth regiment, were kept on picket from about noon or a little later. We were not much disturbed this day, directly; for the enemy only ventured to sharpshoot irregularly with the picket in front of the left of the brigade. But the slow firing along the line between us and Petersburg gave evidence of the enemy's design to attack, and the muffled roar of artillery and musketry which reached us from the direction of Dinwiddie Court House assured us that Pickett's division was already engaged in murderous battle. It was a bright, warm, idle day, I remember—just the calm that proverbially foreruns the storm.

As the night approached, the enemy showed a disposition to push upon our picket, and the discharges along the two lines became far more rapid and continuous. By the time dark fell, there was an almost incessant rattle. Gen. Heth, who had commanded the four brigades from Hill's corps, left us, at dark, to go towards Petersburg, and placed Gen. McGowan in command of the three brigades—his own, McRae's, and Scales'. I presume that Col. Brown, of the Fourteenth regiment, assumed command of our brigade; but my recollection is, that it devolved upon Col. Miller, of the Rifles.

Not long after dark, we perceived a great stir among the troops of Johnson's division, which were next us on the right. On inquiring the cause, we heard that they had been ordered to quit the works, and that they were already beginning to move to the rear, in the direction of the South Side railroad. Their pickets were withdrawn at the same time; which left not only the flank of our line

exposed, but left the front of at least a third of the brigade entirely open—Johnson's picket having covered part of our right front. I sent to Gen. Johnson, to state our circumstances and to inquire the cause of these things. He replied, by saying, that he could not tell any thing more than that he had been ordered to carry his whole division, at once, to some point, whose name I have forgotten, but which, I think, was about the South Side railroad, and on our right. He could only obey orders, of course. One of his staff informed me that the Confederate force near Dinwiddie Court House had been defeated during the day, with immense loss, and that Johnson's division was called for thus hastily to save the South Side road. I returned to our works, and attempted to establish a cavalry company on the abandoned portion of the picket line. While moving out to the picket line, I met a detail coming from the left, which I found to be a portion of the First regiment, who had been left far on the right, on the line of last night's picket, but who, on the evacuation of the line between them and us, had returned to connect with us. We now became aware of lights in our front, and a number of voices in conversation. We examined more closely, and found that the enemy had run a line of men into the Confederate picket line as soon as it was vacated by Johnson's troops, and these were they who now chopped wood and built fires, and chatted as freely as if there had been no enemy near. My first impulse was to charge them, and I have frequently regretted that I did not do so; but our little force at this point was hardly to be expected to effect much against their strong skirmish. I therefore only deployed the infantry detail about seventy-five yards from the enemy, so as to hold them in check until we could put a stronger line between us. Just as I entered the breastworks, however, the enemy became aware of the little picket, and poured a rapid volley into them, driving them back to the works, and for a time persuading us that an assault was to be made on our main line. The firing now increased all along the line. At several points, opposite the left of the brigade, the enemy charged our picket, and at one or two places effected a lodgment. But our troops fought them with commendable resolution, never yielding

any great length of the line to them, and sometimes recovering positions from them. We stretched our main line to the right, took a portion of the sharpshooters from the picket and placed them on the extreme right, threw out videttes at points where the enemy lay nearest us, and thus prepared to hold our position.

The night was extremely dark and still, so that we could see the flashes of musketry for a great distance, and could hear the roar that rang along the line for miles. But however unpleasant our situation, we soon ascertained that there was another point, or several other points, where the conflict raged in earnest. Several miles on our left, and rather than half-way to Petersburg, the volleys of musketry were furiously fast and concentrated. They were not continuous, like our slow fire, but they would break out in an instant, with a fierce roar of small arms, accompanied by a rapid discharge of artillery, then melt away almost to a complete calm, then reopen with the former violence—so alternating between the two extremes as to give us assurance of no ordinary struggle. Every old soldier recognized the firings as the accompaniments of charges. We were not surprised. Hundreds of men in our army had predicted, long ago, that Grant would continue to stretch, until he forced us to draw out our line as thin as a skirmish, and then storm some point with massed columns. Men listened to these charges, and, although they said little, seemed to feel that the end was drawing near.

So the night passed, in watching, in closing to the right or the left, in listening to the great roll of musketry that swept for miles along the line, and was returned to us in horrible echoes from a hundred forests. When day dawned we were exhausted by waking and anxiety, and every pale face appeared to ask, "What next?" It was difficult to tell where the enemy were. At one time our artillery was about to open on the portion of woods and abatis unpicketed in our front, from the belief that they lurked around our very works; but, after a time, we learned that they were not so near, and the action was deferred.

Soon after sunrise, I found myself so exhausted by the exercise and sleeplessness of the past forty-eight hours that I lay down at the works, in the hopes of snatching a

few moments' repose. I was aroused almost at once by the noise of men donning their knapsacks, arms and accoutrements, and moving to the right. But I did not rise, knowing it would require some time to close up so thin a line as ours. Directly McRae's brigade began passing. An officer among them, of my acquaintance, called to me, saying that I would do better to get in motion than to remain here. Still I concluded to rest a little, my horse would carry me up to the right in a very few minutes. In a few minutes I was startled from my half-sleep by the change from noise and hurry to profound silence. I rose and looked to the right. The left of the line was a hundred yards or more from me. I looked to the left; there was not a man in sight. I knew that the fate of Petersburg was sealed.

I rode rapidly up the line. We were now in regular order of battle. I had scarcely passed the left of our troops, when the enemy, crowding forward with the evident intention of routing the remains of this portion of the Confederate force, opened upon us. But they committed a great mistake in being so precipitate. We were right at the works and perfectly prepared for such an event. We returned the fire on the spot, with a unanimity and an accuracy that beat them clear off the field, and secured us from molestation for at least a little while. Then we moved rapidly forward, passed out of the line of works, crossed Hatcher's run, and bore northwest, in the direction of Sutherland's Station, on the South Side railroad. Artillery and ordnance wagons hurried along the same route with their customary noise, and with more than their customary celerity.

After a march of about three miles we came in sight of the railroad. The enemy, following us with energy, now opened with artillery upon the rear of the Confederate column, and a few pieces of the latter replied to them. It was evident that we must give them battle. The trains of wagons and artillery were hurried up past us, and Gen. Heth selected a line of defence. This line ran, for nearly half its length, just on the edge of a highway, and, for its whole length, was almost parallel with the South Side railroad. The right of the Confederate line rested by a large

house on the west of the road by which we came; our left against a country church, whose name I have forgotten. The railroad was a hundred yards in rear of the left of the line, and passed through a deep cut here. We were on the summit of a perfectly smooth, open ridge, which commanded the slope towards our enemy for six or eight hundred yards. At about that distance ran a small stream and a ravine. Beyond the ravine rose a ridge, similar to the one we occupied, but covered partly with large oaks, partly with pines.

I am not informed of the presence of more than four brigades on our line—Cook's, Scales', McRae's, McGowan's. We were allowed a few pieces of artillery, principally on the flanks and near the centre of the line. Gen. Heth received an order to return to Petersburg, and take command of Hill's corps or some portion of it; so he left us while we formed the line, placing Gen. McGowan in command. But upon its appearing that Gen. Cook was here, the command devolved on him as senior brigadier-general. We formed a straight line, and fortified with rails from the neighboring fences. We had lost a good many men on the picket-line beyond Hatcher's run, so that, including all who straggled up to us either on the march or after the establishment of the line, we certainly had not more than four thousand troops, and probably not so many. Our brigade could number about a thousand. We were the extreme left of the line, our left resting on the church I have already mentioned. The Thirteenth regiment was our right regiment, the First next it, the Fourteenth next it, the Twelfth next it, the Rifles on the extreme left. Gen. McGowan commanded the brigade, and took position on the line, near the right of the brigade. Maj. E. D. Brailsford commanded the First regiment, Capt. R. M. Kerr the Twelfth, Col. J. F. Hunt the Thirteenth, Col. J. N. Brown the Fourteenth, and Col. G. M. Miller Orr's regiment of Rifles. The battalion of brigade sharpshooters was deployed several hundred yards in front, as skirmishers, and one or two companies of the Rifle regiment were thrown forward from the left flank on similar duty. I stationed videttes at intervals to the left of the end of the skirmish-line, in order effectually to pre-

vent surprise. Thus arranged, we awaited the coming of the enemy.

We were not long left in suspense. All the length of the crest of the ridge before us began, in a few minutes, to glitter with arms, and then to grow blue with the long lines of the enemy swarming to the attack. Although at least half a mile from us, they did not advance at even a moderate pace, nor even halt to dress their lines. But, with yells of mingled confidence and ferocity, they rushed forward rapidly, disordering their line and breaking through all control. Our artillery fired upon them; but so wild was their aim, and so great the impetus of the enemy, that the latter never staggered a moment, but pressed up towards us. Their line was oblique to ours; so that they first struck the extreme right. They were expected calmly and silently, and they themselves ceased cheering after a time; but when within three or four hundred yards of the Confederates, they raised the shout with greater vigor than ever, and stormed towards the works. At once a unanimous yell of defiance burst from the Confederate line, and all our troops within rifle range opened on them. They replied volley to volley and shout to shout, and pushed a desperate charge. But Lee's veterans were not to be frightened by sounds or appearances. They rolled a perfect sheet of lead across the open interval, striking down scores of the enemy, opening great gaps in their line, and destroying all concert and all order. The Federals paused, attempted to maintain the unequal fire, then swayed and reeled hither and thither, and finally fled in utter confusion. Loud and long cheers proclaimed the result.

The enemy then moved a line against the left wing of the Confederates. This time they assaulted us with that confidence which so often follows the first failure. They threw themselves almost exclusively upon our brigade, obviously under the conviction that they had before struck the strength of the rebel line, and were now sure of driving in its weak point. They fell upon our sharpshooters, who skirmished in front. The readers of this history well know that that was not a corps to be easily vanquished. But the impetuosity of the Federals was absolutely irre-

sistible. The skirmish line fired with remarkable precision, and held their position with a tenacity worthy of their reputation; but they were forced to fall back upon the main body. Then the enemy dashed violently against us, cheering as if already seeing victory. The scene of the right wing was repeated. We opened upon them at three or four hundred yards, tore fearful rents in their line, covered the ground with dead and dying, and sent forth, above all the roar of artillery and musketry, ringing peals of cheers, which proclaimed the last soldiers of the Confederacy still unsubdued. The enemy struggled and groped awhile, but, at last, ran clear off the field, followed by great shouts of derision, and by the more substantial scourge of skirmishers, who drove the stragglers, with merciless blows, before them. We lost scarcely a man. Our skirmishers reoccupied their former position, and kept up a constant fusillade with the enemy. The artillery of both sides maintained a slow fire, without any material result.

A singular thing occurred here. One of the Federal soldiers was found by our advancing skirmishers, with his thigh broken. He suffered greatly; and for that reason, and by reason of a vow, which he said he had made, never to be captured, he begged our men to shoot him. They refused to do so. He then deliberately cut his throat with his pocket-knife. This has been established by the best evidence.

The enemy paused for perhaps an hour before renewing the attack, but they were visibly massing troops opposite the left of our line. We sent out additional skirmishers off that flank, and I advanced videttes to a considerable distance beyond the skirmishers, bending them around, so as to give warning of any approach in front or on the flank. On my representation, Gen. McGowan swang back the Rifle regiment, in order to have a front against the flanking force. My own idea was, to take that regiment off the line, place it on the left, along the railroad cut, which I have before mentioned, and thus be enabled, when the enemy moved upon the flank of the main line, to throw the regiment upon their flank, and drive them away by an

enfilade fire. However, the change above described was made, and we awaited the attack.

Artillery firing was maintained on both sides for a considerable time, but it gradually slackened to very rare discharges. During this comparative quiet I remember meeting two Federal soldiers who had run into our line and surrendered, in the charge made against the brigade front. They were wandering around seeking the rear. I carried them to some of the medical corps who were not far back, talking to them on the way. They informed me that they had been told that we were only a skirmish-line left in rear to cover the flight of our portion of the army, and hence their confident charges. "But," added they, "now we all know the exact length of your line. We will outstretch you, fall upon your flank, and rout you before an hour passes." We shall see how correct his prediction proved.

One other circumstance in this connection I may be permitted to mention, on account of its singularity. I noticed that one of these men moved sluggishly, and therefore ordered him to quicken his pace, as it was important for me to return to the line. He excused himself by saying that he was wounded, at the same time showing me a bloody arm. I allowed him to take his own gait; but he soon seemed to brighten, and, in fact, helped to lay down a fence for my horse to pass. We reached a surgeon. He examined the wound I had seen, and showed me, besides, a terrible opening in the man's breast. He declared that the soldier must die in a few minutes. The latter gave some final messages to his comrade, lay down, closed his eyes, and when I turned back he was surely expiring.

The enemy moved forward upon our left, skirmishing heavily with our advance, and finally driving them in. Then they pressed forward steadily, and swung upon our left flank. The silence of these operations was far more dreadful than the tumult which attended their first attacks; for it gave certain indication that the last mortal clinch was at hand. At the same time, a line displayed itself in our front, slowly creeping upon us. The skirmishers on our left gave way, and a portion on the extreme left were cut off, and compelled to circle some distance back, in order to connect again with the main line. It was evi-

dently too late to manœuvre. We lay still and awaited the awful finale.

After a while the suspense was broken. The Federal line on the flank pressed up against the Rifle regiment with steadiness and resolution, and the line in our front moved more closely to us. The Rifles resisted for a time; but the approach of the front line, which was upon their flank, placed them between two fires. They gave back. Both lines of Federals now pushed towards the point of convergence, cheering, and firing rapidly against the front of our line and straight down its length. A wild uproar arose among us. Some were for resisting to the last, some advised immediate flight, some gave up the cause, and counselled unconditional surrender. It was not easy to decide in this conflict of opinions. The idea of fighting to the death was the heroic one, certainly; but there was more pride than wisdom in it. The idea of surrender was not base; because we all felt that the lines around Petersburg were gone—we could hear, even above our own battle, the roar of those last assaults which were carrying with incredible slaughter the fortresses about the beleaguered city—and Petersburg lost, the capital was gone, and the army rent to pieces. The idea of flight was the dictate of that prudence and that fortitude which submit to the mortification of minor defeats in order to accomplish the ultimate great result. The most thorough discipline was unequal to the control of men, in these circumstances; every one must elect for himself. So there was a Babel of tongues, a hurrying, thronging, watching, and planning—until, at last, there came a rupture, some staying behind in despair, some disputing the progress of the enemy, retreating, some fleeing for life. On came the Federal lines, like the converging currents of a storm, cheering, firing, sweeping over the whole field. Col. Hunt, on the extreme right of the brigade, made the last stand. He changed front to rear on the first company, so as to face the force pressing down the flank, and opened a heavy fire upon them. But the line in our front pressed forward and struck his flank. Troops on the right of the Confederate line had already caught the panic, and either fled the field

or crouched motionless in their defences. The Thirteenth regiment was compelled to give way.

• Now was the most disorderly movement I ever saw among Confederate troops. We had to pass over two or three hundred yards of clear field, under the fire of infantry on our flank and in rear, and under the shelling of their artillery. The whole air shrieked with missiles, the whole earth trembled with the tumult of sounds. It is useless to protract the description. Suffice it to say, we fled to the cover of woods and distance, and sought the unfriendly banks of the Appomattox.

A weary, mortified, angry stream of men poured through the fields and the roads, some pushing towards Amelia Court House, some making direct for the river. The commands were mingled confusedly. Many of the men were not to be found, and not a few of the officers were killed or captured in the effort to hold the works, or to retire in order. Our brigade commander was still spared us, but four out of the five regimental commanders were put beyond duty with us. Three of them, Capt. Kerr of the Twelfth, Col. Brown of the Fourteenth, and Col. Miller of the Rifles, were captured, and Major Brailsford, of the First, was wounded. Capt. Dunlap, of the Sharpshooters, was captured, and wounded also, I believe.

Every one felt the importance of moving up the Appomattox river, and also of crossing it. There was, therefore, a pretty uniform course pursued by us. Some struck the river too low down, and, not being able to cross, were lost, and subsequently captured; and some contrived to cross about two miles above our position, at a ferry. But the majority moved in to the bank of the river and kept up it. Some soldiers were drowned in attempting to cross at the ferry I have just mentioned, but I believe they were not of our brigade. I regret to relate that a good many men threw away their arms in their flight from the battle-field; but I am glad to say that this was the first and last instance (except of *one* individual) that I ever knew, in the whole career of the brigade.

So we wandered—strung along the river bank for miles, straggling through brush and brier, floundering in the beds of small streams or in mud-holes filled by the recent

heavy rains, and pressing forward to some points undetermined in our own minds. Night fell upon us, but even that brought us no repose, until, at a late hour, we collected a little band, some distance up the river, and lay down by the road-side, in utter exhaustion of body and almost utter despair of mind. Some of us were so worn, that we slept like the dead—others so anxious and harassed that we could not sleep at all. I never saw more haggard countenances in my life. I, for one, felt years older than I had done that morning. I was seized with a burning fever and a hunger equally consuming. I had had no food since the evening before, and no sleep since Thursday night.

During this day (Sunday) the enemy had stormed the line in front of Petersburg and north of the Appomattox. Mahone's division had driven them back, with heavy loss, at the latter point; but along the southern line they had been fearfully successful. It is true, that just in front of Petersburg they were repulsed; but, farther down the line, they carried the infantry works, carried (with a slaughter unparalleled during the war) Forts Mahone and Gregg, swept around the remaining line, and compelled the abandonment of the city of Petersburg. With Petersburg fell the line between the Appomattox and the James, and with it, Richmond. Both Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated on this (Sunday) night, and, of course, the whole forty miles of the Confederate line. The great arc which we had so ably defended for nine months was lost, and the army was in retreat for a new position. Yet even retreat was not permitted by the enemy to go on undisturbed. Sheridan's immense force of cavalry drove upon the left wing of the army, and Pickett and Bushrod Johnson barely prevented them from entirely cutting off our retirement up the Appomattox. Such was the state of our affairs, while we attempted to sleep on the night of April 2.

Our loss this day was as follows :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First regiment.....	—	—
Twelfth regiment.....	—	—

	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.
Thirteenth regiment	4	10	15	29
Fourteenth regiment	—	—	—	—
Orr's Rifles.....	—	—	115	115
	—		—		—		—
Aggregate.....	4	10	130	144

The following casualties occurred among officers: In First regiment, Maj. E. D. Brailsford, wounded; Capt Jas. Armstrong, wounded and captured. In the Twelfth regiment, Capt. W. S. Dunlop and Lieut. W. H. Rives, wounded and captured; Capt. R. M. Kerr, Capt. Wm. J. Stover, Capt. John Thomas, Lieut. White, Lieut. Hanchel, Lieut. Rollins, Lieut. Watson, captured. In the Thirteenth regiment, Lieut. Chatman, killed.

On Monday morning, (3d,) we set out, soon after daylight, pursuing the general direction of the Appomattox. There was an attempt made to organize the various commands; but it proved, in the main, abortive. According to the inelegant, but to us expressive, phraseology of the army, the Confederacy was considered as "gone up;" and every man felt it his duty, as well as his privilege, to save himself. I do not mean to say that there was any insubordination whatever; but the whole left of the army was so crushed by the defeats of the last few days, that it straggled along without strength, and almost without thought. So we moved on in disorder, keeping no regular column, no regular pace. When a soldier became weary, he fell out, ate his scanty rations—if, indeed, he had any to eat—rested, rose and resumed the march when his inclination dictated. There were not many words spoken. An indescribable sadness weighed upon us. The men were very gentle towards each other—very liberal in bestowing the little of food that remained to them. I remember that one soldier divided his last scrap of bacon with me, (about two cubic inches,) and would have shared his bread, but I refused that. I had lost my pipe. He gave me his, and told me to keep it, if it would assist me at all. Fortunately, our march was not impeded by wagons or artillery. The most of the former, belonging to the troops south of the Appomattox, had crossed that

stream near Petersburg, and were now following the roads between the Appomattox and the James. A large number of our guns and caissons had gone the same way, and of those which were with us at Sutherland's station, not a few had been cut down and abandoned. We followed the road towards Amelia Court House. We were led to believe that we could cross the Appomattox, on a bridge, near Deep run, (probably Bisel's bridge,) but, on nearing it, we learned that it was about half-submerged in the swollen waters of the river, and that a horse must swim to reach the southern end of it. Then, when we continued the route towards Amelia, we were informed that it was in the possession of Sheridan's cavalry. We halted, irresolute, and scattered through the woods and fields, seeking food and rest. The picket left near Petersburg joined us this day; they were under Capt. John H. Kinsler, of the Twelfth regiment.

A misfortune befel our brigade commander this day, which created some merriment even in our sad circumstances. I did not witness the occurrence myself, having ridden forward at the head of the brigade. A bridge was needed across Deep run, not far from its junction with the Appomattox. Gen. McGowan undertook to construct one; but, while in the midst of his operations, the Confederate cavalry rushed up from the rear, declaring themselves pursued by an immense body of the enemy's horse. The infantry believed them, crowded upon the frail structure until it sank, and then plunged across the run as they best could--Gen. McGowan among the rest. The water was deep and swift, so that he had a sharp little swim of it. He spoke of it afterwards with great relish and amusement. Our cavalry had exaggerated the danger, but the mistake was not discovered until too late to build the bridge.

In the afternoon, heavy skirmishing was heard in our rear. The wagon and artillery trains of our wing of the army were collected two or three miles west of Deep run. Lieut. Gen. Anderson was in command.

About midnight, the trains were moved somewhat off from the river. The troops generally followed them. The depression of spirits and exhaustion of the bodies of our

men increased. They fell about and slept heavily, or else wandered like persons in a dream. I remember, it all seemed to me like a troubled vision. I was consumed by fever, and when I attempted to walk, I staggered like a drunken man.

On the morning of the 4th, the regiments were carefully organized. Lieut. Col. Robinson, of Orr's regiment of Rifles, who had crossed to the north side of the Appomattox with a number of his regiment and some from all the regiments of his brigade, recrossed and joined us. I believe that rations were issued for one or two days. I know that I procured some bacon and bread; and although I had reached that pitch of hunger where food actually nauseates, I found myself greatly improved by eating a little. We had, by this time, collected about five hundred of the brigade. We marched slowly forward until a little after noon, when we reached Amelia Court House. There were commissary stores here, and we drew perhaps a day's rations of meat—possibly, some hard bread, but of that I am doubtful.

Soon after our arrival, sharp skirmishing sprang up on our left flank, principally, if not entirely, between the cavalry of the two armies. The greater part of our army was here; so that we revived rapidly from our forlorn and desolate feeling, and applied ourselves with alacrity to making preparations to receive the enemy. We formed a line north and west of Amelia Court House, and, having thrown up light works of rails, awaited attack during the afternoon and all night. We received from the newly arrived troops more than confirmation of our apprehensions about the army. Gordon's corps had escaped without any great loss, Field's division of Longstreet's corps was almost unscathed, and Mahone's division seemed as capable of battle as ever. But Gordon's corps was a mere skeleton; and Pickett's, Johnson's, Heth's, and Wilcox's divisions were thinned, weary, famished. Lieut. Gen. Ewell's command, from the north side of the James, consisting of Kershaw's division and the reserve and cavalry forces devoted to the defence of Richmond, were still behind us, somewhere south of the James. Our gallant and cele-

brated corps-commander, Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, had been killed on Sunday, below Petersburg.

Maj. Gen. Heth commanded our corps, Maj. Gen. Wilcox our division, Brig. Gen. McGowan our brigade. Lieut. Col. A. P. Butler commanded the First regiment, Capt. Bell the Twelfth, Col. J. F. Hunt the Thirteenth, Capt. T. W. Carmile the Fourteenth, Lieut. Col. J. T. Robertson Orr's regiment of Rifles.

We were not disturbed during the night. The next morning we resumed the march, moving, at first, almost north, towards the Appomattox, but, after a while, bending around and pursuing an almost direct southern course. The enemy had thrown cavalry in our front, which, I presume, caused the deflection from our first route. As it was, we were advised of danger on our right flank, and put in readiness for battle. After a little while, we could see smoke west of us, which was said to be caused by the burning of Confederate wagons by the enemy. Cavalry was now kept on both flanks and in front of our column. Not long after noon we heard rapid skirmishing in front, with occasional cheers. Field's division and cavalry were at that point. We were halted, and remained stationary until just before dark. Here we received all sorts of rumors of the movements of the enemy, one of the most reliable of which was, that the capture and destruction of our wagons by their cavalry was stopped by the stand made against them by a party of stragglers following the train.

Just before dark, we were carried forward into the open fields, where a large body of Confederate cavalry were drawn up. When dark fairly set in, we were instructed to keep profound silence, and then put again in motion. We moved briskly and noiselessly, not a canteen being allowed to rattle. We soon came in sight of the bivouac fires of the enemy, crowded together in a large basin as it were, below the high circle of hills on which we marched. We went, by a wide detour, around them, and I expected that we should attack the force there encamped; but we did not. We hurried past them, and bore westward. We were not halted until just before dawn.

The 6th of April had now arrived. We were perhaps

ten miles from Farmville. After sunrise, we were again put upon the march, in a northwesterly direction. The enemy soon struck the left flank of the Confederate column, evidently intending to head us off. We formed a line in the open fields, in rear of the troops skirmishing with the Federal advance, but were withdrawn in a short time, and allowed to rest. The firing continued on our left and almost in our front, and, later in the day, our rear was struck near the "High Bridge" over the Appomattox. Many wagons had to be abandoned, and several pieces of artillery. But this was not about us, but with Gordon's corps.

At noon we were moved out, and placed in line nearly north and south. Farmville was now about northwest of us. The enemy could see our column as we took position, and shelled us furiously with small field-pieces; but there were no casualties. We threw up small breastworks of rails, cleared the undergrowth of woods in our front, sent out skirmishers, and awaited the attack. Our skirmish line was felt, but the sharpshooters soon cooled the ardor of the experimenters. They did not come up to the main line. As unpleasant as our situation was, most of us snatched some of the repose so necessary to us and so long denied. This was a disastrous day to the Confederate army. In addition to the loss of wagons and artillery before noticed, a considerable number of men were killed in the battle along our flank and rear, and many more demoralized. Lieut. Gen. Ewell's force, coming from Richmond, was this day surrounded, attacked, and, after a brief contest, forced to surrender. The only consoling feature in the day's history was the victory of Brig. Gen. Rosser, of the cavalry, over a large body of Federal cavalry, which brought us eight hundred prisoners.

About midnight we moved forward again, making directly for Farmville. But we progressed at a snail's pace—halting, standing in the road a few minutes, closing up a few yards, stopping again for a few minutes, closing up again a few yards, all night long. We passed numerous cavalry bivouacs, and, just before daylight, reached the rear of our wagons. Of course, the trains had to pass before us. This was effected slowly and with difficulty; for

there were two large creeks or runs to cross, and on each side of them were precipitous, rugged hills. Besides these troubles, the teams were worn out with work and starvation, so as to be scarcely able to bear up their own weights. The enemy were already pressing upon our rear when we passed the first of these streams—Sandy run, I presume. We moved as rapidly as possible towards the stream nearest Farmville—Bush river—and, after some delay, crossed it on a bridge. Our cavalry now lined the high hills, in order of battle. The skirmishing grew closer and more rapid in our rear, until, after passing the last stream, it was almost within shell-range. Scales' brigade of our division was left behind as rear-guard of our column. The rest of the division marched into Farmville.

Farmville is beautifully situated—occupying a table-ground inclosed by a circumference of lofty hills. The Appotomax flows along the northern and eastern side of the town. Upon the hills on the northern bank of the stream we could see hundreds of wagons quietly lying in park, and, from the numerous columns of smoke that curled among them, it seemed that there were rations being cooked and repose enjoyed after the long-continued labors and perils. Over these appeared Canaan, from which we were separated only by the little turbid Jordan at our feet. We entered the town, and proceeded to draw rations of meat. But before the distribution was completed, the skirmishing in our rear increased, and we were ordered back. Cavalry now thronged the streets, and the citizens began an ominous hurrying to and fro. We moved just outside of the southeastern limits; but were suddenly ordered to the right about, and carried through the town almost at the double-quick. Two columns of infantry marched abreast along the streets, and cavalry came pressing among us in confusion. When we reached the bridge, we discovered it to be on fire, at the other end—the work of excited pioneers placed here for its destruction. At the same moment, the enemy, having driven in our rear-guard of cavalry to the town, ran out artillery and opened on the road which led from the opposite end of the bridge. The cavalry would not take the water (which might have been easily forded), but rushed forward into the close bridge with us, and the whole mass of men

and horses crowded and pushed through in horrible disorder. Fortunately—and miraculously, it seemed at the time—we had received no injuries from either flames or horses in the bridge; but, when we passed it, a great danger presented itself in the shells, plumping into the middle of the road, and either ricochetting far up the hill-sides, or bursting and hurling fragments in every direction. Lane's brigade moved straight up the ridge, and lost men in doing so. We followed the hollow for some distance, before taking the ascent, so that we escaped with an insignificant loss. Indeed, I do not know that any casualties were reported, except the capture of a few who lagged behind in Farmville. We formed on attaining the crest of the ridge north of the Appomattox. Some Confederate guns now replied to the enemy, but with little effect. The last of our rear-guard now quitted Farmville. The enemy's cavalry charged furiously after them down the long, steep hills approaching the southern bank of the Appomattox, firing and hurrahing loudly; but almost all the Confederates escaped across to us. Here the advance of that portion of the Federals ceased; but an attack upon the rear and left flank of the column which had crossed at the High Bridge, now became audible. We were moved, therefore, rather down-stream, to assist in checking the enemy. Our wagon train had by this time disappeared, moving, with all possible expedition, in the direction of Appomattox Court House. We passed over the wreck of the large train destroyed the day before. The enemy seemed to be ubiquitous. We were instructed to be prepared to fight on either flank. On our right flank firing was pretty steadily kept up—in our front, (which was the rear of the general march of the army,) a regular battle was going on. Mahone's division was engaged and a portion of Field's. We formed a line, first on the right of our line of march, fronting south, then one fronting southwest, and, finally, one fronting almost directly west. The firing increased in rapidity and extent until three sides were at once set upon by the enemy. I saw balls cross, each directly from the front and directly from the rear. Our brigade skirmishers were a good deal threatened, but I believe the enemy never reached them. Confederate cavalry operated in our front. Gary's cavalry

brigade made some fine charges a little in front of the right of our brigade. I never was so bewildered as on this occasion. Many of the enemy were scarcely less so. A small cavalry picket, in our front, captured about a dozen drummer-boys who had lost their way and wandered up to us. Our brigade was moved once or twice to points much threatened; but we were not engaged. Towards night, the whole line became quiet. Mahone's division fought successfully this day, killing and wounding about a thousand of the enemy, and capturing as many more.

About midnight we resumed the march, moving along obscure country roads, which carried us over rough fields and through deep, wet marshes. Occasionally we halted for a few minutes' rest; but, with these exceptions, we toiled wearily, and almost hopelessly, forward, until long after the dawn of the 8th of April. Our suffering was somewhat alleviated by the bright sun that shone upon us and by the soft airs, at once warming and invigorating, which blew to us along the high ridges we traversed. About eight or nine o'clock, we filed out of the road, and took position in column of regiments, as if for a rest of some duration. But just as some fairly set to cooking their scanty rations, and others stretched themselves for a long, quiet sleep, the hateful, hourly-repeated order to fall in was passed along the troops, and we were again put upon the march.

We proceeded without disturbance along the way towards Lynchburg, with rather better prospects than we had enjoyed for many days. I do not remember to have heard any cannon this day, nor any of the demoralizing rumors so abundant of late, except the story of the capture of Lieut. Gen. Ewell, Maj. Gen. Kershaw, Kershaw's division, and the Reserve troops formerly around Richmond. But this was not an event of the day; and, therefore, could not very greatly affect our chances of successful retreat to Lynchburg. Once there, our safety seemed to be almost perfectly secured. I could not see the reason of the argument; but I was glad to see the improving tone of the brigade.

At night, we bivouacked four or five miles east of Appomattox Court House. We enjoyed a good sleep; and I ate my first meal since the noon of the preceding day.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SURRENDER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

JUST before dawn, on the morning of the 9th of April, we were ordered to get under arms, and were at once moved toward Appomattox Court House. A long train of artillery and wagons impeded our march; but, by dint of resolute pushing and equally resolute manœuvring to pass around those obstacles which could not be removed, we made pretty good progress towards the front of the army. Having arrived within perhaps two miles of Appomattox Court House, we were carried out of the road, formed in column of regiments, and allowed to rest.

The confusion in this place exceeded any thing I had ever witnessed in the army. Wagons and artillery were crowded in groups on both sides of the road, and straggling cavalry and infantry either thronged about them or wandered loosely over the fields. We lay in a basin surrounded by a circle of hills, and the country was generally cleared on each side, so that the disorder was visible at all points. But, despite this disorganization of the troops, there was little movement, little noise, of any description. A horrible calm brooded over us—a calm which seemed only intensified by the living figures around us, and by the unclouded sun which shone with more than vernal fervor. It was one of those pauses we so frequently hear spoken of, but which few men besides the sailor and the soldier actually experience; for it was either the pause after desperate efforts, which is employed in the collection of energies for an effort more desperate than all, or else it was the pause men make between the fight and the death.

Troops moved slowly over various portions of the open ground—the most of them coming up from the rear, and filing out into the fields to rest. The nature of the campaign of the past week was easily read in the countenances and gait of these troops. Their faces were haggard, their steps slow and unsteady. Bare skeletons of the old or-

ganizations remained, and these tottered along at wide intervals. Two hundred and fifty men moved up in rear of our brigade, and lay down. Some one asked what regiment that was? A soldier, among them, replied, with a strange smile, that it was Kershaw's division! One brigade in our corps numbered eight men!

I do not mean to say that there were no sounds to be heard at this place. Beyond Appomattox Court House there was plainly audible the roar of battle. Gordon's corps, pushed forward during the night, had formed a line near the town, and, advancing against the enemy's cavalry, had driven them clear back upon their newly-arrived support of infantry. These last had, in turn, forced their assailants to retire to the town. At the time I speak of, a rambling fire rolled along the fronts of the two armies, with a vagueness which only increased apprehension. We seemed to be gathering together for a great, decisive effort. I believe that most of the army felt that the end was not distant. In spite of our laborious and continuous exertions both to outfight and outmarch the enemy, they had crowded their cavalry in our front and thrust their infantry upon our rear, until they had evidently hedged us into a pit, where we must either achieve the greatest victory of the world, or surrender. The latter thought was rarely entertained. Our principle had always been to gain all or lose all. To surrender seemed to be lose even our glory, to confess our cause unrighteous, and to abandon it. I never dreamed of it myself.

About ten o'clock, we moved forward towards Appomattox. The way was rugged, and beset with stragglers of all arms of the service; so that we made slow progress. When perhaps a mile from the town, we met a Federal battery with its full complement of men and horses. These had been captured by Gordon's corps. Immediately after this, we met Gen. Custar, of the Federal cavalry, riding at speed and accompanied by several Confederate officers. The men observed the stars on his shoulder-straps, and some of them congratulated themselves that there had been another of the enemy's generals captured. We had left Gen. Gregg behind us, a capture of the 7th—this one, with him, would make a fine pair of birds to have

in our net, they thought. But others of us remarked that he bore himself in the manner of a conqueror, and not as a captive. Besides, he carried a white handkerchief in his hand, and waved it. This must be a flag of truce. Who could demand truce, and parley? Or, why should there be truce in such a time as this? Then the sickening thought of surrender first entered my mind.

But we moved forward, left the road, and bore rapidly towards the firing, south of the town. When we had reached the base of the ridge on whose crest the skirmishing was heard, and were expecting to be thrown into line and into battle, Capt. Bolton, the engineer officer of the division, rode rapidly to the head of the brigade, and asked for Gen. McGowan. I told him that the general was a little behind, in conversation with some officers. Then he said to me: "It is all the same. Face the brigade about, and take it back to the road you have just left." The firing ceased in front as we returned to the main road. A wave of murmured questions and conjectures passed along the column, and many of the men called out to me to inquire what could be the cause of this retrogression. Often they left their sentences incomplete, only suggesting the mournful idea that filled every mind. I knew no more than they; but we all felt that we divined more than we cared to know. The banners that were lately lifted so proudly seemed to sink towards the earth, and the forms that steadied themselves for the last battle grew languid. Palpable blight and stupefaction fell upon the Confederate army at this hour, and I do not exaggerate when I say that they groped, as in darkness.

A large number of officers and men were in the road, staring and wondering and speaking in the vague, mournful manner that characterized the brigade. One of the general staff rode up to me. I asked him what this could mean—surely not—. He bowed his head, murmuring that it was all over. When others came up to us, repeating their inquiries, we replied to them in those same words. All was indeed over—all the glory, all the hope, all the aim of our lives. There are no words which can at all describe such a sensation—indeed, there is no mind so entirely self-possessed as to form in itself a distinct sentiment on such

an occasion. The shock is terrible—appalling, numbing, crushing. It is as if a mighty concord of instruments were instantaneously smitten with silence—as if a star were struck from the firmament of glory and hurled into abysmal depths of darkness.

We passed slowly towards the rear, and were put into bivouac near the road-side. We were very silent, and moved as passively as if we had no volition of our own. The column of regiments established, and the arms stacked, we broke ranks—some wandering slowly through the open field, some falling helplessly upon the ground, some standing and staring about them as in a dream. First there was silence, and then succeeded an incoherent mingling of tongues—some wondering, some questioning, some complaining, some regretting, (almost in tears,) but almost all seeking to console themselves with the thought that they had discharged their duty, and therefore that they bore no share of the national disgrace. One friend of mine moved me more than all the rest. He had been a model soldier—laborious in the camp, indefatigable on the march, valiant on the battle-field; he had devoted all his thoughts and all his possessions to the Confederate cause; and now, having lost all, he came to me, and putting his arms around my horse's neck, looked up in my face with eyes swollen with rising tears: "Is it true?" cried he, in a perfect agony—"Is it true that Gen. Lee has surrendered?" I told him, I feared that there was no reason to doubt it. "My God!" exclaimed he, "That I should have lived to see this! Caldwell, I did not think I should live till this day. I hoped I should die before this day!" Poor, brave, honest man! I half forgot my own grief in witnessing his, and I could scarcely refrain from giving to him those tears which I refused to my country.

"O torque, quatorque beati,
Queis ante ora patrum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,
Contigite opetere!"

The Army of Northern Virginia had been surrendered. The best history of the transaction is contained in the correspondence between Gen. Lee and Gen. Grant, which I therefore venture to transcribe, although it be at the risk

of wearying the reader with a tale already more than twice told. The first letter was from Gen. Grant, and was as follows:

April 7th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE,

Commanding Confederate States Army:

GENERAL:—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate Southern army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

Lieut. Gen. Commanding Armies of the United States.

To this Gen. Lee replied:

April 7th, 1865.

GENERAL:—I have received your note of this day. Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid the useless effusion of blood; and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer, on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE,

General.

LIEUT. GEN. U. S. GRANT,

Commanding Army of the United States.

These notes were exchanged while we lay about Farmville. The next day General Grant replied:

April 8th, 1865.

TO GEN. R. E. LEE,

Commanding Confederate States Army:

GENERAL:—Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received.

In reply, I would say, that peace being my first desire, there is but one condition that I insist upon, viz.:

That the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged.

I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieut. Gen. Commanding Armies of the United States.

The extrication of his army from the toils of the enemy at Farmville probably gave Gen. Lee hope of final escape, and dictated the following letter to Gen. Grant:

April 8th, 1865.

GENERAL:—I received, at a late hour, your note of to-day in answer to mine of yesterday.

I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender.

But, as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know if your proposals tend to that end.

I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but, as far as your proposition may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M., to-morrow, on the old stage-road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,

General Commanding Confederate States Army.

TO LIEUT. GEN. U. S. GRANT,

Commanding United States Armies.

To this Gen. Grant replied as follows :

April 9th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE,

Commanding Confederate States Army :

GENERAL :—Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for at 10 A. M., to-day, could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself; and the whole North entertain the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed.

Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieut. Gen. United States Army.

Gen. Lee answered :

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL :—I received your note of this morning, on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday, with reference to the surrender of this army.

I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,

General.

To LIEUT. GEN. GRANT,

Commanding United States Army.

April 9th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE,

Commanding Confederate States Army :

Your note of this date is but this moment (11.50 A. M.) received.

In consequence of having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road, I am, at this writing, about four miles west of Walter's church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you.

Notice sent to me on this road, where you wish the interview to take place, will meet me.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieut. General.

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 9th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE,

Commanding Confederate States Army :

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate—one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

The officers to give their individual parole not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; each company or regimental commander to sign a parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them.

This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authority, so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieut. General.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9th, 1865.

LIEUT. GEN. U. S. GRANT,

Commanding United States Army :

GENERAL:—I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

The whole army was bivouacked in as small a space as possible, the wagons and artillery were parked, and rolls of the troops and Government property were made out. I suppose that a few men were so base as to rejoice over even this termination of the war, but certainly none of them were so shameless as to proclaim it by word or action. We lay huddled together, silent and sorrowful. It rained heavily for three days.

I am forced to admit that the Federal officers and troops conducted themselves with singular propriety throughout this time. We could hear, within their lines, an occasional cheer and the music of bands; but they did not approach us, or even given any indication of malicious triumph from the distance. A few of the general officers came into our lines, at different times, either on official errands or to visit their acquaintances among us; but they came without parade, and departed without uncourteous reference to our misfortune. Affiliation was out of the question: we were content with civility. Gen. Grant sent us a small ration of beef. I do not know that any bread was issued.

According to the terms of surrender, the Government property, consisting of quartermaster, commissary and ordnance stores, was turned over to the Federal officers appointed for that purpose. The troops were marched out, generally by divisions or brigades, and stacked their arms

and colors before the lines of Federals brought to our side of Appomattox Court House to receive them. All private property—as horses, side-arms, and clothing—we were allowed to retain.

Our brigade surrendered its arms on the morning of the 12th of April. A line of Federal soldiers was drawn up on each side of the road between us and Appomattox Court House. Immediately in front of one or the other of these, a Confederate command would perform the last humiliating task. We marched through the mud and rain, and did as the rest—stacked arms and colors, and then returned to make ready for our departure.

There was no great effort made at preserving discipline in the army, nor was it necessary; all that remained to do was a mere matter of business. We did not often see the chief officers of the army. I only saw Gen. Lee on the evening after the surrender. He had been to the front, probably making the final arrangements. As he passed along the main road, the soldiers from both sides of the road thronged out to see him and give him what proved to be, for many of us, the last greeting. I was not near enough to see his face or hear his voice; but I was told that he returned them his thanks, expressed the hope that he might again lead them to battle, and wept. I do not know how many of his hearers shed tears; but I remember that most of those who described the scene to me spoke with trembling lips and moist eyes. He gave us his farewell in the following order:

[GENERAL ORDER, No. 9.]

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9th, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them

but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement, officers and men will return to their homes and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE,
General.

On the afternoon of the 12th, Wilcox's division—consisting of Lane's, Thomas's, Scales', and McGowan's brigades—marched through the Federal lines, on their way South. Brigade commanders were placed in absolute possession of their brigades; so, that, although we kept somewhat together, for a day or two, we soon broke apart, each brigade taking the nearest route towards home.

It became necessary to dissolve all organization in a few days. Many of the men could not keep up, many of those who remained were irregular, and our roads began to diverge from each other. Just after we crossed Stanton river, Gen. McGowan bade his troops farewell, and dismissed them to pursue their own courses. Small squads travelled together. The majority of us reached the northern boundary of South Carolina about the 20th or 21st of April. By the 1st of May almost every man of the brigade was at his home, resting from the toils of war, and enjoying, as best he might, that state which certain imaginative persons have denominated peace.

NOTE.*

The following table, compiled from the regimental reports immediately after battles, and from a condensed report made out in February, 1865, will enable the reader to obtain, at a glance, a very accurate idea of the losses of the brigade. It embraces the whole history of the Thirteenth regiment; that of the Rifle regiment until the battle of Sutherland's Station, April 2, 1865; and that of the First, Twelfth and Fourteenth, until March 31, 1865. The reader will be struck with two discrepancies between the table and the reports I have given heretofore, viz.: first, the greater number of deaths from wounds in this table than in my lists; and, second, the greater number of wounds not fatal, in the table, in the First and Twelfth regiments, than in my lists. Both difficulties may be removed, if we will but remember, first, that the reports I give were made out immediately after battle, and therefore that those men who lingered a few days could not be included among the killed; and, second, that many men, reported missing, were, after the reports were given in, found to have been either killed or wounded. For this last reason I have not pretended to give, in the table, the number of missing, or—as it is generally understood—prisoners. Even the regimental commanders failed to obtain satisfactory returns on this point. If, however, I should be called upon for an estimate of unhurt prisoners, previous to the campaign of 1865, I should say that they did not exceed two hundred and fifty.

TABLE OF CASUALTIES.

	KILLED AND DIED OF WOUNDS.			DIED OF DISEASE.			TOTAL D'THS.	W'NDS NOT MORT'L	AGGR. CASU- ALTIES IN BAT.
	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Officers and Enlisted Men.	Officers and Enlisted Men.	Officers and Enlisted Men.
General and staff.	1		1				1	5	6
1st S. C. Vols....	21	260	281		156	156	437	669	950
12th S. C. Vols..	17	213	230	2	182	184	414	652	882
13th S. C. Vols..	17	203	220	5	257	262	482	678	898
14th S. C. Vols..	16	208	224	4	322	326	550	940	1,164
Orr's regt. Rifles.	29	305	334	3	198	201	535	791	1,125
Total.....	101	1,189	1,290	14	1,115	1,129	2,419	3,735	5,025

I have made diligent efforts to procure a list of the disabled men of the brigade, but have failed to obtain any thing beyond the clue afforded by the following table :

	Officers Resigned.	Men Discharged.	Disabled Men on Rolls, October, 1864.	Aggregate of Discharged and Disabled.
1st South Carolina Volunteers.....	16	133	46	195
12th South Carolina Volunteers.....	26	169	52	247
13th South Carolina Volunteers.....	31	181	49	261
14th South Carolina Volunteers.....	22	122	50	194
Orr's regiment Rifles.....	16	200	38	254
Total.....	101	805	235	1,151

It is reasonable to suppose that at least five hundred of these were disabled by wounds.

A D D E N D A .

CASUALTIES AMONG OFFICERS.

Second Manassas.

FIRST REGIMENT.--Capt. C. D. Barksdale, Lieut. John Munro, killed. Maj. Edwd. McCrady, Lieut. J. C. Mc-Lemore, Lieut. Thos. McCrady, wounded.

TWELFTH.--Lieut. John May, Lieut.-- Hunnycut, killed. Col. Dixon Barnes, Capt. E. F. Bookter, Lieut. -- Darwin, Lieut. Garvin, Lieut. M. R. Sharp, Lieut. J. C. Rollins, wounded.

THIRTEENTH.--Capt. A. K. Smith, Adjut. W. D. Goggans, killed. Lieut. Col. T. S. Farrow, Major B. T. Brockman, Lieut. W. T. Thorn, wounded.

FOURTEENTH.--Col. S. McGowan, Capt. A. P. West, Capt. E. Stuckey, Lieut. Wm. Robertson, Lieut. -- Youngblood, wounded.

ORR'S REGIMENT RIFLES.--Col. J. F. Marshall, Lieut. Col. D. A. Leadbetter, Lieut. W. C. Davis, killed. Capt. M. M. Norton, Lieut. J. S. Cothran, wounded.

Fredericksburg.

FIRST REGIMENT.--Capt. T. H. Lyles, killed. Capt. T. P. Alston, Lieut. Jas. Armstrong, Lieut. W. I. Delph, Lieut. Thos. McCrady, wounded.

THIRTEENTH.--Capt. J. L. Wofford, Capt. Wm. Lester, wounded.

FOURTEENTH.--Lieut. J. M. Trewitt, Lieut. A. F. Young, wounded.

ORR'S REGIMENT RIFLES.--Lieut. W. W. Huggins, Lieut. J. B. Sloan, Lieut. J. J. Dickson, Lieut. J. A. Pagett, Lieut. -- Mace, killed. Capt. J. T. Robertson, Lieut. R. Junkin, Lieut. J. T. Reid, Lieut. J. B. Moore, wounded.



